

THE
LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA:

OR, A
CONCISE ANALYSIS
OF THE
BELLES LETTRES,
THE
FINE ARTS, AND THE SCIENCES,
IN THREE VOLUMES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY ENGRAVED HEADS,
AND THIRTY-FOUR MAPS, &c.

BY THE REV. J. SEALLY, LL.D.

MEMBER OF THE ROMAN ACADEMY;
AUTHOR OF THE HISTOIRE CHRONOLOGIQUE SACREE
ET PROFANE; THE GEOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY;
ELEMENTS OF ASTRONOMY, GEOGRAPHY, &c. &c.

V O L. I.

LES LONGS OUVRAGES ME FONT PEUR,
LOIN D'ÉPUISER UNE MATIÈRE,
ON N'EN DOIT PRENDRE QUE LA FLEUR.

LA FONTAINE.

L O N D O N:

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Elizabeth Smith
1812

TABBY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA:

CONCISE AND COMPLETE

BEING A

THE NEW AND IMPROVED

THIRD EDITION

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P R E F A C E.

TH E learned and indulgent critic needs not to be informed, that a work of this nature necessarily exhibits a series of matter, partly composed, partly translated, and partly drawn from such writers, ancient and modern, living and dead, natives and foreigners, who have a distinguished rank among the literati, for their genius, taste, or erudition.

In this enlightened age, there is scarce a being so wretchedly ignorant, but knows, that a proper education is of the utmost importance to the welfare of society, and the happiness of individuals; yet in our modern refinements, when both sexes are ambitious of appearing to the greatest advantage, when external and ostentatious accomplishments are the supreme objects of attention, it is really astonishing that the education of YOUNG LADIES in particular, should in a manner be almost universally neglected, and that little or no care should be employed in acquiring a graceful enunciation*, a knowledge of grammar, and polite literature in general.

* The Critical Review, on the subject of reading, hath the following apposite passage: The generality of

P R E F A C E.

The Author's endeavours to render these volumes as ENTERTAINING as they are USEFUL, will, he hopes, meet with indulgence from a discerning Public, and impartial censor, to whom the Lady and Gentleman's Encyclopedia is with the utmost diffidence and respect implicitly submitted.

Vol. I. exhibits a series of the Greek, Latin, and Italian POETS and ORATORS, chronologically arranged, with the most beautiful passages translated.

The First Age of the Grecian Poets contains sketches of the character and writings of Linus, Amphion, Orpheus, Pamphos, Olen, Olympus, Musæus, Melampus, and Phemius.

The Second Age includes Homer, Hesiod, Callinus, Alcman, Archilocus, and Tyrtæus.

The Third Age has Stesichorus, Alcaeus, Sappho, Epimenides, Mimnermus, Sufaron,

our beaux and belles learn to speak and read; but, instead of endeavouring to acquire an easy, natural, and graceful elocution, they mumble, they gabble, they squeak; they lisp, they whine, they cant; they falter, they stammer, they stutter; in short, they fall into the most unnatural and disagreeable tones, and throw their features into a variety of awkward grimaces.

Theſpis,

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Theſpis, Anacreon, Choerilus, Phrynicus, Laſus, and Pratinas.

The Fourth Age characteriſes Pindar, Corinna, Sophron, Eſchylus, Empedocles, Sophocles, Cratinus, Teleſilla, Euripides, Hege-
mon, and Ariſtophanes.

In the Fifth and laſt Age are Menander, Theocritus, and Callimachus.

The Firſt Age of the Latin Poets—Lívius Andronicus, Ennius, Cæcilius, Pacuvius, Accius, Plautus, Terence, Turpilius, Lucilius, Afranius, and Novius.

The Second Age—Lucretius, Decimus Laberius, Catullus, C. Helvius Cinna, M. T. Varro, Pub. Ter. Varro, and Rabirius.

The Third Age—Pollio, Gallus, Virgil, Tibullus, Propertius, Horace, Montanus, Ovid, and Phædrus.

The Fourth Age—Luçan, Juvénał, Martial, Statius, Sulpitia, Marulus, Calpurnius, Aufonius, and Claudian.

The Portuguese Poet Camoëns.

Italian Poets—Dante, Petrarch, Arioſto, and Taſſo.

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The Grecian Orators are Demosthenes, Æschines, Hyperides, Lycurgus, Isocrates, Demades, Dinarchus, Lyfias, and Pericles.

The Roman Orators are Cicero, Pollio, Corvinus, Cato, Cæsar, Brutus, Marc Antony, Marcellus, and Pliny the Younger.

Vol. II. comprizes Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, and Mythology. With respect to Grammar, the bishop of London's excellent introduction contains every requisite to a critical knowledge of the English language; but, as may sensible writers have already observed, the analytical and logical exactness of investigation may, in general, surpass the comprehension of those to whom the province of teaching Grammar is commonly allotted, and is, perhaps the only reason why it is not universally received. This form however will ever merit the high regard and attention of the learned: I have therefore been induced to to adapt it to the use of the young Ladies in particular, and have made an abridgement in the author's own terms and language, as far as my plan would admit, of giving a short but perspicuous explication of the principles, and an obvious arrangement of the syntax, could be rendered easy and intelligible. The critical

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tical notes have been omitted, that those who are interested in the sale of the Introduction, may not suppose this attempt could injure their copy-right; on the contrary, it must tend to render it more generally known and studied.

In the Rhetorical part, I am indebted to Messrs. Mason and Sheridan for many valuable observations; nor have I been wanting in my attention to the best writers in the French and Italian languages.

Logic may be justly stiled the history of the human mind; or more technically, the art of using our own reason aright, not only with regard to simple ideas, but also judgments and discourses. In methodizing this part of my work, I have closely adhered to that valuable treatise published by Dr. Watts; since I know of no modern who has written with more judgment, clearness, and precision.

Mythology is one of the most considerable branches of the Belles-Lettres, notwithstanding, it consists of the wildest reveries and inconsistencies: Sometimes, indeed, deduced from facts, without date, order, or connexion; and in certain instances, these very facts are variously represented, and frequently repeated. This promiscuous assemblage of
truth

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ruth and *fiction* would long since have been universally exploded, had it not been for the absolute necessity of making it a preparatory study for the elucidation of the ancient writers, to point out the beauties of poetry, painting, and statuary; as well as for a right understanding of numberless expressions, such as a *Muse*, a *Grace*, a *Hebe*, &c. words that present us with poetic images, and can never be comprehended, but by a general acquaintance with the fabulous gods and heroes of antiquity.

Notwithstanding every INDECENT OR SHOCKING INCIDENT has been carefully suppressed in this epitome, yet the youth of both sexes may form a general and comprehensive idea of ancient mythology, without having any recourse to the *Pantheon*, or other similar works, that abound in expressions, as well as in a *filthy detail* of particulars, highly dangerous to their morals.

Vol. III. being intended to be sold separate (if desired) I have annexed to it some introductory observations on its *Method* and *manifest Utility*.





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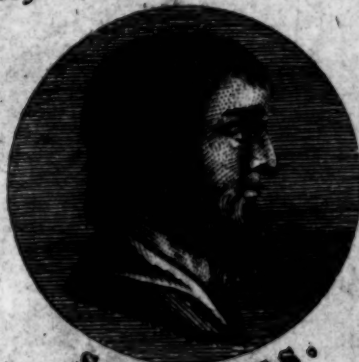
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THE
BELLES-LETTRES.

OF POETS AND POETRY.

THE GRECIAN POETS CHRONOLOGICALLY
ARRANGED.

THE FIRST AGE.

I. LINUS.

(1400 Years before Christ).

LINUS, ce beau Berger, inventeur de la Lyre,
Sous un habit de fleurs, le front ceint d'un laurier.

LINUS has the glory of being the first Grecian who had cultivated the Muses. He was the inventor of rhythmus, melody and cadence; and his disciples were Orpheus, Thamyris, Phamphos and Hercules. He sung the creation of the world, the origin of things, the majestic course of the sun, moon and stars, the sublime harmony of all nature; and composed hymns in honour of Bacchus. With his plaintive and harmonious voice he inspired the Greeks

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with virtue ; humanized the ferocity of their manners, gave reverence to the laws, and had the happy talent of making his poetry to be considered as sacred and divine. Thus Horace tells us ;

Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque divorum.

The Muse to *noblest* subjects tun'd her lyre,
Gods, and the sons of Gods, her song inspire.

Linus is called, by the prince of Roman poets, the *First Interpreter of the Muses*. He taught music to the young Hercules ; but his scholar not having that fine *taët* and execution in this heavenly art, was so severely reprimanded, that, in a passion, he dashed out the brains of his master with the lyre on which he was playing : The Greeks were so exceedingly affected at their loss, that they not only celebrated his anniversary, but they decreed him divine honours ; and his tomb was placed in the Temple of Apollo, at Argos. Mon. Lefranc has given us the following lines upon the death of our poet :

Favoris, élèves dociles
De ce ministre d' Apollon,
Vous à qui ses conseils utiles
Ont convert le sacré vallon :
Accourez, troupe désolée
Déposez sur son Mausolée
Votre Lyre qu'il inspiroit :
La mort a frappé votre maître,
Et d'un souffle a fait disparaître
Le Flambeau qui vous éclairoit.

II. AMPHION.

Dictus et Amphion, Thebæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sonò testudinis, et prece blandâ
Ducere quò vellet *. HOR.

THIS illustrious prince, agreeably to ancient mythologists, was descended from Jupiter and Antiope; and became so celebrated for his wonderful skill in poetry and music, that he has been fabled to have received the lyre of seven chords, from the God of Eloquence; and the poets have represented, that not only the rocks and mountains followed the sounds of his instrument, but towns, towers and walls, erected and arranged themselves in the nicest order, grandeur and symmetry: or, as the *Abbé de Schosne*,

Le rocher vit, et le marbre respire,
Les plus hauts monts sont au loin transportés :
La pierre même obéit à sa lyre,
Thebes s'élève à mes yeux enchantés.

The sense of this allegory is, that Amphion conceived the design of enclosing the city of Thebes with ramparts inaccessible to his enemies, and at the same time to soften the natural ferocity of his subjects. To accomplish this great undertaking, he had recourse to the influ-

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ence

* Literally; Amphion, the founder of the Theban citadel, is said to move the stones by the music of his lyre, and, by soft persuasion to lead them at his will.

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ence of poetry and music; and while he sung and played, his people obeyed his orders with such alacrity, that in a very short time the walls of Thebes were built—hence the poets feigned

Qu' aux accords d'Amphion les Pierres se mouvoient,
Et sur les murs Thébains en ordre s'élevoient.

III. ORPHEUS.

Sylvestres homines SACER INTERPRESQUE DEORUM
Cædibus ac victu fædo deterruit ORPHEUS;
Disus ab hoc lenire Tigres rabidosque Leones.

HOR.

The wood-born race of men when ORPHEUS tam'd;
From acorns and from mutual blood reclaim'd,
This PRIEST DIVINE was fabled to assuage
The tiger's fierceness and the lion's rage.

FRANCIS.

NEVER was there in all antiquity a name more celebrated than that of Orpheus. There was something magical in the sound; for if we do but mention him, the imagination presents us with a *sacred pontiff*, a *wise legislator*, a *divine poet*, and *the first musician in the world*. As a pontiff he instituted the sacred rites of religion; as a legislator, he reformed his countrymen, or rather, brought a set of savages to live in society; and as a poet, he was unequalled in harmony, sweetness and energy. The poets have portrayed him as the minstrel of Apollo, clothed in shining robes, sitting on the summit of a hill, with looks of majesty and sweetness, which are directed

directed towards the heavens; his lyre produces the most ravishing transports, while he sings the immortal gods, the creation of the world, and the origin of man. All nature seems to listen to this poet-musician. Lions, and other beasts of prey become gentle, obsequious and submissive; the rivers remount to their source; trees are agitated; rocks are softened and descend the mountains; while the divine and inexpressible melody of his lyre enchants both men and gods.

Orpheus in order to impress his doctrines more powerfully on the minds of his wondering auditory, professed himself to be inspired by Phœbus, or the power of divine illumination: This mixture of truth and fiction ought not, however, to surprise enlightened and well informed minds. In the first ages of the world, every thing appeared as deified to man; all was mystery, enchantment, phenomena, or enveloped under the veil of allegory, in order to strike and astonish. Those who first made the most simple discoveries in astronomy were raised to the dignity of *demi-gods*; and consequently, we should consider the Greeks, at this period, as immersing from darkness, and who began to see the dawn of morning for the first time.

Orpheus came into Greece when genius was in its infancy; no wonder then, that with his uncommon knowledge, he appeared as an extraordinary character. The fame of the Egyptian priests for their wisdom and piety, induced him to travel into Egypt; where he was initiated

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tiated into all their mysteries: and from a close and unwearied application to the sages, he enriched his mind with new ideas upon the essence of the gods, upon religion, its rites and ceremonies, as well as divination. On his return to Greece, he inculcated religious sentiments, and introduced an expiation for their crimes. To him they owed their first ideas of astronomy; he likewise sung the war of the Titans, the rape of Proserpine, and the labours of Hercules.

Eurydice, his royal consort, being flung to death by a serpent, Orpheus became inconsolable; and, to alleviate his sorrows, he went to *Threspotidus*, where many invoked by incantments the manes of those they constantly deplored. This journey gave rise to Virgil's description of his descent into hell: Nothing can be more tender or more happily conceived than this poetic fiction.

Ipse * cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem.
Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.
Tænarias etiam fauces, alta ostia Ditis,
Et caligantem nigrâ formidine lucum
Ingressus, Manesque adiit, regemque tremendum,
Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.
At cantu commotæ Erebi de sedibus imis
Umbrae ibant tenues, simulacraque luce carentum:
Quam multa in sylvis avium se millia condunt,
Vesper ubi, aut hybernus agit de montibus imber:
Matres, atque viri, defunctaque corpora vitæ
Magnanimum heroum, pueri, innuptæque puellæ,
Impositique rogis juvenes ante ora parentum.

* Orpheus.

Quæ

Quos circum limus niger, & deformis arundo
 Eocyti, tardâque palus inamabilis undâ
 Alligat, & novies Styx interfusa coercet.
 Quin ipsæ stupere domus, atque intima leti
 Tartara, cœruleosque implexæ crinibus angues
 Eumenides; tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora;
 Atque Ixionii vento rota constitit orbis.
 Jamque pedem referens, casus evaserat omnes:
 Redditaque Eurydice superas veniebat ad auras,
 Pone sequens; namque hanc dederat Proserpina legem:
 Cum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem,
 Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere Manes:
 Restitit, Eurydicenque suam jam luce sub ipsa,
 Immemor, heu! victusque animi, respexit: ibi omnis
 Effusus labor, atque immitis rupta tyranni
 Fœdera, terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernis.
 Illa, Quis & me, inquit, miseram. & te perdidit, Or-
 pheu?

Quis tantus furor? en iterum crudelia retro
 Fata vocant, conditque natantia lumina somnus.
 Jamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
 Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas.
 Dixit, et ex oculis subito, ceu fumus in auras
 Commixtus tenues, fugit diversa: neque illum
 Pressantem nequicquam umbras, & multa volentem
 Dicere, præterea vidit; nec portitor Orci
 Amplius objectam passus transire paludem.
 Quid faceret? quo se raptâ bis conjuge ferret?
 Quo fletu Manes, qua numina voce moveret?
 Illa quidem Stygiâ nabat jam frigida cymbâ.
 Septem illum totos perhibent ex ordine menses
 Rupe sub æria, deserti ad Strymonis undam
 Flevisse, & gelidis hæc evoluisse sub antris,
 Mulcentem tigris, & agentem carmine quercus.
 Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
 Amissos queritur foetus, quos durus arator
 Observans nido implumes, detraxit; at illa
 Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
 Integrat, & inœstis late loca questibus implet.
 Nulla Venus, nullique animum flexere hymenæi.
 Solus Hyperboreas glacies, Tanaïmque nivalem,
 Arvaque Riphæis nunquam viduata pruinis
 Lustrabat; raptam Eurydicen, atque irrita Ditis

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Dona querens : spreto Ciconum quo munere matres,
Inter sacra Deum, nocturnique orgia Bacchi,
Discerptum latos juvenem sparsere per agros.
Tum quoque marmorea caput à cervice revulsum,
Gurgite cum medio portans Oeagrius Hebrus
Volveret, Eurydice vox ipsa & frigida lingua,
Ab miseram Eurydicen, animâ fugiente, vocabat :
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.

On thee, dear wife, in desarts all alone,
He * call'd, sigh'd, sung ; his griefs with day begun ; }
Nor were they finish'd with the setting sun.
Ev'n to the dark dominions of the night,
He took his way, through forests void of light :
And dar'd amid the trembling ghosts to sing,
And stood before th' inexorable king.
Th' infernal troops, like passing shadows, glide,
And, list'ning croud the sweet musician's side.
Not flocks of birds when driv'n by storms or night,
Stretch to the forest with so thick a flight,
Men, matrons, children, and th' unmarried maid ;
The mighty hero's more majestic shade ; }
And youths on fun'ral piles before their parents laid.
All these Cocytus bounds with squalid reads,
With muddy ditches, and with deadly weeds :
And baleful Styx encompasses around,
With nine slow circling streams, th' unhappy ground.
Ev'n from the depths of hell the damn'd advance ;
Th' infernal mansions, nodding, seem to dance ;
The gaping three-mouth'd dog forgets to snarl,
Their furies hearken, and the snakes uncurl :
Ixion seems no more his pains to feel,
But leans attentive on his standing wheel.

All dangers past, at length the lovely bride
In safety goes, with her melodious guide ;
Longing the common light again to share,
And draw the vital breath of upper air ;
He first, and close behind him follow'd she ;
For such was Proserpine's severe decree.

* Orpheus.

When

THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. 9

When strong desires th' impatient youth invade,
 By little caution and much love betray'd,
 A fault which easy pardon might receive,
 Were lovers judges, or could hell forgive:
 For near the confines of ethereal light,
 And longing for the glimm'ring of a sight,
 Th' unwary lover cast his eyes behind,
 Forgetful of the law, nor master of his mind.
 Streight all his hopes exhal'd in empty smoke;
 And his long toils were forfeit for a look.
 Three flashes of blue light'ning gave the sign
 Of cov'nants broke & three peals of thunder join.
 Then thus the *bride*: what fury seiz'd on thee,
 Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me?
 Dragg'd back again by cruel destinies,
 An iron slumber shuts my swimming eyes.
 And now farewell, involved in shades of night,
 For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight:
 In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
 In sweet embraces; ah! no longer thine!—
 She said, and from his eyes the fleeting far
 Retir'd, like subtle smoke dissolv'd in air;
 And left her hopeless lover in despair. }
 In vain, with folding arms, the youth essay'd
 To stop her flight, and strain the flying shade:
 He prays, he raves, all means, in vain he tries, }
 With rage inflam'd, astonish'd with surprise;
 But she return'd no more to bless his longing eyes.
 Nor would th' infernal ferryman once more
 Be brib'd, to waft him to the farther shore.
 What should he do, who twice had lost his love?
 What notes invent, what new petitions move?
 Her soul already was consign'd to fate,
 And shiv'ring in the leaky sculler sat.
 For seven continu'd months, if Fame say true,
 The wretched swain his sorrows did renew:
 By Strymon's freezing streams he sat alone,
 The rocks were mov'd to pity with his moan:
 Trees bent their heads to hear him sing his wrongs;
 Fierce tygers couch'd around, and loll'd their fawning
 tongues.

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So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone;
Whose nest some prying churl had found, and thence,
By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence,
But she supplies the night with mournful strains
And melancholy music fills the plains.

Sad *Orpheus* thus his tedious hours employs,
Averse from Venus and from nuptial joys.
Alone he tempts the frozen floods, alone
Th' unhappy climes, where spring was never known:
He mourn'd his wretched wife, in vain restor'd;
And Pluto's unavailing boon deplor'd.

The Thracian matrons, who the youth accus'd
Of love disdain'd, and marriage rites refus'd;
With furies and nocturnal orgies fir'd,
At length against his sacred life conspir'd.
Whom even the savage beasts had spar'd they kill'd,
And strew'd his mangl'd limbs about the field.
Then, when the head from his fair shoulders torn,
Wash'd by the waters, was on Hebrus borne:
Ev'n then his trembling tongue invoc'd his bride;
With his last voice, Eurydice, he cry'd;
Eurydice the rocks and river-banks reply'd.

DRYDEN,

IV. PAMPHOS.

PAMPHOS was born at Attica, and became the disciple of the immortal Linus. To him the ancients owed their fine poem, *The Rape of Proserpine*. This agreeable and delicate poet, so little known to posterity, merits a distinguished place upon the sacred mount, for having consecrated his lyre to the to the GRACES.

Déeses, jadis adorées
Dans les abondantes contrées
Où Céphise roule ses eaux,

Que

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Que mon hommage vous attire ;
Graces, venez toucher ma lyre,
Et tirez-en des sons nouveaux.

Antiquity has never produced a more ingenious symbol than that of the graces. These three goddesses, hand in hand, are represented in such elegant attitudes, that the goddess of beauty is said to be eclipsed by their superior charms and attractions.

Three sister-graces, whom the painter's hand,
The poet's tongue confesses, the sublime,
The wonderful, the fair. I see them dawn !
I see the radiant visions, whence they rise,
More lovely than when Lucifer displays
His beaming forehead through the gates of morn,
To lead the train of Phœbus and the spring.

AKEN.

Philosophers, orators and poets have celebrated this poem. Pindar has sung the graces with the most bewitching and beautiful imagery ; Anacreon frequently mentions them ; Theocritus invoked the three sisters Aglaia, Thalia and Euphrosyne to inspire his muse ; and Socrates placed in the temple of Minerva a picture which represents these three divinities.

Malheur à tout esprit grossier,
A l'ame de bronze et d'acier,
Qui les méprise et les ignore :
Le cœur qui es sent les adore,
Et peut seul les apprécier,

V. OLEN.

AT Delos was the famous Temple of Apollo. Strangers of every nation flocked thither to worship this deity, where Olen officiated as high-priest of the sanctuary. He taught the Greeks to sing SACRED HYMNS, and consecrated his muse to the praises of their gods, heroes and sages.

O Jours, ô tems féconds en saints modèles,
Où tous les cœurs équitables, fidèles,
Ne connoissoient de biens purs et parfaits
Que l'amitié, la justice et la paix.
Où le vieillard mourit dans l'innocence,
Où l'opulent signaloit sa puissance
Plus par ses dons que par ses revenus ;
Siècles heureux, qu'êtes-vous devenus ?

VI. OLYMPUS.

Il reçut d'Apollon ces traits de vive flamme,
Et ces ailes de feu qui ravissent une âme
Au céleste séjour.

OLYMPUS flourished before the siege of Troy. He invented the double flute, and sung the death of Pithon in a stile sweetly plaintive and pathetic. His compositions breathed a noble energy, with the enthusiasm of genuine and creative poesy. They are happily characterized in the following lines :

Son

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Son art passe jusqu' à l' ame,
Des passions qu' il peint, il y verse la flamme
Le courage, l' effroi, la haine, l' amitié,
Et l' indignation, la crainte et la pitié.
Combien le cœur ému s'ouvre à cet art céleste !

VII. MUSEUS.

MUESUS has been celebrated by antiquity as a Theologift, poet, philosopher and interpreter of the sacred oracles. Like Linus and Orpheus, he undertook the difficult task of reforming his countrymen, and of laying down a theological and philosophical system. Museus presided over the Eleusian mysteries, and consecrated his poetry to the service of the gods. Others say, that he was the priest of Ceres at Athens; near which city he recited his verses, in a place which was afterwards called Museum. Virgil assigns him a place of distinguished eminence in the Elysium fields.

Sic est affata sibylla,
Museum ante omnes, medium nam plurima turba
Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicis altis;

The sibyl thus address'd
Museus, rais'd o'er all the circling throng.

The principal works of this poet were his Sacred Institutions, The War of Tirans, and his Theogony, or account of the fabulous deities, a work which shewed a fertile imagination and a creative genius.

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Je vois un Dieu dont la couronne
Brille des plus vives couleurs ;
Le chœur des muses l' environne,
Les graces le parent de fleurs.
Toute la nature en silence
Prête l' oreille à la cadence
De ses accens mélodieux
A ces accords, à leur empire,
Musée, on reconnoit ta lyre :
C' est à toi de chanter les Dieux.

VIII. MELAMPUS.

MELAMPUS followed the traces of Orpheus, and like him travelled into Egypt and Phenicia. He was there initiated into all the mysteries of their pontiffs, composed several admired poems under the allegoric veil of Theogonies, and diffused over Greece the treasures of learning he had acquired.

Melampus united the science of physic to that of the oracles. After his death a temple was consecrated to his memory ; and Hesiod mentions him in the highest strains of panegyric.

Il a su s' elever par un vol généreux ;
Et le céleste feu dont il tenoit la vie,
Lui fit naître l' envie
D' éclairer l' univers, et le rendre heureux.

IX. PHE-

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IX. PHEMIUS.

History informs us, that this celebrated poet and musician had been the master of the divine Homer; who frequently mentions him in his *Odyssey*.

PheMIus! let acts of gods, and heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bow'r have told,
Attempt'd to the lyre, your voice employ:
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with silent joy.

* * * * *

* * * * *

His tender theme the charming lyrist * chose,
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,
While storms vindictive intercept the shore.
The shrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,
Reflecting to the queen of silver sounds.

POPE.

THE SECOND AGE.

X. HOMER.

(900 Years before Christ.)

Be HOMER'S WORKS your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the muses upward to their spring.

• PheMIus,

(Sil)

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Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse ;
And let your comment be the MANTUAM MUSE.

THIS wonderful genius, this father of genuine poetry, has ennobled human nature, and claims the first place in the Temple of Fame : or, in the words of the poet,

But in the centre of the hollow'd choir,
SIX POMPOUS COLUMNS o'er the rest aspire ;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first, the MIGHTY HOMER SHONE ;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne ;
FATHER OF VERSE ! in holy fillets dress'd,
His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast ;
Though blind, a boldness in his MEIN appears ;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen ;
Here Hector glorious from Patroclus's fall,
Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire ;
A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

To the eternal honour of this great bard temples have been rais'd ; and yet, strange to tell, this prince of poets pass'd the greatest part of his life as a fugitive, neglected and unknown.

*Le Chantre d' Ulysse et d' Achille,
Sans protecteur et sans asile,
Fut ignoré jusqu' au tombeau.
Il expire : le charme cesse,
Et tous les peuples de la Grece
Entr' eux disputent son tombeau.*

Among

Among the vast diversity of opinions concerning Homer, the most probable is, that he was a native of Smyrna. Phemius, struck with the rising talents of our juvenile poet, took upon him the charge of his education: The scholar soon surpassed his master; Smyrna admir'd his genius, and his fame drew strangers to this city to hear him recite his compositions.

A captain in the sea service, called Mentès, was intimately acquainted with our poet, and prevailed on him to travel with him into foreign countries. With this friend he made the tour of Asia, Egypt and Greece, treasuring up the immense acquisitions of learning he had gleaned from the sages, the maxims of the priests at Delphos, the sublime writings of Linus, Orpheus, Museus, &c. for nothing escaped the penetration of this great observer of men and things. His understanding became enlarged by his unwearied researches in politics, morality and religion: and from this great source his sentiments were refined, and his imagination enriched by contemplating such an infinity of objects.

HOMER recut en naissant le talent de tout peindre,
Et le don de créer, et le droit de tout feindre,
Et qui fut, en un mot, destiné par les Cieux
A parler aux humains le langage des dieux.

His sight began to fail him during his residence at Ithaca, while he was employed in composing his *Odyssey*; nevertheless his passion for travelling induced him to accompany Mentès in farther

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ther researches, which unhappily were soon interrupted by a total loss of sight. It is easy to imagine the great affliction he necessarily suffered upon a misfortune of that nature. Milton, in his third book of *Paradise Lost*, pathetically addresses the deity upon a similar occasion.

Thus with the year,
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and ras'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

Thestorides, taking an advantage of our poet's poverty, offered him an asylum, on conditions of his communicating to him his writings; Homer accepts the generous offer, and accordingly took up his abode with this supposed friend. Thestorides no sooner obtained possession of such a treasure, than he fled to Chios, where he opened a public school, and recited the poems of Homer as his own performances.

This great man, after a series of misfortunes and disappointments, found at last some repose at Chios, where he put to shame and confusion his perfidious plagiarist, who was peaceably enjoying the fruits of the glory he had so clandestinely

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destinely usurped. The inhabitants of this city were so struck with these immortal poems, that they generously assigned their author a sufficient pension to make the rest of his days comfortable and happy.

Lycurgus, that celebrated legislator, was the first who introduced the works of Homer into Greece; which were then in detached pieces, and intitled Rhapsodies. Pysistratus collected these rhapsodies together, and divided the Iliad and Odyssey, each into 24 books. Solon ordained as a law, that the poems of Homer should be sung at all public solemnities, and that children should be taught to recite them from memory. Copies were soon after dispersed over Greece, and Athens had the glory of handing them down to posterity. Well may the enraptur'd modern sing,

How sweet the numbers swell,
While Homer waves his soul-enchancing wand
Entranc'd the listening passions stand,
Charm'd with the magic of his shell.
Whether to arms his trump resounds,
The heart with martial ardour bounds;
Or sprightly themes his hand employ,
Instant we catch the spreading joy;
Or when in notes majestic, deep, and slow,
He bids the solemn streams of sorrow flow,
Amaz'd we hear the sadly pleasing strain,
While tender anguish steals thro' every vein.

*Father of Verse, whose eagle flight
Fatigues the gazer's aching sight,*

And

And strains th' aspiring mind;
Teach me thy wonderous heights to view,
With trembling wings thy steps pursue,
And leave the lessening world behind.

Homer among the Grecians acquired the glorious appellation — THE FATHER OF WISDOM AND VIRTUE. Horace tells us this great master instructed mankind in their duties much better than the philosophers. His words are,

— quid utile, quid non,
Planius ac melius Chryippo et Crantore dicit.
Cur ita crediderim (nisi quid te detinet) audi.
Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem
Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello,
Stultorum regum ac populorum continet æstus.
Antenor censet belli præcidere causam:
Quid Paris? ut salvus regnet vivatque beatus,
Cogi posse negat. Nestor componere lites
Inter peliden festinat et inter atriden.
Hunc amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque.
Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.
Seditione, dolis scelere, atque libidine, et irâ,
Iliacos intra muros peccatur et extra
Rursum quid virtus, et quid sapientia possit,
Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssen:
Qui domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes
Et mores hominum inspexit, latumque per æquor,
Dum sibi, dum socciis reditum parat, aspera multa
Pertulit, adversis rerum immerfabilis undis.

— Of vice and virtue more instructive rules,
Than all the sober sages of the schools.
Why thus I think, if not engag'd, attend,
And, Lollius, hear the reasons of your friend.

The well wrought fable, that sublimely shows
The loves of Paris, and the lengthen'd woes
Of Greece in arms, presents, as on a stage,
The giddy tumults, and the foolish rage

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Of kings and people. Hear Antenor's scheme;
 "Cut off the cause of war; restore the dame;"
 But Paris treats this counsel with disdain,
 Nor will be forc'd in happiness to reign.
 While hoary Nestor, by experience wise,
 To reconcile the angry monarchs tries,
 His injur'd love the son of Peleus fires,
 And equal passion, equal rage inspires
 The breasts of both. When doating monarchs urge
 Unsound resolves, their subjects feel the scourge.
 Trojans and Greeks, seditious, base, unjust,
 Offend alike in violence and lust.

To shew what *wisdom*, and what *sense* can do,
 The poet sets Ulysses in our view,
 Who conquer'd Troy, and with sagacious ken
 Saw various towns and polities of men;
 While for himself, and for his native train
 He seeks the passage through the boundless main,
 In perils plung'd, the patient hero braves
 His adverse fate, and buoys above the waves.

Homere (dit l' Abbé Batteux) fut regardé, non seulement comme le prince de la poésie, mais comme le pere de l' eloquence, de l' histoire, de la philosophie, de tous les arts. Ce fut lui qui montra à Herodote comment il falloit écrire les faits des héros, à Isocrate comment il falloit charmer les sens pour convaincre l' esprit, à Démosthène, à Eschyle, à Socrate, à Platon comment il falloit peindre, toucher, raisonner, raconter. Le soin qu'il avoit de suivre scrupuleusement la nature, au milieu même de ses fictions et de ses mensonges, leur fit sentir ce qu'ils devoient faire sur tout en peignant *la verité*.

To illustrate the genius of Homer for invention, his taste and art in the arrangements, his
 energy

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energy and propriety of expression, I shall here cite some of his most striking beauties, as soon as I have given an analysis of the Iliad and Odyssey.

THE ANALYSIS.

The Greeks lay siege to Troy; Agamemnon, generalissimo of all their united forces, quarrels with Achilles, the most valiant prince of his time; the latter refuses to fight, and withdraws himself from the camp. The Greeks are continually repulsed, till this hero returns to the field, who changes the fortune of their arms, and makes them victorious. This is the subject of the Iliad, and on this foundation the structure of that Epic Poem is wonderfully raised.

BOOK I.

CHRYSIS the high priest of Apollo repairs to the Grecian camp in order to ransom his daughter, who was then the slave of Agamemnon. That imperious prince insolently dismissed him with a refusal, upon which Chrysis intreats for vengeance from his God, who inflicts a dreadful pestilence upon the Greeks. Achilles calls a council, and proposes a consultation with Chalcas, the interpreter of the oracles, who openly accuses Agamemnon. The king being obliged to send back Chrysis, enters into a furious contest with Achilles; Nestor fruitlessly attempts to pacify these angry heroes; Agamemnon, by way of revenge, seizes upon Briseis. Achilles withdraws himself from the army, and complains
to

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to his mother Thetis, who supplicates Jupiter to favour the Trojans, till the Greeks had redressed the injury done her son. Jupiter having granted her request, incenses Juno, who patronises the Greeks; the goddesses, however, are appeased by the address of Vulcan.

BOOK II.

THE Greeks are now to be defeated by the Trojans. Jupiter sends a deceitful vision to Agamemnon, who immediately resolves to attack the enemy. Prayers are offered up to the deity; the signal is given; Minerva striking her divine Egid inspires, with courage both the Greeks and Trojans,

BOOK III.

PARIS clad in a panther's skin, and armed with his bow and sword, advances at the head of the Trojans. Menelaus, the husband of the beautiful Helen no sooner sees him, than he leaps from his chariot, and flies to meet his enemy; Paris terrified with his martial appearance retires among the ranks. By the intervention of Hector, a single combat is agreed on between Menelaus and Paris for the determination of the war. Iris, the messenger of the Gods, descends to acquaint Helen with what has passed. She is conducted to the walls of Troy, where Priam sat with his counsellors observing the Grecian leaders on the plains below; to whom Helen names him Agamemnon, Ajax and Ulysses. The princes, both Greeks and Trojans, take the solemn

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solemn oath; and imprecations being denounced upon the first who should infringe it, the two rivals enter the field. The duel ensues, and in the moment when victory would have declared in favour of the king, Paris is snatched away in a cloud by Venus, who conveys him back to the palace. She then calls Helen from the walls, and brings the lovers together.

BOOK IV.

THE Gods deliberate in council respecting the Trojan war. Juno's invincible hatred to Troy made her seek its destruction; she therefore acts in concert with Minerva, who engages Pandarus to aim an arrow at Menelaus, who is wounded. Grief and indignation seize the Grecian army, while Agamemnon displays his great abilities as a general. He flies from rank to rank, and exhorts the chiefs to combat; Mars spirits up the Trojans, and Minerva the Greeks. Nestor distinguishes himself for his military discipline. The battle begins, shields clash with shields, lance meets lance; the cries of the victors and vanquished are heard on every side, and the conflict ends in a dreadful carnage both of Greeks and Trojans.

BOOK V.

DIOMED, assisted by Pallas, signalises his wondrous valour; he wounds Mars and Venus, and obliges them to quit the field.

BOOK

BOOK VI.

CONTAINS the interesting episodes of Glaucus and Diomed, and of Hector and Andromache.

BOOK VII.

HECTOR challenges the boldest of the Greeks to single combat. The Grecian chiefs accept the challenge, the lot is cast, and falls upon Ajax. These heroes, after several furious onsets are separated by the coming on of the night. The Greeks, by the advice of Hector, immediately fortify their camp, while that of the Trojans is thrown into the greatest consternation by the angry thunders of the immortal Jupiter.

BOOK VIII.

As soon as the day appears, the father of the gods assembles a council, and threatens them with the pains of Tartarus, if they assist either the Greeks or Trojans. Himself descends upon Mount Ida, where, enveloped in a thick cloud, he looks down upon the armies on the plain. The battle renews, and victory remains doubtful; when Jupiter, taking a golden balance, weighs the fate of the two armies. The Trojan's scale flies up; immediately the lightnings flash, the thunder roars, and the Greeks are terrified in finding that Almighty Jove had declared against them. The day closes; but Hector remains in the camp and orders to keep the watch, lest the frightened Greeks should escape him in the night.

BOOK IX.

A dead silence and a general consternation reign throughout the Grecian camp. Agamemnon follows the advice of Nestor, and sends Ulysses, Ajax and Phenix, as deputies to Achilles, in order to bring about a reconciliation. Achilles receives them graciously, refuses their presents, and remains inexorable. The ambassadors return, and give Agamemnon an account of their unsuccessful embassy; immediately after the troops betake themselves to rest.

BOOK X.

AGAMEMNON's distress of mind, occasioned by the refusal of Achilles is lively portrayed. He passes the whole night in devising every possible method for the safety of the Grecian army. A council of war is held; Ulysses and Diomed are sent to reconnoitre the enemy's camp. Minerva conducts the enterprize; Diomed kills Rhesus with several of his officers, carries off his horses, and returns in triumph.

BOOK XI.

DAY-BREAK appears; Jupiter raises a bloody cloud, a dreadful omen of the approaching carnage. Agamemnon leads the Grecians to battle, and bears all before him; in the conflict he becomes wounded and obliged to retire from the field.

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field. At this instant Hector arrives and makes a great slaughter of the enemy. Paris wounds Dionæd and Machaon, and Ulysses is rescued by Ajax and Menelaus. Achilles, from the prow of his own vessel is a spectator of the fight; he dispatches Patroclus to enquire what Greek was wounded. Patroclus, in his return, meets Eurypylus, binds up his wounds, and hastens to re-join his friend.

BOOK XII.

THE Greeks being retired to their intrenchments, Hector follows them. He alights from his car, marches the army in five columns, and begins the assault. The Greeks are put to flight.

BOOK XIII.

NEPTUNE assumes the shape of Calchas, and inspires the Ajaces to oppose the victorious Hector and the Trojans. The Greeks rally, and several deeds of valour are performed. Idomeneus signalizes himself by his intrepidity and courage, and kills Othryoneus, Asius and Alcathous. Menelaus mortally wounds Pysander.

BOOK XIV.

JUNO deceives Jupiter by the girdle of Venus; Neptune advised of what was passing, succours the Greeks. Hector is struck to the ground with a prodigious stone by Ajax, and carried off the field of battle, and, immediately after, the Trojans are defeated.

BOOK XV.

JUPITER awakes and sees Hector panting for breath and vomiting of blood; Apollo is sent to cure him, and Neptune is commanded to quit the field. Apollo inspires Hector with vigour, conducts him back to the scene of action, marching before him with his ægis, and turns the fortune of the day. Hector breaks down the walls of the camp; the Trojans rush in, to set fire to the fleet, but are repulsed with a dreadful slaughter.

BOOK XVI.

In this book is described the armour, horses, soldiers and officers belonging to Achilles, who offers up vows and libations for his friend Patroclus, who is clad in his armour. Patroclus gives new life to the Grecians; the Trojans taking him for Achilles are thrown into the greatest consternation. The valiant Hector is struck with a panic and quits the field. Apollo repulses and disarms the Grecian hero; and he receives the mortal wound from the hand of Hector who strips him of his arms.

BOOK XVII.

THE Greeks prevent Hector from carrying off the slain Patroclus, and continue the fight with the greatest fury and desperation. Menelaus sends Antilochus to Achilles with the mournful news of Patroclus's death.

BOOK

BOOK XVIII.

THE poet describes the grief of Achilles. Thetis hearing lamentations, comes with all her sea-nymphs to console him. Achilles shews himself at the head of the entrenchments, the sight of this hero turns the fortune of the day, and the dead body is brought back to the camp. Thetis goes to the palace of Vulcan, from whence she receives a new suit of armour for her son: and the book closes with the noble description of his shield.

BOOK XIX.

ACHILLES receives his armour, calls the Greeks and is reconciled to Agamemnon. He arms for the fight; he vaults into his car, and flies to meet the Trojans.

BOOK XX.

HOMER here describes the battle of the Gods and the wonderful prowess of Achilles. Jupiter calls a council, and permits the deities to mingle in the combat. Apollo encourages Æneas to fight Achilles, who is rescued by Neptune. Hector is upon the point of being killed, when Apollo conveys him away in a cloud. The Grecian hero pursues his enemy with a terrible slaughter.

BOOK XXI.

THE Trojans are defeated, some fly towards the town, others to the river Scamander. Achilles drives one part of the army into the Xanthus, which is filled with the slain. The battle in the

river Scamander being ended the gods engage each other. In this interval Achilles pursues Apollo in the disguise of Agenor, which gave an opportunity for the enemy to get within the walls of Troy.

BOOK XXII.

HECTOR alone remains upon the field of battle; at the approach of Achilles his resolution fails him; and suffers his adversary to pursue him round the walls of Troy. At length he turns, fights, and is slain. Achilles drags the dead body at his chariot wheels, in sight of Priam, Hecuba, Andromache, and all the Trojans, whose cries ascend to Heaven.

BOOK XXIII.

THIS book describes the funeral of Patroclus, which is performed with all imaginable pomp and magnificence. Achilles institutes the funeral games; thence follows a description of the chariot-race, the fight of the Cæstus, the wrestling, the foot-race, the single combat, &c.

BOOK XXIV.

This book closes the poem.

PRIAM begs the dead body of his son Hector; Achilles, moved with compassion, grants his request, and treats the old king with every mark of distinction. The lamentations of Andromache, Hecuba and Helen.

A SKETCH

A SKETCH OF HOMER'S PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

1. ACHILLES.

ACHILLES, says Batteux, possesses in an eminent degree, the strength of Ajax, the valour of Diomed, and the courage of Ulysses. He displays the most generous sentiments for the unfortunate Patroclus, to whom he was a faithful, affectionate and zealous friend; he loves his people; and although of a most cholerick and violent temper, yet he respects the Gods, Priam, and even Agamemnon.

2. HECTOR.

HECTOR is the most shining character after Achilles. His goodness, his courage, his love of his country, are qualities which endeared him to the Trojans. Although he is the most valiant of heroes, the very name of Achilles inspires him with a respect mixed with a certain horror. We love, we pity, we esteem him; but we admire Achilles as his conqueror.

3. AGAMEMNON.

AGAMEMNON is the image of supreme authority. He possesses every requisite to form a great king. He sometimes, however, abuses his power. He is proud in prosperity and abject in adversity; and his conduct to Achilles seems rather to proceed from conscious error, than defect in judgment.

4. PRIAM.

IN this respectable character we have an example of parental love. He is tender, and indulgent ; but his advanced age shews his intellects impaired. Nothing can be more affecting than the picture of this aged prince, when he came to beg the dead body of his son : his speech to Achilles is full of tenderness and sentiment.

5. NESTOR.

NESTOR is also advanced in age, but he still retains all his distinguished faculties. His courage breaks out in a flame at the sight of camps and battles. He is great in council ; he speaks of what he has seen, what he has performed, and of the heroes who had been his companions and associates. He boasts of former times, while his hoary locks and experience give him a right to dictate, even to Achilles and Agamemnon, to whom he offers his past life as a proper model.

6. ULYSSES.

HOMER has given us the following portrait of great prince :

Ye gods ! what wonders has Ulysses wrought ?
 What fruits his conduct and his courage yield ?
 Great in the council, glorious in the field.
 Gen'rous he rises in the crown's defence,
 To curb the factious tongue of insolence.
 Such just examples on offenders shown
 Seditions silence, and assert the throne.

7. DIOMED

7. DIOMED.

IN this hero we see every essential which is necessary for a warrior. The sword, fire, while squadrons of enemies could not stop the fury of his career. When wounded he bids his attendant draw out the dart, and away he flies to rejoin the fight.

8. AJAX TELAMON.

THIS famous warrior is full of fire, warm and impetuous. One *trait* alone is a fine characteristic;

Let the day-light appear, and the gods may fight against us.

9. AJAX OILEUS.

AJAX Oileus had the same valor and impetuosity in action; but his disposition was naturally sarcastic and imperious, witness his speech to Idomeneus.

Old man! (Oileus rashly thus replies)
Thy tongue too hastily confers the prize.
Of those who view the course, not sharpest ey'd,
Nor youngest, yet the readiest to decide.
Eumelus' steeds high bounding in the chace,
Still, as at first, unrivall'd lead the race:
I well discern him, as he shakes the rein,
And hear his shouts victorious o'er the plain.

10. MENELAUS.

We see in this prince both courage and resolution; yet he appears better calculated to govern his country than revenge his wrongs.

CONCERNING THE GODS.

JUPITER acts with an all-powerful and supreme authority. JUNO is proud, haughty and cruel. MINERVA has strength, courage and wisdom. MARS with a rash and brutal force, like that of war of which he is the symbol. NEPTUNE is also over-bearing, and as furious as the turbulent ocean which he governs. VENUS is all grace and softness. APOLLO address and sweetness.

THE FABLE OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE subject of the Odyssey is, the return of Ulysses to Ithaca; a little island of which he was the sovereign. This hero had not the advantage of being a Demi-god, like Achilles, the son of Thetis; nevertheless he eminently possessed qualities worthy so high an origin; or, in other words, Ulysses joined to a wonderful share of fortitude, a most consummate prudence.

THE Odyssey opens by a council of the gods, who decree his return to Ithaca. Minerva interests herself for the young Telemachus, whom she endeavoured to render worthy of such a father.

Mercury

Mercury is dispatched to Calypso with the resolutions of the gods, and orders for her releasement of Ulysses. Our hero sets out alone, crosses the seas, and by a tempest is cast away upon an island belonging to the Pheacians. Here he remains till the inhabitants had furnished him with a vessel to transport him to Ithaca ; where he at length arrives ; and by the assistance of Minerva, puts to death those who had, in his absence, committed the greatest disorders. Pallas makes a lasting peace between our hero and his subjects which concludes this poem.

SOME OF THE MOST

STRIKING BEAUTIES OF HOMER.

I.

Thetis throws herself at the feet of Jupiter to implore him to avenge the cause of Achilles. The great master of the universe hears her supplication, and assures her of the accomplishment of her wishes by an inclination of his head.

He spoke, and awful bends his sable brows ;
Shakes his ambrosial curls, and gives the nod ;
The stamp of fate, and sanction of the God :
High heav'n, with trembling, the dreadful signal took,
And all Olympus to the centre shook.

Phidias was so powerfully struck with the majesty of this image, as to produce that wonderful piece of sculpture, his Jupiter Olympus.

2. BATTLES.

*Jupiter permits the gods to return to the plains of Ilion.
In this passage Homer has given us the true sub-
lime.*

In aid of Troy, Latona, Phœbus came,
Mars fiery helm'd, the laughter-loving dame,
Xanthus whose streams in golden currents flow,
And the chaste huntress of the silver bow.
Ere yet the gods their various aid employ,
Each Argive swell'd with manly joy,
While great Achilles, (terror of the plain)
Long lost to battle, shone in arms again.
Dreadful he stood in front of all his host;
Pale Troy beheld, and seem'd already lost;
Her braver heroes pant with inward fear,
And trembling see another god of war.

But when the pow'rs descending swell'd the fight,
Then tumult rose; fierce rage and pale affright
Vary'd each face; then discord sounds alarms,
Earth echoes, and the nations rush to arms.
Now through the trembling shores Minerva calls,
And now she thunders from the Grecian walls.
Mars hov'ring o'er his Troy, his terror shrouds
In gloomy tempests, and a night of clouds:
Now through each Trojan heart he fury pours,
With voice divine, from Ilion's topmost tow'rs;
Now shouts to Simois, from her beauteous hill;
The mountain shook, the rapid stream stood still.
Above the fire of gods his thunder rolls,
And peals on peals redoubled rend the poles.
Beneath, stern Neptune shakes the solid ground;
The forests wave, the mountains nod around;
Through all their summits tremble Ida's woods,
And from their sources boil her hundred floods.
Troy's turrets totter on the rocking plain;
And the toss'd navies beat the heaving main.
Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head,

Leap'd

Leap'd from his throne, lest Neptune's arms should lay
 His dark dominions open to the day,
 And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes,
 Abhorr'd by men, and dreadful ev'n to gods.

Such war th' immortals wage ; such horrors rend
 The world's vast concave, when the gods contend.
 First silver-shafted Phœbus took the plain
 Against blue Neptune monarch of the main ;
 The god of arms his giant-bulk display'd,
 Oppos'd to Pallas, war's triumphant maid.
 Against Latona march'd the son of May ;
 The quiver'd Dian, sister of the day,
 (Her golden arrows sounding at her side),
 Saturnia, majesty of heav'n, defy'd.
 With fiery Vulcan last in battle stands
 The sacred flood that rolls on golden sands ;
 Xanthus his name with those of heav'nly birth,
 But call'd Scamander by the sons of earth.

While thus the gods in various league engage,
 Achilles glow'd with more than mortal rage ;
 Hector he sought ; in search of Hector turn'd.
 His eyes around, for Hector only burn'd ;
 And burst like light'ning thro' the ranks, and vow'd
 To glut the god of battles with his blood.

Æneas was the first who dar'd to stay ;
 Apollo wedg'd him in the warrior's way,
 But swell'd his bosom with undaunted might,
 Half forc'd, and half persuaded to the fight.
 Like young Lycaon, of the royal line,
 In voice and aspect, seem'd the pow'r divine ;
 And bade the chief reflect, how late with scorn
 In distant threats he brav'd the goddess born.
 Then thus the hero of Anchises' train,
 To meet Pelides you persuade in vain :
 Already have I met, nor void of fear
 Observ'd the fury of his flying spear ;
 From Ida's woods he chas'd us to the field,
 Our force he scatter'd, and our herds he kill'd ;
 Lyrnessus, Pedasus in ashes lay ;
 But (Jove assisting) I surviv'd the day.

Else

Else had I sunk oppress'd in fatal fight,
 By fierce Achilles and Minerva's might.
 Where-e'er he mov'd, the goddess shone before,
 And bath'd his brazen lance in hostile gore.
 What mortal man Achilles can sustain?
 Th'immortals guard him thro' the dreadful plain,
 And suffer not his dart to fall in vain. }
 Were God my aid, this arm should check his pow'r
 Though strong in battle as a brazen tow'r.

To whom the son of Jove : that god implore,
 And be what great Achilles was before.
 From heav'nly Venus thou deriv'd thy strain,
 And he but from a sister of the main ;
 An aged sea-god, father of his line,
 But Jove himself the sacred source of thine.
 Then lift thy weapon for a noble blow,
 Nor fear the vaunting of a mortal foe.

This said, and spirit breath'd into his breast,
 Thro' the thick troops the embolden'd hero prest :
 His ven'trous act the white-arm'd queen survey'd,
 And thus, assembling all the pow'rs, she said,

Behold an action, gods ; that claims your care,
 Lo great Æneas rushing to the war !
 Against Pelides he directs his course ;
 Phœbus impels, and Phœbus gives him force.
 Restrain his bold career ; at least, attend
 Our favour'd hero, let some pow'r descend.
 To guard his life, and add to his renown,
 We, the great armament of heav'n came down.
 Hereafter let him fall, as fates design,
 That spun so short his life's illustrious line :
 But, lest some adverse god now cross his way,
 Give him to know, what pow'rs assist this day :
 For how shall mortal stand the dire alarms,
 When heav'n's refulgent host appear in arms ?

• • • • •

Mean while the rushing armies hide the ground ;
 The trampled centre yields a hollow sound ;

Steele

Steeds eas'd in mail, and chiefs in armour bright,
 The gleamy champaign glows with brazen light.
 Amid both hosts (a dreadful space!) appear
 There, great Achilles; bold Æneas, here.
 With tow'ring strides Æneas first advanc'd;
 The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd,
 Spread o'er his breast; the fencing shield he bore,
 And, as he mov'd, his jav'lin flam'd before.
 Now to Pelides, furious to engage,
 He rush'd impetuous. Such the lion's rage,
 Who viewing first his foes with scornful eyes,
 Though all in arms, the peopled city rise,
 Stalks careless on, with unregarding pride:
 Till at length, by some brave youth defy'd,
 To his bold spear the savage turns alone.
 He murmurs fury with an hollow groan;
 He grins, he foams, he rolls his eyes around;
 Lash'd by his tail, his heaving sides resound;
 He calls up all his rage; he grinds his teeth,
 Resolv'd on vengeance, or resolv'd on death.
 So fierce Achilles on Æneas flies;
 So stands Æneas, and his force defies.

* * * *

—With all his force the jav'lin flung
 Fix'd deep, and loudly in the buckler rung.
 Far on his outstretch'd arm, Pelides held
 (To meet the thund'ring lance) his dreadful shield;
 That trembled as it stuck; nor void of fear
 Saw, ere it fell, th' immeasurable spear.
 His fears were vain; impenetrable charms
 Secur'd the temper of th' ætherial arms.
 Through two strong plates the point it's passage held;
 But stopp'd, and rested, by the third repell'd.
 Five plates of various metal, various mould,
 Compos'd the shield; of brass each outward fold,
 Of tin each inward, and the middle gold:
 There stuck the lance. Then, rising ere he threw,
 The forceful spear of great Achilles flew,
 And pierc'd the Dardan shield's extremest bound,
 Where the shrill brass return'd a sharper sound:
 Through

Through the thin verge the Pelean weapon glides,
 And the slight cov'ring of expanded hides.
 Æneas his contracted body bends,
 And o'er him high the riven targe extends,
 Sees, through its parting plates, the upper air,
 And at his back perceives the quiv'ring spear :
 A fate so near him, chills his soul with fright,
 And swims before his eyes the many-colour'd light.
 Achilles, rushing in with dreadful cries,
 Draws his broad blade, and at Æneas flies :
 Æneas, rousing as the foe came on,
 (With force collected) heaves a mighty stone :
 A mass enormous! which, in modern days
 Not two of earth's degen'rate sons could raise.
 But ocean's God, whose earth quakes rock the ground,
 Saw the distress, and mov'd the pow'rs around.

Lo ! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
 An instant victim to Achilles' hands :
 By Phæbus urg'd ; but Phæbus has bestow'd
 His aid in vain ; the man o'erpow'rs the god.

• • • • •

The king of ocean to the fight descends,
 Through all the whistling darts his course he bends,
 Swift interpos'd between the warriors flies
 And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles's eyes.
 From great Æneas' shield the spear he drew,
 And at its master's feet the weapon threw.
 That done, with force divine he snatch'd on high
 The Dardan Prince, and bore him through the sky,
 Smooth-gliding without step, above the heads
 Of warring heroes, and of bounding steeds ;
 'Till at the battle's utmost verge they light,
 Where the slow Caucons close the rear of fight.

• • • • •

As when a flame the winding valley fills,
 And runs on crackling shrubs between the hills.
 Then o'er the stubble up the mountain flies,
 Fires the high woods, and blazes to the skies,

This

This way, and that the spreading torrent roars :
 So sweeps the *hero* thro' the wasted shores ;
 Around him wide, immense destruction pours,
 And earth is delug'd with the sanguine show'rs.
 As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er
 And thick bestrown, lies Ceres' sacred floor,
 When round and round, with never-weary'd pain,
 The trampling steeds beat out th' unnumber'd grain ;
 So the fierce coursers, as the chariot rolls,
 Tread down whole ranks, and crush out heroes souls.
 Dash'd from their hoofs, while o'er the dead they fly,
 Black, bloody drops the smoking chariot dye :
 The spiky wheels thro' heaps of carnage tore ;
 And thick the groaning axles dropp'd with gore.
 High o'er the scene of death Achilles stood,
 All grim with dust, all horrible in blood.

3. VENUS WOUNDED BY DIOMED.

Meanwhile (his conquest ravish'd from his eyes)
 The raging chief in chace of Venus flies :

* * * *

Thro' breaking ranks his furious course he bends,
 And at the goddess his broad lance extends ;
 Thro' her bright veil the daring weapon drove,
 Th' ambrosial veil, which all the graces wove ;
 Her snowy hand the raging steel profan'd,
 And the transparent skin with crimson stain'd.

* * * *

With tender shrieks the goddess fill'd the place,
 And dropt her offspring from her weak embrace.
 Him Phæbus took : he casts a cloud around
 The fainting chief and wards the mortal wound.

Then with a voice that shook the vaulted skies,
 The king insults the goddess as she flies.

—The

— The goddess seiz'd with dread,
 Confus'd, distracted, from the conflict fled.
 To aid her, swift the winged Iris flew,
 Wrapt in a mist above the warring crew.
 The queen of love with faded charms she found,
 Pale was her cheek, and livid look'd the wound.

4. DIOMED AND MARS.

Now rushing fierce, in equal arms appear,
 The daring Greek, the dreadful god of war !
 Full at the chief, above his courser's head,
 From Mars's arms th' enormous weapon fled ;
 Pallas oppos'd her hand, and caus'd to glance
 Far from the car, the strong impending lance.
 Then, threw the force of Tydeus' warlike son,
 The jav'lin kiss'd : the goddess urg'd it on :
 Where the broad cincture girt his armour round,
 It pierc'd the God ; his groin receiv'd the wound ;
 From the rent skin the warrior tugs again
 The smoking steel. Mars bellows with the pain :
 Loud, as the roar encount'ring armies yield,
 When shouting millions shake the thund'ring field.
 Both armies start, and trembling gaze around ;
 And earth and heav'n rebellow to the sound.
 As vapours blown by Auster's sultry breath,
 Pregnant with plagues, and shedding seeds of death,
 Beneath the rage of burning Sirius rise,
 Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the skies ;
 In such a cloud the god from combat driv'n,
 High o'er the dusty whirlwind scales the heav'n.
 Wild with his pain, he sought the bright abodes,
 There sullen sat beneath the fire of gods,
 Show'd the celestial blood, and with a groan
 Thus pour'd his plaints before the immortal throne.

5. Hector

5. HECTOR TAKING LEAVE OF ANDROMACHE.

*Nothing can equal the affecting situation of these lovers.
At the Scaean gate the hero meets his tender affectionate wife.*

Swift thro' the town he trod his former way,
Thro' streets of palaces, and walks of state;
And met the mourner at the Scaean gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Ætion's wealthy heir;

The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
To this lov'd infant Hector gave the name
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream;
Astyanax the Trojan's call'd the boy,
From his great father, the defence of Troy.
Silent the warrior smil'd, and pleas'd resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind:
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke;
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

Andromache endeavours to soften her beloved Lord, and conjures him by all that is sacred, not to quit the ramparts. Hector consoles her with every endearing expression which love and honour could possibly dictate. As he is going to take his leave, he turns towards his son, and

Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm and nodding crest.

With

With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And Hector hasted to relieve the child,
 The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
 Then kiss'd the child, and lifting high in air,
 Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's pray'r.

O thou, whose glory fills th' ætherial throne!
 And all ye deathless pow'rs! protect my son!
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,
 Against his country's foes the war to wage,
 And rise the Hector of the future age!
 So when, triumphant from successful toils,
 Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,
 Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
 And say: This chief transcends his father's fame;
 While, pleas'd amid the gen'ral shouts of Troy,
 His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke; and fondly gazing on her charms
 Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms;
 Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd.
 The troubled pleasure soon chafis'd by fear,
 She mingled with the smile a tender tear.
 The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
 And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd:

Andromache! my soul's far better part,
 Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
 No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
 Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
 Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;
 And such the hard condition of our birth.
 No force can then resist, no flight can save,
 All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.
 No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,
 There guide the spindle and direct the loom:
 Me glory summons to the martial scene,
 The field of combat is the sphere for men.

Where

Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts; and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at ev'ry look: then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the god-like man;
Thro' all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn the living Hector, as the dead.

6. SUBLIME IMAGES.

Neptune seated upon the summits of Samothracia beholds the defeat of the Grecians. This image is thus inimitably portrayed:

In Samothracia, on a mountain's brow
Whose waving woods o'erhung the deeps below,
He * sat; and round him cast his azure eyes,
Where Ida's misty tops confus'dly rise;
Below, fair Ilion's glitt'ring spires were seen;
The crouded ships, and sable seas between.
There, from the chrystal chambers of the main,
Emerg'd, he sat, and mourn'd his Argives slain.
At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along;
Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,
The forests shake! earth trembled as he trod,
And felt the footsteps of th' immortal god. }

Far in the bay his shining palace stands,
Eternal frame! not rais'd by mortal hands;

• Neptune.

This

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This having reach'd, his brags-hoof'd steeds he reins,
 Fleet as the winds, and deck'd with golden manes.
 Refulgent arms, his mighty limbs infold,
 Immortal arms, of adamant and gold.
 He mounts the car, the golden scourge applies,
 He sits superior, and the chariot flies:
 His whirling wheels the glassy surface sweep,
 Th' enormous monsters rolling o'er the deep,
 Gambol around him on the wat'ry way;
 And heavy whales in awkward measures play:
 The sea subsiding spreads a level plain,
 Exults and owns the monarch of the main;
 The parting waves before his coursers fly:
 The wond'ring waters leave his axle dry.

7. BEAUTIFUL COMPARISONS.

Achilles arms his myrmidons.

Achilles speeds from tent to tent, and warns
 His hardy myrmidons to blood and arms.
 All breathing death, around their chief they stand,
 A grim, terrific, formidable band:
 Grim as voracious wolves that seek the springs,
 When scalding thirst their burning bowels wrings;
 When some tall stag, fresh slaughter'd in the wood,
 Has drench'd their wide insatiate throats with blood,
 To the black fount they rush, a hideous throng,
 With paunch distended, and with rolling tongue;
 Fire fills their eyes, their black jaws belch the gore,
 And, gorg'd with slaughter, still they thirst for more.
 Like furies rush'd the myrmidonian crew,
 Such their dread strength, and such their deathful view.

8. CONTEST FOR THE BODY OF CEBRION.

Then rushing sudden on his prostrate prize,
 To spoil the carcase, fierce Patroclus flies;
 Swift as a lion, terrible and bold,
 That sweeps the fields, depopulates the fold;
 Pierc'd through the dauntless heart, then tumbles slain,
 And from his fatal courage finds his bane.

At

At once bold Hector, leaping from his car,
 Defends his body, and provokes the war.
 Thus for some slaughter'd hind, with equal rage,
 Two lordly rulers of the wood engage;
 Stung with fierce hunger, each the prey invades,
 And echoing roars rebellion thro' the shades:
 Stern Hector fastens on the warrior's head,
 And by the foot Patroclus drags the dead.
 While all around, confusion, rage, and fright
 Mix th' contending hosts in mortal fight.

9. JUPITER'S GOLDEN CHAIN.

The gods are assembled upon mount Olympus. The whole universe is hush'd. The thunderer denounces his displeasure against that god who should give any succours to the Greeks or Trojans.

The fire of gods his awful silence broke;
 The heav'n attentive trembled as he spoke.
 Celestial states, immortal gods! give ears,
 Hear our decree, and reverence what ye hear;
 The fix'd decree which not all heav'n can move,
 Thou, fate! fulfil it; and ye pow'rs! approve!
 What god but enters yon forbidden field,
 Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield;
 Back to the skies with shame he shall be driv'n;
 Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heav'n:
 Or far, oh far, from steep Olympus thrown,
 Low in the dark Tartarian gulf shall groan,
 With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
 And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;
 As deep beneath th' infernal centre hurl'd,
 As from that centre to th' ætherial world.
 Let him who tempts me, dread those dire abodes;
 And know, th' almighty is the God of Gods.
 League all your forces then, ye pow'rs above,
 Join all, and try th' omnipotence of Jove:
 Let down our golden everlasting chain,
 Whose strong embrace holds heav'n, and earth, and main:
 Strive

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Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag, by this, the thund'rer down to earth :
Ye strive in vain ! It I but stretch my hand,
I heave the gods, the ocean, and the land ;
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height !
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight !
For such I reign, unbounded and above ;
And such are men, and gods, compar'd to Jove.

10. THE GIRDLE OF VENUS.

——— With awe divine the queen of love
Obey'd the sister and the wife of Jove :
And from her fragrant breast the zone unbrac'd,
With various skill and high embroid'ry grac'd.
In this was ev'ry art, and ev'ry charm,
To win the wisest, and the coldest warm :
Fond love, the gentle vow, the gay desire,
The kind deceit, the still reviving fire,
Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,
Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes.
This on her hand the Cyprian goddess laid ;
Take this, and with it all thy wish, she said.
With smiles she took the charm, and, smiling, prest
The pow'rful Cestus to her snowy breast.

11. *Patroclus is killed. The heroes deplore his loss. The grief of Achilles.*

While the long night extends her sable reign,
Around Patroclus mourn'd the Grecian train.
Stern in superior grief *Pelides* stood ;
Those slaught'ring arms, so us'd to bathe in blood,
Now clasp his clay-cold limbs : Then gushing start
The tears, and sighs burst from his swelling heart.
The lion thus, with dreadful anguish stung,
Roars through the desert, and demands his young :
When the grim savage, to his rifled den
Too late returning, snuffs the track of men,
And o'er the vales, and o'er the forest bounds ;
His clam'rous grief the bellowing wood resounds.

So grieves Achilles : and, impetuous, vents
To all his myrmidons, his loud complaints.

• • • • •

Yet, my Patroclus ! yet a space I stay,
Then swift pursue thee on the darksome way.
Ere thy dear reliques in the grave are laid,
Shall Hector's head be offer'd to thy shade ;
That, with his arms, shall hang before thy shrine,
And twelve the noblest of the Trojan line,
Sacred to vengeance, by this hand expire ;
Their lives effus'd around thy flaming pyre.
Thus let me lie till then ! thus, closely prest,
Bathe thy cold face, and sob upon thy breast !
While Trojan captives here thy mourners stay,
Weep all the night, and murmur all the day :
Spoils of my arms and thine, when, wasting wide,
Our swords kept time, and conquer'd side by side.

12. *Hector, inflexible to the prayers and entreaties of Hecuba and Priam, waits the coming of Achilles, leaning upon his buckler. He at last sees his terrible adversary — what a struggle between fear and honour !*

Great Hector singly staid ; chain'd down by fate,
There fix'd he stood before the Scean gate ;
Still his bold arms determin'd to employ,
The guardian still of long-defended Troy.

• • • • •

Then to the city terrible and strong,
With high and haughty steps, he tow'r'd along.
So the proud courser, victor of the prize,
To the near goal with double ardour flies,
Him, as he blazing shot across the field,
The careful eyes of Priam first beheld.

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Not half so dreadful rises to the fight,
Thro' the thick gloom of some tempestuous night,
Orion's dog (the year when autumn weighs)
And o'er the feebler stars exerts his rays;
Terrific glory! for his burning breath
Taints the red air with fevers, plagues and death.
So flam'd his fiery mail. Then wept the sage;
He strikes his rev'rend head, now white with age;
He lifts his wither'd arms; obtests the skies:
He calls his much-lov'd son with feeble cries:
The son resolv'd Achilles' force to dare,
Full at the Scæan gate expects the war;
While the sad father on the rampart stands,
And thus adjures him with extended hands.

Ah, stay not, stay not! guardless and alone,
Hector! my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son!
Methinks already I behold thee slain,
And stretch'd beneath that fury of the plain.
Implacable Achilles! might'st thou be
To all the gods no dearer than to me!
Thee, vultures wild should scatter round the shore,
And bloody dogs grow fiercer from thy gore.

• • • •

Have mercy on me, O my son! revere
The words of age; attend a parent's pray'r!
If ever thee in these fond arms I prest,
Or still'd thy infant clamours at this breast;
Ah do not thus our helpless years forego!
But by our walls secur'd, repel the foe.

• • • •

Resolv'd he stands, and with a fiery glance
Expects the hero's terrible advance.
So roll'd up in his den, the swelling snake
Beholds the traveller approach the brake;
When fed with noxious herbs, his turgid veins
Have gather'd half the poison of the plains;
He burns, he stiffens, with collected ire,
And his red eye-balls glare with living fire.

Beneath

THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. 31

Beneath a turret, on his shield reclin'd,
He stood, and question'd thus his mighty mind,

Where lies my way? to enter in the wall:
Honour and shame th' ungen'rous thought recal:
Shall proud Polydamas before the gate
Proclaim, his counsels are obey'd too late;
Which, timely follow'd but the former night,
What numbers had been sav'd by Hector's flight?
That wise advice rejected with disdain,
I feel my folly in my people slain.

* * * * *

No; — if e'er return, return I must
Glorious, my country's terror laid in dust:
Or if I perish, let her see me fall
In field at least, and fighting for her wall.

* * * * *

Thus pond'ring, like a God, the Greek drew nigh:
His dreadful plumage nodded from on high:
The Pelian jav'lin in his better hand,
Shot trembling rays that glitter'd o'er the land;
And on his breast the beamy splendors shone,
Like Jove's own light'ning, or the rising sun.
As Hector sees, unusual terrors rise;
Struck by some God, he fears, recedes, and flies.

13. *Homer paints the grief and distress which take possession of an unfortunate sovereign, who has just lost his favourite son.*

Tears after tears his mournful cheeks o'erflow,
And the whole city wears one face of woe:
No less than if the rage of hostile fires,
From her foundations curling to her spires,
O'er the proud citadel at length should rise,
And the last blaze send Ilion to the skies.

D 2

The

The wretched monarch of the falling state,
 Distracted, presses to the Dardan gate;
 Scarce the whole people stop his desp'rate course,
 While strong affliction gives the feeble force:
 Grief tears his heart, and drives him to and fro,
 In all the raging impotence of woe.

14. *The unhappy monarch at the feet of Achilles.*

With solemn pace through various rooms he went,
 And found Achilles in his inner tent:
 There sat the hero; Alcimus the brave,
 And great Automedon, attendance gave:
 These serv'd his person at the royal feast;
 Around, at awful distance; stood the rest.

Unseen by these, the king his entry made,
 And prostrate now before Achilles laid;
 Sudden, (a venerable sight!) appears,
 Embrac'd his knees, and bath'd his hands in tears;
 Those direful hands his kisses press'd, embru'd
 Ev'n with the best, the dearest of his blood!

As when a wretch (who, conscious of his crime,
 Pursu'd for murder, flies his native clime)
 Just gains some frontier, breathless, pale, amaz'd!
 All gaze, all wonder: thus Achilles gaz'd:
 Thus stood the attendants stupid with surprise;
 All mute, yet seem'd to question with their eyes:
 Each look'd on other, none the silence broke,
 Till thus at last the kingly suppliant spoke:

Ah, think, thou favour'd of the pow'rs divine!
 Think of thy father's age, and pity mine!
 In me, that father's rev'rend image trace,
 Those silver hairs, that venerable face;
 His trembling limbs, his helpless person, see!
 In all my equal, but in misery!
 Yet now, perhaps, some turn of human fate
 Expels him, helpless; from his peaceful state:
 Think, from some pow'rful foe thou seest him fly,
 And beg protection with a feeble cry.

Yet

Yet still one comfort in his soul may rise;
 He hears his son still lives to glâd his eyes;
 And hearing, still may hope a better day,
 May send him thee, to chase that foe away.
 No comfort to my griefs, no hopes remain;
 The best, the bravest, of my sons are slain!

* * * * *

For him, through hostile camps I bent my way;
 For him thus prostrate at thy feet I lay;
 Large gifts proportion'd to thy wrath I bear,
 Oh hear the wretched, and the gods revere!

* * * * *

Satiate at length with unavailing woes,
 From the high throne divine Achilles rose;
 The rev'rend monarch by the hand he rais'd;
 On his white beard and form majestic gaz'd,
 Not unrelenting: then serene began
 With words to sooth the miserable man.

XI. HESIOD.

THIS great poet tells us that his father was an inhabitant of Cuma, in one of the Æolian Isles; from whence he removed to Ascra, a village in Boëtia, at the foot of Mount Helicon; which some will have to be the place where he was born; others, as Suidas, L. Gyraldus, Fabricius, &c. make him a native of Cuma. Virgil speaks of Hesiod in his sixth Eclogue.

Receive this present, by the Muses made;
 The pipe on which th' *Ascræan pastor* play'd:

D 3

With

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With which of old he charm'd the savage train,
And call'd the mountain-ashes to the plain.

In his second Georgic :

Hail, sweet Saturnian soil, of fruitful grain
Great parent, greater of illustrious men.
For thee my tuneful accents will I raise,
And treat of arts disclos'd in ancient days :
O ce more unlock for thee the sacred spring,
And *old Ascræan verse* in Roman cities sing.

Other writers have mentioned that Hesiod successfully contended with Homer for the palm at the Funeral Games ; and, notwithstanding this poetical contest is considered as a mere fable, I here give the pretended inscription, engraven on the prize he had obtained, which was said to be a golden tripod.

Pour nous avoir tracé la route du bonheur,
Le Chantre de la paix mérite notre hommage :
Qu'il soit déclaré le vainqueur
Du poëte fameux qui peignit le carnage,
La guerre et la terreur.

Hesiod begins his genealogy of the Gods with a truly
BEAUTIFUL INVOCATION.

Begin, my song, with the melodious *nine*
Of *Helicon*, the spacious and divine ;
The Muses there, a lovely choir, advance,
With AIRY feet to form the skilful dance ;
Now round the fable font in order move,
Now round the altar of Saturnian Jove :
Or, if the cooling streams to bathe invite,
In thee, Permessus, they awhile delight ;
Or now to Hippocren resort the fair,
Or, Olmius, to thy sacred spring repair.

Veil'd

Veil'd in thick air, they all the night prolong,
 In praise of Ægis-bearing Jove the song;
 And thou, O Argive Juno, golden shod,
 Art join'd in praises with thy consort God;
 Thee, Goddess, with the azure eyes, they sing,
 Minerva, daughter of the heav'nly king;
 The sisters to Apollo tune their voice,
 And, Artemis, to thee whom darts rejoice;
 And Neptune in the pious hymn they sound,
 Who girts the earth, and shakes the solid ground;
 A tribute they to Themis chaste allow,
 And Venus charming with the bending brow,
 Nor Hebe, crown'd with gold, forget to praise,
 Nor fair Dione, in their holy lays;
 Nor thou, Aurora, nor the Day's *great light*,
 Remain unsung, nor the fair *lamp of night*;
 To thee, Latona, next the numbers range;
 Iâpetus and Saturn wont to change,
 They chant; thee, Ocean, with an ample breast,
 They sing, and Earth and Night in fable dress'd;
 Nor cease the virgins here the strain divine;
 They celebrate the whole immortal line.
 E'rewhile as they the shepherd swain behold
 Feeding, beneath the sacred mount, his fold,
 With love of charming song his breast they fir'd;
 There met the heav'nly muses first inspir'd;
 There, when the maids of Jove the silence broke,
 To Hesiod thus, the shepherd swain, they spoke.

Shepherds, attend, your happiness who place
 In gluttony alone, the swain's disgrace;
 Strict to your duty in the field you keep,
 There vigilant by night to watch your sheep;
 Attend, ye swains, on whom the Muses call;
 Regard the honour not bestow'd on all;
 'Tis ours to speak the truth in language plain,
 Or give the face of truth to what we feign!

So spoke the maids of Jove, the sacred Nine,
 And pluck'd a sceptre from the tree divine;
 To me the branch they gave, with look serene,
 The laurel ensign, never-fading green:
 I took the gift with holy raptures fir'd,
 My word's flow sweeter, and my soul's inspir'd;

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Before my eyes appears the various scene
Of all that is to come, and what has been.
Me have the Muses chose, their bard to grace,
To celebrate the bless'd immortal race;
To them the honours of my verse belong;
To them I first and last devote the song;
But where, O where, enchanted do I rove,
Or o'er the rocks, or thro' the vocal grove!

Now with th' harmonious Nine begin, whose voice
Makes their great Sire, Olympian Jove rejoice;
The present, future, and the pass'd, they sing,
Join'd in sweet concert to delight their King;
Mélodious and untir'd their voices flow;
Olympus echoes, ever crown'd with snow.
The heav'nly songsters fill th' ætherial round;
Jove's palace laughs, and all the courts resound:
Soft warbling endless with their voice divine,
They celebrate the whole immortal line;
From Earth, and Heav'n, great parents, first they trace
The progeny of Gods, a bounteous race;
And then to Jove again returns the song,
Of all in empire, and command, most strong;
Whose praises first and last their bosom fire,
Of mortals and immortal gods, the fire.

This poem, as well as those of Homer, may be considered as the most precious remains of antiquity, for giving us a competent idea of the religion among the Greeks: From this source the poets, philosophers, and priests have drawn their religious notions, and their finest allegories. The birth of Typhon; the description of Tartarus; the battle of the Titans, &c. may be adduced as striking instances of Hesiod's being a great poet.

The Description of Tartarus.

Far from the surface of the earth they † lie
In chains, as earth is distant from the sky;

From

† The Titans.

From earth the distance to the starry frame,
 From earth to gloomy *Tartarus*, the same.
 From the high heav'n a brazen anvil cast,
 Nine nights and days in rapid whirls would last,
 And reach the earth the tenth; whence strongly hurl'd
 The same the passage to th' infernal world,
 To *Tartarus*: which a brazen closure bounds,
 And whose black entrance three-fold night surrounds,
 With earth thy vast foundations cover'd o'er;
 And there the ocean's endless fountains roar.
 By cloud compelling Jove the Titans fell,
 And there in thick, in horrid darkness dwell:
 They lie confin'd, unable thence to pass,
 The wall and gates by Neptune made of brass;
 Jove's trusty guards, Gyges and Cottus, stand
 There, and with Briareus the pass command.
 The entrance there, and the last limits, lie
 Of earth, the barren main, the starry sky,
 And *Tartarus*; there of all the fountains rise,
 A sight detested by immortal eyes;
 A mighty chasm, horror and darkness here;
 And from the gates, the journey of a year;
 Here storms in hoarse, in frightful murmurs play,
 The seat of Night, where mists exclude the day.

Part of the Battle.

And now Typhœus had perplex'd the day,
 And over men and gods usurp'd the sway,
 Had not the pow'ful monarch of the skies,
 Of men and gods the sire, great Jove the wise,
 Against the foe his fiercest vengeance hurl'd,
 Which blaz'd and thunder'd thro' th' æth'ial world;
 Thro' land and main the bolts red hissing fell,
 And thro' old Ocean reach'd the gates of Hell.
 Th' almighty rising made Olympus nod,
 And the earth groan'd beneath the vengeful God.
 Hoarse thro' the cœrule main the thunder roll'd,
 Thro' which the lightning flew, both uncontrol'd;
 Fire caught the winds which on their wings they bore,
 Fierce flames the earth and heav'n, the seas loud roar,
 And beat with burning waves the burning shore;
 The tumult of the Gods was heard afar;
 How hard to lay this hurricane of war!

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The God who o'er the dead infernal reigns,
 E'en Pluto trembled in his dark domains;
 Dire horror seiz'd the rebel Titan band,
 In Tartarus who round their Saturn stand:
 But Jove at last collected all his might,
 With lightning arm'd, and thunder for the fight,
 With strides majestic from Olympus strode;
 What pow'r is able now to face the God!
 The flash obedient executes his ire;
 The giant blazes with vindictive fire;
 From ev'ry head a diff'rent flame ascends;
 The monster bellows, and Olympus bends:
 The God repeats his blows, beneath each wound
 All main'd the Giant falls, and groans the ground.
 Fierce flash the lightnings from the hands of Jove,
 The mountains burn, and crackles ev'ry grove.
 The melted earth floats from her inmost caves,
 As from the furnace run metallic waves;
 Beneath the hand divine the iron grows
 Ductile, and liquid from the furnace flows.
 So the earth melted: and the giant fell,
 Plung'd by the arms of mighty Jove to hell.

COOKE

XII. CALLINUS.

THIS poet, so little known, was the INVENTOR
 of ELEGIAC VERSE; and whose works were
 greatly admired by the ancients. He was a native
 of Ephesus, and flourished about the commence-
 ment of the Olympic Games. Time has demo-
 lished all his works.

Tempus edax rerum!

XIII.

XIII. ALCMAN.

THIS amiable lyric poet flourished about the declension of Lydia as a kingdom. His whole life was devoted to pleasures and the Muses. Alcman is considered as the INVENTOR of the ODE; and his poetry the genuine language of the heart.

E'l cantar che uell' anima si sente.

XIV. ARCHILOCHUS.

*Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo :
Hunc focci cepere pedem grandæque cothurni,
Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.*

Archilochus, with fierce resentment warm'd,
Was with his own severe iambics arm'd,
Whose rapid numbers, suited to the stage,
In comic humour, or in tragic rage,
With sweet variety were found to please,
And taught the dialogue to flow with ease;
Their numerous cadence was for action fit,
And form'd to quell the clamours of the pit.

This severe satirist was born at Paros, and flourished about 663 years before the Christian æra. — Boileau thus characterizes Archilochus:

*De sa mordante plume
Il fit couler des flots de fiel & d'amertume.*

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This poet invented a species of measure, as Horace has already informed us, that was peculiarly adapted for the stile of satire, by the rapidity of its movement, a swift and lively cadence, accompanied with an astonishing energy of expression, striking images, warm colouring, and strength of invention. The locality of his subjects has made his fame survive his compositions; which were so extremely virulent as to occasion him to be assassinated.

Quintillian, speaking of our poet, says, we find in him an extraordinary force of expression, bold thoughts, short, lively, and piercing strokes of wit. He abounds with *blood* and *nerves*; and if he should appear to some inferior to any other, the fault must rather be imputed to his matter, than to his want of genius.

XV. TYRTÆUS.

Post hos insignis Homerus
Tyrtaeusque mares animos in Martia bella
Versibus exacuit.

HOR.

Homer, Tyrtaeus, by the Muse inspir'd,
To deeds of arms the martial spirit fir'd.

Antiquity never spoke of this poet but with the greatest admiration. Plato called him the *sage* Tyrtaeus; Lycurgus acknowledged that Sparta was indebted to him for a great part of her glory; and Horace, you see, has given him the second place after Homer.

This

THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. 69

This Athenian lived in obscurity, and his enthusiasm was such, that he was often taken for a madman. A disastrous war which the Spartans had carried on for a considerable time, gave rise to the celebrity of this poet; For the repeated successes of their enemies, the Messenians, induced them to consult the Oracle of Delphos, who returned for answer,

Le Ciel combat pour le Messénien :
O Sparte, ta perte est certain,
Si des mains de l'Athénien
Tu ne reçois un Capitaine.

What humiliation for this proud and haughty people ! what shame for the Kings who were descended from Hercules ! The Spartans, however, not willing to disobey the Gods, sent ambassadors to Athens. The Athenians, by way of derision, nominated Tyrtæus ; who marches against the enemy, but is repulsed. The sanction of the Oracle inspired our poet with courage and intrepidity ; he rallies the soldiers, and leads them on to victory. His harangue on this occasion is thus translated by Mr. de Sivry.

AMIS, n'etes-vous point les successeurs d'Alcide ?
Il est tems de montrer cette audace intrépide,
Tous les Dieux contre nous ne sont point courroucés ;
Celui de la valeur nous reste, c'est assez.
Portez à l'ennemi ce courage indomptable,
Ne vous étonnez point de leur foule innombrable ;
Mais que chacun de vous excitant son grand cœur,
Au milieu de dangers n'écoute que l'honneur :
Le péril atteint moins un guerrier téméraire,
Et qui combat le mieux, peut le mieux s'y soustraire.
Oui, croyez qu'en dépit des outrages du sort,
L'art de vaincre est celui de mépriser la mort.

Triompher

Triompher ou céder, telle est la loi commune :
 Vous avez éprouvé l'un & l'autre fortune.
 Mais convenez, amis, qu'en ce noble hazard,
 Le dédain de la vie est le plus sûr rempart.
 Celui qui se dévoue aux fureurs de Bellone,
 En affrontant la mort, le plus souvent le donne,
 Et sauve sa patrie en prodigant sa jours,
 Dont le sort des combats fait respecter le cours.
 Le Lâche est loin d'atteindre une gloire si belle,
 Il descend tout entier dans la nuit éternelle.
 Qui pourra, sans fremir, apprendre quel mépris
 Est de son crime obscur l'inévitable prix ?
 Car, soit que vil captif, à servir il s'abaisse,
 Soit que même, en fuyant, l'instant fatal le presse,
 Soit qu'enfin sa blessure, indigne d'un guerrier,
 Témoigne qu'il expire hors du noble sentier ;
 De tous côtés l'opprobre accable sa mémoire ;
 Désavoué de Mars, il est mort à la gloire.
 N'imitiez point sa honte, et que chacun de vous,
 A l'aspect du peril, frémissé de courroux.
 Marchez : Bellone, amis, vous ouvre la barrière ;
 Parcourez d'un pied sur l'honorable carrière.
 Fermez, ferrez, prenez vos bataillons altiers ;
 Elevez de concert vos vastes boucliers ;
 Aux menaces des dards, au tranchant de la ha che,
 Joignez l'effroi du héaume, et l'horreur du panache :
 Et quand de tous les rangs l'ordre est enfin banni,
 Quand l'homme est joint à l'homme, le casque au
 casque uni,
 Dans ce momens, Soldats, redoublez de courage,
 Le fer décidé alors : sachez en faire usage.

Et vous, enfans de Sparte, à la course formés,
 Vous, précurseurs de Mars, légèrement armés,
 Harcelez l'ennemi par le choc de vos frondes ;
 Puis, raillant soudain vos forces vagabondes,
 Avec nous réunis sous les mêmes drapeaux,
 Repoussez son atteint à coups de javelots.

Sparte dans ses revers sommeille :
 Quel chant la frappe ? Elle s'éveille :
Tout succombe sous sa valeur.

THE THIRD AGE.

XVI. STESICHORUS.

(600 Years before Christ.)

Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,
Cæque, et Alcæi minaces
Stesichorique graves Camenæ:

What though the Muse her Homer thrones
High above all th' immortal choir,
Nor Pindar's rapture she disowns,
Nor hides the plaintive Cæan lyre;
Alcæus strikes the tyrant's soul with dread,
Nor yet is grave Stesichorus unread.

THIS famous Sicilian bard is celebrated for his lyric poetry; and was held in high esteem by his countrymen, who admired his distinguished talents. The Sicilians being attacked by a neighbouring power, implored the assistance of Phalaris, Tyrant of Agrigentes, and at the same time gave him the command of their army. Stesichorus warmly opposed this measure, by declaring that he would thereby deprive them of their liberty; but finding this expostulation not to meet the wished-for success, he spoke the apologue of the Horse and Stag, of which he was the author. La Fontaine has

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has given us the following imitation, which merits in a peculiar manner, a distinguished place in this work.

Un Cheval eut un différent
Avec un Cerf plein de vitesse,
Et ne pouvant l'attrapper en courant,
Il eut recours à l'homme, implora son adresse.
L'homme lui mit un frein, lui sauta sur le dos,
Ne lui donna point de repos
Que le Cerf ne fût pris, & n'y laissât la vie.
Et cela fait, le Cheval remercie
L'homme son bienfaiteur, disant : je suis à vous.
Adieu : je m'en retourne en mon pays sauvage.
Non pas cela, dit l'homme, il fait meilleur chez nous ;
Je vois trop quel est votre usage.
Demeurez donc, vous serez bien traité,
Et jusqu'au ventre en la litière.
Hélas ! que sert la bonne chère,
Quand on n'a pas la liberté !
Le Cheval s'aperçut qu'il avoit fait folie ;
Mail il n'étoit plus tems : déjà son écurie
Étoit prête et tout bâtie,
Il y mourut en traînant son lien ;
Sage, s'il eut remis une légère offence.
Quel que soit le plaisir que cause la vengeance,
C'est l'acheter trop cher, que l'acheter d'un bien,
Sans qui les autres ne sont rien.

This fable was received with such applause, that the Sicilians gave our poet the command of their army. Upon this the tyrant threw off the mask, and defeated the poet general, who fought courageously for his country : and 'tis also said, that Phalaris was so pleased with his bravery and patriotism, as to shew him several marks of his esteem and friendship.

To Stefichorus we attribute the *Palinode*. He composed and sung a satirical poem upon that celebrated

brated beauty, who was so fatal to the Greeks and Trojans; soon after he wrote his *Palinode*, or Recantation.

XVII. ALCÆUS.

Hunc † ego, non alio dictum prius ore, Latinus
Vulgavi fidicen. Juvat immemorata ferentem
Ingenuis oculique legi, mambusque teneri.

HOR.

I first attempted in the lyric tone
His numbers, to the Roman lyre unknown;
And joy, that works of such unheard of taste
By men of worth and genius were embrac'd.

THIS poet has been called the Horace among the Greeks. Quintillian says, that Alcæus was well deserving the golden lute, for that part of his works in which, fired by a noble indignation, he inveighs against tyranny. The reading likewise of some parts of this poet, may improve our morals. His style is concise, magnificent, correct, and in many respects resembles Homer; but he descends sometimes to sportive trifles, tho' indeed more fit for greater subjects.

But when Alcæus tunes the strain,
To deeds of war, and tyrants slain;
In thicker crowds the shadowy throng,
Drink deeper down the martial song.

FRANCIS

† Alcæus.

Roussau

*Roussau the Poet feigns his seeing the shade of Alcæus
in the sacred dwelling of the Muses,*

C'est lui. La foule qui l'admire
Voit encore au son de ses vers,
Fuir ces tyrans de l'univers,
Dont il extermina l'empire.

* * * * *

Ici l'ombre impose silence
Aux doctes accens de ma voix ;
Et déjà dans le fond des bois,
Impétueuse elle s'élance,
Tandis que je cherche des sons
Digne d'atteindre l'excellence.
De ses immortelles chansons.

Alcæus had embraced the profession of arms, and preferred his military acquisitions to the fame he had acquired by his writings; nevertheless, he gave Horace an example how to quit the field ingloriously. Our poet paid his addresses to the celebrated Sappho; and Aristotle has preserved a fragment of his courtship, which Lefevre has translated in the following manner :

ALCÆUS.

Je voudrois vous parler, mais la honte m'arrête.

SAPPHO.

Si ce désir caché n'avoit rien que d'honnête,
Si sans crime il pouvoit se produire au dehors ;
Ta langue seroit libre, and ta voix assurée :
Ta vue à mon aspect seroit moins égareé,
Et tu serois sans trouble ainsi que sans remords.

XVIII. S A P P H O.

Una giovene Greca à paro a paro
Coi nobili Poeti già cantando;
Et havea un suo stil leggiardo et raro.

P L U T A R C H.

THIS immortal poetess was born at Mytilene, and flourished about the time of Stesichorus and Alcæus. The first writers of antiquity have been unanimous in their respective suffrages. Socrates, Strabo, Dionysius Halicarnassus, Plutarch, Longinus, &c. have spoken of her wonderful talents, and honoured her with the glorious title of the Tenth Muse.

The fragments of this poetess are happily transfused into our language by Mr. Philips; both of these odes have also their respective beauties in the French language.

Heureux qui près de toi, pour toi seule soupire,
Qui jouit de plaisir de t'entendre parler;
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement te sourire!
Les Dieux dans son bonheur pourroient-ils l'égalir?

Je sens de veine une subtile flame
Courir par-tout mes sens sitôt que je te vois;
Et dans les doux transports où s'égare mon ame,
Je ne saurois trouver de langue ni de voix.

Un nuage confus se répand sur ma vue,
Je ne vois plus, je tombe en de douce langueurs;
Et pâle, sans haleine, interdite, éperdue,
Un frisson me saisit, je tombe, je me meurs!

Sappha's

Sappho's Hymn to Venus.

O toi, fille de l'onde, aimable enchanteresse,
 Qui m'inspiras les plus beaux airs ;
 Toi qui pour Temple a l'univers,
 Charmante & trompeuse Déesse :

O Venus ! si jamais du sein des Immortels,
 Sensible au sons d'un luth harmonieux et tendre,
 Tu souris à mes chants, et te plus à m'entendre ;
 Si l'encens que ma main brûla sur tes autels,
 A du Trône des airs fait quelquefois descendre,
 Ne soit pas inflexible à mes tristes accens.
 Aujourd'hui j'ai besoin de toute la puissance.
 Reviens, belle Vénus : sans toi, sans ta présence,
 Je ne puis résister aux maux que je ressens.
 Viens telle qu'autrefois deux jeunes tourterelles,
 T'ont, dans un char brillant, conduite près de moi.
 Tu commandas à ces oiseaux fidelles,
 De me laisser seule avec toi.

Alors avec un doux sourire :

- " Sappho, que me veux-tu ? Parle, & dans ce moment
 " Je te vais accorder ce que ton cœur désire.
 " Faut-il récompenser l'heureux et tendre amant
 " Que tu chéris, et qui pour toi soupire ?
 " Faut-il punir un inconstant,
 " Ou bien faut-il à ton empire
 " Soumettre un cœur indifférent ?
 " Si quelqu'ingrat méprise ta tendresse,
 " Il va brûler pour toi du plus funeste amour ;
 " Et s'il te fuit, tu le verras sans cesse
 " Avec ardeur te poursuivre à son tour ;
 " Si ton volage amant, épris pour d'autres charmes,
 " A rompu ces liens qui faisoient ton bonheur,
 " Bientôt touché de tes alarmes,
 " Il viendra plus soumis te rapporter son cœur ;
 " Mais si toujours tendre et fidelle,
 " Ce mortel te rend seule heureuse sous sa loi,
 " Alors d'une chaîne éternelle,
 " Je vais, Sappho, l'unir à toi."

Belle

Belle Vénus, reviens encore,
Accomplir ta promesse, et fait que dès ce jour,
Le^s perfide amour que j'adore,
Aussi tendre que moi, revienne en ce séjour ;
Calmer l'ennui qui me dévore,
Et me jurer un éternel amour.

*Mais dans ces lieux, Sapho déplorant ses malheurs,
Charme tout, hors l'ingrat qui fait couler ses pleurs.*

Sappho's works were composed of several elegies, epigrams, and nine books of lyric poetry, which the Greeks have celebrated for their sweetness, harmony, strength of thought, and delicacy of expression. Plutarch compares her to Cacus, son of Vulcan, who breathed nothing but flame.

*Les feux qui de Sapho consumèrent le cœur,
Dans ses écrits encore exhalent leur chaleur.*

Her living songs preserve their charming art,
Her lute still breathes the passions of her heart.

XIX. EPI MENIDES.

Homme égalant les Rois, homme approchant des Dieux,
Et comme ces derniers, satisfait & tranquille.

THIS poet and philosopher lived about the time that Solon, the great legislator of the Athenians enjoyed his unrivalled reputation. These two celebrated characters reciprocally devoted their talents to the service of mankind, and for the happiness of rising generations.

Epimenides

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Epimenides employed his talents in the exercise of religious worship, in the study of natural history, politics, and poetry; and 'tis even said that he lived to the great age of 157 years. He was born at Gnosſus, in Crete, and was accounted in the number of the *seven wise men* of Greece, by those who exclude Periander.

Approche-t-il du but, quitte-t-il son séjour ?
Rien ne trouble sa fin, c'est le soir d'un beau jour.

XX. MIMNERMUS.

Si, Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine amore jocisque
Nil eſt jucundum : vivas in amore jocisque.
Vive, vale. Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti : ſi non, his utere mecum.

H O R.

For with Mimnermus,
If life's inſipid without mirth and love,
Let love and mirth inſipid life improve.
Farewel; and if a better ſyſtem's thine,
Impart it frankly, or make uſe of mine.

HORACE and Propertius have given the palm to Mimnermus for his elegiac poetry. Some fragments of this author are ſtill extant, which announce a ſweet, eaſy, and harmonious verſification. The ancients ſpeak of him as a fine wit, and an elegant poet, whoſe lyre reſounded

L'amour ſoumet la terre, aſujettit les cieux;
Les Rois ſont à ſes pieds, il gouverne les Dieux.

XXI. S U.

XXI. SUSARION.

A Greeably to the marbles of Paros (37) Susarion of Megarus was the *first poet* who wrote *Comedies* for the Athenians, which were represented about 570 years before the birth of Christ. This is an interesting period; as we are not a little curious in knowing the first scholar of *Thalia*, who traced the out-lines of that species of composition, where the follies and vices of men are livelily portrayed. Hence a career was opened to Aristophanes, Plautus, Terence, &c.

XXII. THESPIS.

*Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camenæ
Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis
Quæ canerent agerentque, peruncti fœcibus ora.*

HOR.

Thespis, inventor of the tragic art,
Carried his vagrant players in a cart:
High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,
And play'd and sung, with lees of wine besmear'd.

THE feats of Bacchus, so celebrated in Greece, about the time of Orpheus, gave birth to Tragedy. Bacchus taught Icarius the art of cultivating the vine. Some time after, this Prince of Attica found a goat committing depredations upon his vines, whom he immediately sacrificed to this divinity.

divinity. The peasants expressed their gratitude to the God of Vintage in songs, and dancing round his altar. This rural pastime soon became a solemn institution, accompanied with all the pomp of a religious ceremony: and this ceremony in process of time, degenerated into a licentious and criminal worship. Poets were appointed by the magistrates to compose hymns in praise of this deity, and they were rewarded with a goat, or a goat-skin filled with wine, in allusion to the name of the Bacchic Hymn, long before called Tragedy, that is to say, a song of the goat or vintage.

The memorable actions of Bacchus, such as his victories, his travels, his descent into hell, as also the excesses of the Bacchanalians, were the eternal themes for the poets, and gave rise to scenes which were frequently *tragic* and abominable.

La Tragédie informe et grossière en naissant,
N'étoit qu'un simple chœur, où chacun en dansant,
Et du dieu des raisins entonnant les louanges,
S'efforçoit d'attirer de fertiles vendanges.
Là, le vin et le joie éveillant les esprits,
Du plus habile chantre un bouc étoit le prix.

Thespis, who was contemporary with Solon, made several alterations in these feasts of Bacchus, by introducing a personage, who was to appear at different times, and whose recitations were then called episodes. From hence we had the first dawnings of a real tragedy. The spectators astonished at this innovation, cried out, *There is nothing in this which belongs to Bacchus!* But the pleasure of variety was such, that they insensibly began to relish and applaud the innovator. The occasional recitation

tation soon broke in upon the continued chorusses; and at last the latter became the accompaniment to the action represented.

The celebrity of these new tragedies by Thespis, induced Solon to honour him with his presence. When the piece was ended, this famous legislator sent for Thespis, and asked him, if he were not ashamed to recite such falsehoods before so respectable an audience? Thespis replied, that he thought it lawful, when they were invented for the entertainment of the public. Solon was by no means satisfied with this apology: we will see, added he, if our laws will adjudge such a species of amusement worthy of rewards and honours; and immediately forbade our poet to perform any longer his tragedies in Athens. Thespis upon this began his peregrinations, taking with him his actors in a kind of vehicle, which served him as a temporary theatre.

XXIII. ANACREON.

Nec, si quid olim lussit *Anacreon*,
Delevit ætas.

H O R.

Whatever old Anacreon sung,
However tender was the lay,
In spite of time is ever young.

THIS truly amiable poet, the La Fontaine and Chalieu of the Greeks, was born at Téos, a city of Ionia, about the second year of the 55th Olympiad, 559 before the Christian æra. He was

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the intimate friend and counsellor of Polycrates, Tyrant of Samos, whose court was one of the gayest and most flourishing in Asia. Anacreon there became a rich poet, an accomplished courtier, a laughing philosopher, and an agreeable companion.

Stobæus gives the following anecdote of his sovereign contempt for riches. Anacreon, says he, having received five talents of gold from his royal patron, could not sleep for two nights successively; upon which he returned the treasure, adding, that considerable as the sum might be, it was not worth the purchase of his tranquillity.

Rendez moi, lui dit-il, mes chansons & mon somme,
Et reprenez vos *cinq talents*.

Plato also assures us, that Hipparchus, one of the most celebrated princes of his time, sent a vessel of fifty oars to bring Anacreon over the *Ægean*. This celebrated poet was the delight of the ancients; and even Plato calls him the *sage* Anacreon. History informs us, that he was strangled with a grape-stone, in the 85th year of his age.

Ainsi finirent ses beaux jours,
Evanouis dans la mollesse;
Et son nom qui vivra sans cesse,
Fut déposé par la paresse
Dans les annales de l'amour.

This patriarch of gallantry is the standing model for poets of every age and nation. He abounds with images of the most beautiful nature; he flatters, enchants, and affects every reader of sensibility.

Monte

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Monf. de Sivry thus characterizes our bard :

Les plaisirs suivent ses traces ;
Bacchus lui verse du vin ;
L'amour lui-même et les graces,
Le conduisent par la main.

La vieilleſſe chancelante
Ne retardoit point ſes pas,
De la jeuneſſe brillante
Il avoit tous les appas.

The following portrait is pencilled by the
Graces :

As Cupid mid the roſes play'd,
Gay-sporting thro' the damask ſhade ;
A bee, which crept unſeen among
The ſilken leaves, his finger ſtung.

In tears his beauteous cheeks were drown'd ;
He ſtoam'd, he blow'd the burning wound !
Then running, flying thro' the grove,
Thus plaintive to the Queen of Love :

I'm kill'd; mamma ! ah me, I die !
A little ſerpent wing'd to fly,
That's call'd a bee; oh yonder plain;
Has ſtung me ; oh, I die with pain !

When Venus, ſmiling, thus rejoin'd;
My dear, if you ſuch anguiſh find
From the reſentment of a bee,
Think what they feel who're ſtung by thee.

This beautiful little ode is more happily tranſ-
lated in the French language :

Une Abeille avoit bleſſé
Le petit Dieu de Cythère

Impatient, courroucé,
 Il exagère à sa mere
 La peine qu'il en ressent.
 Venus lui dit en riant ;
 Si de semblables piqures
 Te causent tant de douleur,
 Juge, mon fils, ce qu'un cœur
 Doit souffrir de tes blessures !

The following allegory of Love in chains by the
 Muses, is worthy of Anacreon :

Once the Muses Cupid finding,
 And in od'rous bandage binding,
 Straight their flower-enfetter'd slave
 To the guard of beauty gave.

Heav'nly gifts to loose his chain
 Venus brings, but brings in vain ;
 Tho' releas'd, the God will stay,
 He has learn'd, with pride t'obey.

The *naïveté* of this ingenious fiction, a master-
 piece of delicacy and happy imagery, is better
 preserved in the French language :

Du volage Dieu d'amour,
 Les Muses cherchoient les traces ;
 La plus jeune, l'autre jour,
 Le surprit dans un détour.
 Aussi-tôt aux pieds des Graces
 Fut enchainé ce mutin.
 Vénus, triste et vagabonde,
 Va, sa rançon à la main,
 Et le cherche, mais en vain,
 Au ciel, sur la terre, et sur l'onde.
 De sa prison enchanté,
 Au nœud charmant qui l'engage,
 Par son choix même arrêté,
 Il trouve son esclavage
 Plus doux que sa liberté.

XXIV. CHÆRILUS.

Par un mensonge heureux voulez-vous nous ravir,
 Au sévère costume il faut vous allervir ;
 Sans lui d'illusion la scène depourvue,
 Nous laisse des regrets, et blesse notre vue.

THIS Athenian is said to have composed more than 150 tragedies. To him is attributed the invention of *masks* and *theatrical dresses*. Those masks were a kind of helmet, which covered the whole head, and represented the face, hair, ears, &c. and every ornament used by both sexes. The tragic masks were modelled from the busts and statues of heroes ; and those worn by the furies were made to inspire terror by their hideous deformity.

XXV. PHRYNICUS.

THIS Athenian was a disciple of Thespis ; and made considerable alterations and improvements in his dramatic performances. As the theatre did not then admit of actresses, he suggested the first idea of *female masks*.

XXVI. L A S U S.

LASUS was born at Hermione, a city of Achaia; and is celebrated for being the *first* who wrote upon the science of music. He was equally excellent in the theory and practice of this heavenly art, and was highly distinguished by the age in which he lived. Lasus also possessed no small reputation from that species of composition called Dithyrambic, and introduced it at the public games.

XXVII. P R A T I N A S.

*Carminis qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,
Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, et asper
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit!*

H o r.

The tragic bard, who for a worthless prize
Bid naked *Satyrs* in his chorus rise,
Though rude his mirth, yet labour'd to maintain
The solemn grandeur of the tragic scene.

THIS poet introduced among the Greeks his *Satires*, which ought not to be confounded with those scurrilous ones composed by his predecessors; on the contrary, such as have fallen from the pens of Horace, Juvenal, Lucian, Boileau, Pope, and Churchill.

Satires

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Satires were, in our poet's days, poems adapted to the theatre, and so called, because the Satires or their rustic divinities were represented as the attendants of Bacchus, and acting a principal part in their drama. This species of composition was performed after their tragedies, like our farces and entertainments.

The Cyclop of Euripides is the only model that remains of these Satires: and notwithstanding this imperfect state, they most probably gave rise to the *Pastoral*, such as the *Paster Fido*, and *Amintas* of the Italians, who substituted shepherds in the place of satires.

THE FOURTH AGE.

(400 Years before Christ).

XXVIII. P I N D A R.

*Pindarum quisque studet æmulari,
Jule, ceratis ope Dædaleâ
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus
Nomina ponto.*

*Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fœvet, immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore;*

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Laureâ donandus Apollinari,
Seu per audaces nova dithyrambos
Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur
Lege solutis :

Seu deos, regesque canit, deorum
Sanguinem ; per quos cecidere justâ
Morte Centauri ; cecidit tremendæ
Fiamma chimææ :

Sive quos Elea domum reducit
Palma cœlestes, pugilemve equumve
Dicit ; et centum potiore signis
Munere donat :

Flebile sponsæ juvenemve raptum
Plorat ; et vires, animusque, moresque
Aureos educit in astra, nigroque
Invidet Orco.

HOR.

He who to *Pindar's* height attempts to rise,
Like *Icarus*, with waxen pinion, tries
His pathless way, and from the venturous theme
Falling, shall leave to azure seas his name.

As when a river, swollen by sudden showers,
O'er its known banks, from some steep mountain pours;
So in profound, unmeasurable song,
The deep-mouth'd *Pindar* foaming, pours along.

Well he deserves *Apollo's* laurel'd crown,
Whether new words he rolls enraptur'd down
Impetuous thro' the dithyrambic strains ;
Free from all laws but what himself ordains :

Whether in lofty tone sublime he sings
Th' immortal gods, or god-descending kings ;
With death deserv'd who sinote the Centaurs dire,
And quench'd the fierce *Chimera's* breath of fire :

Or whom th' Olympic palm, celestial prize !
Victorious crowns, and raises to the skies,
Wrestler or steed—with honours that outlive
The mortal fame which thousand statues give :

Or

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Or mourns some hapless youth in plaintive lay,
From his fond weeping bride, ah! torn away;
His manners pure, his courage; and his name,
Snatch'd from the grave, he vindicates to Fame.

THIS *Prince of lyric Poets* was born at Thebes, the capital of Bæotia, and flourished in the ever-memorable age of Pericles, Themistocles, Eschylus, Sophocles, Phidias, &c. The name of this bard carries with it the idea of poetical enthusiasm; lofty flights, daring metaphors, magnificent images, and bold expressions. Antiquity resounds with their eulogiums. Plato calls him the *Divine Poet*; Quintillian, the *Prince of Lyrics*; Horace pronounces him immortal: and the judgment of Horace is that of all ages. Alexander the Great had so great respect for his memory, that, when he took the city of Thebes, he ordered the house, in which the Poet lived, to be preserved; and saved all who remained in his family, from the general massacre. His family, however, was but little known, and their circumstances were such as to preclude our poet from receiving a finished education.

Myrtis taught him the first elements of poetry; but he was more indebted to nature than to all other instructions he ever received from this celebrated woman. In a word, Pindar was born a first-rate genius; he did not long remain a stranger to his superior talents; as he frankly avowed, with a noble arrogance, that the difference between him and his laborious rivals, was such as there is between a crow and the divine-bird of Jupiter.

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Yet in my well-stor'd breast remain
 Materials to supply
 With copious argument my *moral strain*,
 Whole mystic sense the wise alone descry,
 Still to the vulgar sounding harsh and vain.
 He only in whose ample breast
 Nature hath true inherent genius pour'd,
 The praise of wisdom may contest;
 Not they who, with loquacious learning stor'd,
 Like crows and chattering jays, with clam'rous cries
 Pursue the bird of Jove, who sails along the skies.

This passage is happily expressed in the following lines:

C'est Pindare; lâches rivaux,
 Voyez par des chemins nouveaux
 Cet aigle au-dessus du tonnerre :
 Que peuvent contre lui vos cris audacieux ?
 Sachez, vils enfans de la terre,
 Que Pindare peut seul s'élever jusqu'aux cieux.

The celebrity of our poet was such, that the Grecians decreed him even divine honours; and he partook of the offerings which were destined to their gods. The inhabitants of Delphos were commanded to give an annual portion of their first fruits; and in the temple of Apollo, a seat was appropriated to our bard, from whence were sung his verses in honour of that god.

Pope, in his Temple of Fame, has drawn an admirable picture of this wonderful poet:

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
 Here, like some furious prophet PINDAR rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.

Acrost

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Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race;
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run,
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Of all the numerous works of this author we have only the odes, which he wrote in honour of those, who won the prizes at the Olympian, Pythian, Nemæan, and Ithmian games, which were instituted in honour of Jupiter Olympus; *Apollo*, for having destroyed the serpent Python; *Hercules*, who had vanquished the Nemæan lion; and *Neptune*, who presided over the latter.

BEAUTIES OF PINDAR:

Translated by Dr. GILBERT WEST.

I. *The description of the Fortunate Islands, or the supposed Paradise of the ancients.*

STROPHE.

But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus with an equal ray
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudless day,
In peaceful, unmolested joy,
The Good their smiling hours employ:
Them no uneasy wants constrain,
To vex th' ungrateful soil.
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their strength with unabating toil:
A frail disastrous being to maintain,

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But in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompence of justice they receive ;
And in the fellowship of Gods,
Without a tear eternal ages live.
*While banish'd by the fates from joy and rest,
Intolerable woes the impious sort infest.*

ANTISTROPHE.

But they who, in true *Virtue* strong,
(1) The third purgation can endure ;
And keep their mind from fraudulent wrong,
And guilt's contagion, pure :
They through the starry paths of Jove
To Saturn's blissful seat remove,
Where fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the *blest Island* from corroding cares,
And fan the bosom of that verdant plain ;
Whose fertile soil immortal fruitage bears ;
Trees, from whose flaming branches flow,
Array'd in golden bloom, resurgent beams ;
And flowers of golden hue, that blow
On the fresh borders of their parent streams.
These by the blest in solemn triumph worn,
Their unpolluted hands and clust'ring locks adorn.

E P O D E.

Such is the righteous will, the high behest
Of *Rhadamanthus*, ruler of the blest ;
The just assessor of the throne divine,
On which, high rais'd above all Gods, recline,
Link'd in the golden bands of wedded love,
The great progenitors of thundering Jove.

There,

(1) The Pythagorean doctrine, which held the transmigration of the soul.

(
beau
with

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There, in the number of the blest enroll'd,
Live *Cadmus*, *Peleus*, heroes fain'd of old;
And young *Achilles*, to those isles remov'd,
Soon as, by *Thetis* won, relenting Jove approv'd.

M. THE GRACES.

STROPHE I.

Ye pow'rs, o'er all the flow'ry meads,
Where deep *Cephus* rolls his lucid tide,
Allotted to preside,
And haunt the plains renown'd for beauteous steeds;
Queens of *Orchomenus* the fair,
And sacred guardians of the ancient line
Of *Minyas* divine,
Hear, O ye GRACES, and regard my pray'r!
All that's sweet and pleasing here,
Mortals from your hands receive;
Splendor, ye, and fame confer,
Genius, wit, and beauty give.
Nor, without your shining train,
Ever on th' æthereal plain
In harmonious measures move,
The celestial choirs above;
When the figur'd dance they lead,
Or the nectar'd banquet spread,
(1) And by *Pythian Phæbus* plac'd,
Ord'ring thro' the blest abodes
All the splendid works of gods,
Sit the sisters in a ring,
Round the golden-shafted king;
And with reverential love,
Worshipping th' Olympian throne,
The majestic brow of Jove,
With unfading honours crown.

STROPHE

(1) The allegory, says the Translator, contained in this beautiful passage, is as noble and sublime as any to be met with in all antiquity.

STROPHE II.

Aglaia, graceful virgin, hear!
 And thou, *Euphrosyne*, whose ear
 Delighted listens to the warbled strain!
 Bright daughters of Olympian Jove;
 The best, the greatest pow'r above;
 With your illustrious presence deign,
 To grace our choral song!
 Whose notes to victory's glad sound,
 In wanton measures lightly bound:
Thalia, come along!
 Come tuneful maid! for lo! my string
 With meditated skill prepares,
 In softly soothing *Lydian* airs,
Asopichus to sing:
Asopichus, whose speed by thee sustain'd,
 The wreath for his *Orchomenus* obtain'd.
 Go then, sportive *Echo*, go,
 To the fable dome below,
Proserpine's black dome repair,
 There to *Cleodemus* bear,
 Tidings of immortal fame:
 Tell, how in the rapid game,
 O'er *Pisa's* vale his son victorious fled;
 Tell, for thou saw'st him bear away
 The winged honours of the day:
 And deck with wreaths of fame his youthful head.

III. *The beginning of the first Pythian ode is a chef-d'œuvre of lyric poetry; where he thus paints the wonderful effects produced in Heaven by the enchanting harmony of the harp, when played upon by Apollo, accompanied by the Muses.*

DECADE I.

Hail, golden lyre! whose heav'n-invented string
 To *Phœbus*, and the black-hair'd *Nine* belongs;
 Who, in sweet chorus round their tuneful king,
 Mix with thy sounding chords their sacred songs.

The

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The Dance, gay queen of pleasure, thee attends;
Thy jocund strains her list'ning feet inspire;
And each melodious tongue its voice suspends
Till thou, great Leader of the heav'nly quire,
With wanton art preluding giv'st the sign; —
Swells the full concert then with harmony divine.

DECADE II.

Then, of their streaming light'nings all disarm'd,
The smould'ring thunderbolts of Jove expire:
Then, by the music of thy numbers charm'd,
The bird's fierce monarch drops his vengeful ire;
Perch'd on the sceptre of th' Olympian king,
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle sleep his closing eyelid seals;
And o'er his heav'nly limbs, in loose array,
To ev'ry balmy gale the rustling feathers play.

DECADE III.

Ev'n Mars, stern God of violence and war,
Sooths with thy lulling strains his furious breast,
And driving from his heart each bloody care,
His pointed lance consigns to peaceful rest.
Nor less enraptur'd, each immortal mind
Owns the soft influence of enchanting song,
When, in melodious symphony combin'd,
Thy son Latona, and the tuneful throng
Of Muses, skill'd in wisdom's deepest lore,
The subtle pow'rs of verse and harmony explore.

XXIX. CORINNA.

THIS illustrious rival of Pindar was honoured
with the appellation of the LYRIC MUSE;
and no less than five times bore away from that
immortal

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Immortal bard the prize of poetry. It is said, however, that the judges were prejudiced in her favour, by the celebrity of her beauty; which is easily to be accounted for, if the following portrait were drawn from the life.

Jamais l'amour ne forma rien de tel,
Imaginez de Flore la jeunesse,
La taille et l'air de la nymghe des bois,
Et de Vénus la taille enchanteresse,
Et de l'amour le séduisant minois,
L'art d'Arachné, le doux chant des syrènes,
Elle avoit tout: elle auroit dans ses chaînes
Mis les héros, les sages et les rois.

Pindar, no doubt, was not a little mortified in having such a dangerous rival. In the person of Corinna he was taught the power of beauty, and the graces were irresistible. They were both the disciples of Myrtis; and Plutarch tells us, she often criticised the juvenile productions of Pindar, advising him to prune the luxuriancy of his imagination; to be more sparing of his flowers; and more attentive to the choice of his subjects.

XXX. SOPHRON.

SOPHRON was a native of Syracuse, and invented a species of drama which resembled modern farces. Plato was so extremely delighted with this writer, that, at his death, Sophron's works were found under his pillow.

XXXI.

XXXI. ESCHYLUS.

A ses côtés Melpomène en fureur,
Répand l'effroi, l'épouvante et l'horreur,
Fait ruisseler le sang avec les larmes,
Dans la terreur nous fait trouver des charmes.

THIS great poet descended from one of the most illustrious families of Attica; and, at the age of twenty, he produced his first tragedy; which was received with incredible applause. Eschylus also distinguished himself at the battles of Salamis, Marathon, and Platea, where also his two brothers, Cynægirus and Amynias acquired immortal honour. The different scenes of carnage and horror which he had experienced in the camp, contributed greatly to the descriptive powers of this celebrated author; who, it is said, never wrote but in a state of ebriation. Aristophanes also tells us, that when Eschylus was composing his tragedies, he looked as fierce as a bull; this comparison is thus verified by Le Febvre:

Ainsi qu'aux monts de Cyrène,
Un jeune taureau paissant,
Lorsqu'il entend dans la plaine
Son ennemi rugissant,
Des forêts quittant l'ombrage,
Va contre lui furieux,
Et le feu de son courage
Etincelle dans ses yeux.

The courage and reputation of Amynias saved our poet's life, when his pleasantries upon the Gods

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Gods had obliged him to fly to the altar of Bacchus for refuge, and afterwards condemned to be stoned to death by the Areopage. This brother appeared before his judges, and lifting up his mantle, discovered the wounds he had received in the service of his country. The magistrates, struck with these marks of honour, and recalling the signal services of this warrior, they immediately pardoned Eschylus.

Our poet had read Homer with the warmest enthusiasm; and finding his Epopea inimitable, he conceived the design of forming the drama into a new walk of poetry, which should even rival the epic in splendour and dignity. He accordingly made his speakers undertake the recital of an action, into which he transplanted every circumstance of the epic poem, and formed a plot and catastrophe, so as to interest the passions of his auditors. He was therefore the first who gave characters, manners, and a proper elocution to his actors; and hence he is, with the greatest propriety, stiled, by Aristotle and Quintilian, the FATHER OF THE DRAMA, although Horace assigns this honour to his predecessor, Thespis. Eschylus, says Quintilian, is the first who gave birth to tragedy. He is sublime and grave, but sometimes extremely pompous. His plots are frequently injudicious and ill conducted; and for this reason the Athenians permitted the poets, who came after him, to polish his pieces, some of whom had the honour of being crowned.

Eschylus, in the career of all his glory, saw a dangerous rival in the young Sophocles, who soon triumphed

triumphed over his master. The loss of these laurels made so deep an impression on our poet, that he voluntarily went into exile, and sought an asylum at the court of Hiero King of Syracuse, the professed protector of wit and talents. I must not omit to mention, that Eschylus was the first who decorated the theatre with paintings, statues, altars, monuments, palaces and temples. He was esteemed a great master in perspective; he also introduced upon the stage, trumpets and artificial thunder; and taught the actors to declaim with dignity and propriety. 'Tis also said, that he was an excellent musician, and composed the music for the dances which accompanied his pieces; and that he frequently performed some of his first characters with the most flattering applause.

La Fontaine mentions his death about 464 years before the Christian æra, and at the age of 69, by the following singular accident:

Quelque devin le menaça, dit-on,
De la chute d'une maison.
Aussi-tôt il quitta la ville,
Mit son lit en plein champ, loin des toits, sous les cieux;
Un aigle, qui portoit en l'air une tortue,
Passa par là, vit l'homme, et sur sa tête nue,
Qui parut un morceau de rocher à ses yeux,
Étant de cheveux dépourvue,
Laisser tomber sa proie, afin de la casser;
Le pauvre Eschyle ainsi fut ses jours avancer.

Hiero erected a superb monument to the memory of our bard, with the following inscription, which had been composed by the poet himself.

HERE

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HERE LIES

ESCHYLUS,

THE SON OF EUPHORION,

BORN AT ATTICA.

HE DIED

IN THE FERTILE FIELDS OF GELA,

THE WOODS OF MARATHON,

AND THE PERSIANS

HAVE BEEN WITNESSES OF HIS VALOUR.

XXXII. EMPEDOCLES.

*Je vais d'un vol hardi m'élèver dans les cieux,
Et là te faire quel est l'emploi des Dieux ;
Te ramener après dans la source des choses,
Et des plus grands effets te dévoiler les causes.*

THIS Pythagorean philosopher, this great bard, lived in a magnificence little known to poets; for when he appeared in public he wore a purple robe, and a crown of gold upon his head. Antiquity assures us, that his words were full of modesty and sweetness; and he was the oracle of every assembly. When he walked through the city, the people looked upon him as something more than human.

Empedocles, by his generosity, goodness of heart, and great talents, gained such ascendancy over the Agrigentins, that they offered him the supreme authority; which he, however, positively refused

refused to accept. His compositions were sung with those of Homer, Hesiod, and the first class of poets. He is the author of Hymns on the wonders of Nature. His knowledge in experimental philosophy was immense for his time; and this circumstance made him to be considered by his ignorant countrymen, as a being of a supreme order. Lucretius was among the number of his admirers, and speaks of him with enthusiasm. Some historians have related, that this great man threw himself down the crater of mount *Ætna*, in order to make his disciples believe that he was immortal.

XXXIII. SOPHOCLES.

With longing taste, with eager lip,
In raptur'd visions oft I sip,
The honeys of the TRAGIC BEE *;
Whose strains could ev'ry tempest quell,
Could every noxious blast dispel,
And still the hollow roaring of the sea:
Whose powerful fancy, whose exhaustless vein,
Whose daring genius, whose triumphant wing,
Deep source from whence ten thousand rivers spring,
Just bounds could limit, and each rigid rule restrain.
H.

THIS PRINCE of TRAGIC POETS was born about the year 493 before the Christian æra, and received a brilliant and finished education; Lampus taught him music, and Eschylus poetry; and from his earliest infancy he became passionately fond of the immortal Homer.

This

* Sophocles.

This poet was very young when Xerxes made his famous expedition into Greece; the defeat of this haughty Persian became a subject for the muse of Sophocles: and while the youth of Salamis sung hymns in honour of the god of battles, accompanied with the trophies of Athenian glory, he marched at their head with a lyre in his hand, and conducted their songs of triumph. The comeliness of his person, his rising talents, and his patriotism, gave early indication of his future greatness:

Un astre impérieux nous fait ce qui nous sommes,
Et les jeux de l'enfance annoncent les grands hommes.

Cicero calls Sophocles a divine poet. Apollonius, in a discourse addressed to Domitian, tells this Emperor, that the presence alone of our great bard, could dissipate the storms and contagious winds which had afflicted and ravaged his country. His shining talents opened to him the way to the first offices of state. Pericles had him raised to the rank of generalissimo of the Athenian armies; and he distinguished himself at several memorable battles: in short, this great man was a Homer in the closet, and a hero in the field of Mars:

His disciple Euripides lived in great harmony with our poet, till he began to draw upon him the attention of the Athenians. This dangerous rival of his glory gave him great uneasiness; an open rupture soon took place, and each had his respective partizans; but when a reconciliation was effected, the Athenian theatre shone out in its greatest splendor, and gave models to every nation in the world.

THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

95

Les créateurs des arts, les maîtres du génie,
 Les Grecs dans l'appareil de leurs solennités,
 Dans les jeux solennels, qu'on n'a point imités,
 Ouvrant la lice de la gloire,
 Appelloient les talens jaloux de la victoire.
 Là, se réunissoient aux vieux des nations,
 Le masque de Thalie et la lyre hautaine,
 Les touchantes illusions
 De la plaintive Melpomène,
 Là, tout prêt d'achever un siècle de travaux,
 Sophocle, ranimant sa tragique éloquence,
 Triomphoit à cent ans de ses jeunes rivaux.
 C'est là que ce vieillard, aux yeux d'un peuple immense,
 Vainqueur à son dernier moment,
 Baissant sous les lauriers sa tête appesantie,
 Exhaloit dans la joie et le ravissement
 Les restes brillans de sa vie.

This poet, it is said, died with an excess of joy, occasioned by the great success his last tragedy had been received by the public. The Athenians erected a superb monument to his memory, on which was engraven a swarm of bees; alluding to the sweet melody of his versification.

Out of the 120 tragedies he had written, the seven following are only preserved: Ajax, Electra, Œdipus Tyrannes, Antigone, Trachinæ, Philoctetes, and Œdipus Coloneus.

Sophocles introduced a third person upon the scene. His fables were interesting and well chosen; his intrigues regular, and masterly conducted; his sentiments noble, striking, and sublime; his incidents pleasing, new, yet natural; his diction lofty, flowing, and harmonious; his characters bold, manly, and well-sustained; and his choirs happily adapted to the subject. The warmth of his

his fertile imagination was chastised by the strength and solidity of his judgement: for if he did not possess the fire of Eschylus, he carefully avoided his negligences and irregularities. In a word, Sophocles excelled in his descriptions, and surpassed his rivals in the art of interesting the passions of his spectators: antiquity has therefore considered him as the most noble, the most natural, the most learned, the most elegant, the most correct, and the most accomplished of all the tragic poets.

Sophocle, enfin donnant l'effor à son génie,
 Accrut encor la pompe, augmenta l'harmonie;
 Intéressa le cœur dans toute l'action;
 Des vers trop raboteux polit l'expression;
 Lui donna chez les Grecs cette hauteur divine,
 Où jamais n'atteignit la foiblesse Latine.

XXXIV. CRATINUS.

THIS comic poet flourished at Athens about the 81st Olympiad; and was the first writer who divided comedy into acts, and augmented the number of the personages in his dramatis personæ.

Plutarch has preserved some fragments of this author, who lashed with the greatest temerity, the vices of the most distinguished characters of his age, whether magistrates, ministers, or pontiffs.—Quintilian ranks him among the number who were celebrated for *ancient comedy*; which, says he, is almost the only species of composition that pre-
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serves unadulterated the native graces of the Attic language. For though it particularly excels in the ridicule of human follies and indiscretions, yet its force and energy in other parts is very considerable. Ancient comedy is therefore grand, elegant and beautiful; and I know not, continues Quintilian, if any thing besides Homer, is more proper to form orators, or comes nearer to their manner. Its authors are many; but Aristophanes, Cratinus, and Eupolis are the best models for imitation.

XXXV. TELESILLA.

Sommes nous sur l'Olympe, ou dans les champs de Mars ?
 Quel charme réunit sous mêmes étendards
 Les enfans des neuf Sœurs aux enfans de Bellone ?

TELESILLA has been no less celebrated for her courage, than for the charms of her poetry. Pausanias informs us, that when Cleomenes King of Sparta carried on a war against Argos, he in a pitched battle gained a most decisive victory. Those who had survived the carnage of that day, fled into the sacred woods near the capital, from whence they sent to Cleomenes certain overtures for a peace, which the Lacedemonians feigned to accept, till they had it in their power to put to the sword every man capable of bearing arms. Immediately after this stratagem, he led his victorious army to the gates of the city, where he was unexpectedly opposed by Telefilla, who had taken arms in defence of her country: the women,

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encouraged by this great example of heroism, flew to her standard. The Spartan general, amazed at her undaunted courage, thought proper to withdraw his troops, and leave this heroine in the quiet possession of the capital.

XXXVI. EURIPIDES.

How oft inspir'd with magic dread,
By fancy to the cave I'm led,
Where sits the *wise Pierian* * *sage*;
With piercing eye, with pensive mind,
In Attic solitude reclin'd,
Stern virtue's precepts chill the poet's rage.
Blest bard, whose muse mid mildest morals strong,
Could each rebellious appetite controul,
Could wake each tender feeling of the soul,
And deck instruction in the pleasing charms of song.

H—.

THIS celebrated tragic poet was born near the river Euripus, about the year 478 before Christ, where his father had retired, with several other Athenian families, when Xerxes prepared his famous expedition against the Greeks; and hence the name Euripides. Menesarchus, his father, had consulted the oracle during his wife's pregnancy, and received for answer,

Fate will give thee a son
Which will be the glory of Greece,
And his victorious front will be crown'd
With immortal laurels.

Prodicus

• Euripides.

Prodicus taught the young Euripides the belles-lettres, and Anaxagoras philosophy; while his leisure hours were devoted to painting, and other liberal amusements. In his eighteenth year he lost this great philosopher, who was obliged to fly his country, to avoid an ignominious death. The people were furiously exasperated against Anaxagoras for affirming that the sun was a globe of fire; he was upon this accused of impiety, and a profanation of the sacred mysteries, Euripides alarmed at the fate attending his master, renounced philosophy, and began to turn his thoughts towards the theatre.

To give a greater scope to his imagination, and to describe images that were grand and terrible, he was accustomed to compose some of his pieces in a gloomy cavern, like our author of the Night Thoughts among the tombs. Hence he drew

*Ce sentiment profond qui nourrit le silence,
Ce vrai simple et touchant, ces sublimes pinceaux,
Dont cet homme divin animoit ses tableaux.*

The repeated raileries of Aristophanes and other comic writers, who amused the people at the expense of our poet, induced him to withdraw himself to the court of Archelaus; where about three years after he was torn in pieces by a pack of hounds, through the diabolical stratagem of some rivals, who envied him his great and universal reputation. Euripides, says Quintilian, abounds in fine thoughts, and maxims truly philosophic; his dialogue may be compared with the first orators. He is besides wonderfully great in moving the passions; and in particular for that of commiseration.

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Aristotle says, our poet is extremely pathetic, but not so graceful, regular, nervous and elevated as Sophocles. Out of the seventy-five tragedies he had written, nineteen only have escaped the ravages of time.

The dream of Iphigenia in Tauris is a happy instance of our poet's imagination:

Yet sure the vision which last night disturb'd
My troubled spirit, to the empty air
May without blame be publish'd; and to tell it,
Tho' to the empty air, may sooth my grief.

Methought, that having chang'd this barbarous land
For my dear native Argos, there once more
I dwelt, and slept amid my virgin train;
When, lo! a sudden earthquake shook the ground;
I from the tott'ring chamber frighted fled,
And where I stood aloof, methought, beheld
The battlements disjointed, and the roof
From its aerial height come tumbling down.
One only pillar, as it seem'd, remain'd
Of all my father's house; whose capital
Was with dishevell'd golden tresses hung,
And, stranger yet, with human speech endow'd.
This pillar, reverently acting then
The duties of the function here enjoin'd me,
I purify'd with water, as ordain'd
For sacrifice; and as I wash'd, I wept.
This was my vision; which, I fear, portends
Thy death, *Orestes*, whom in emblem thus
I wash'd and purify'd for sacrifice:
For sons are pillars of a family;
And whomsoever I wash is doom'd to bleed.

M. Guinon de la Touche has given the world so fine an imitation of this passage, that I cannot resist the pleasure of citing it from his *Iphigène en Tauride*.

ACTE

ACTE I. SCENE II.

Au sein de la nature et de la humanité,
 Je respiroit le calme avec la liberté !
 Au fond de leur palais remplis de leur puissance,
 Je cherchois les auteurs de ma triste naissance,
 Quand un bruit effrayant des gouffres du trépas,
 S'élève, et fait trembler le marbre sous mes pas.
 D'une sombre vapeur l'air à l'instant se couvre ;
 La voûte du palais à long sillons s'entr'ouvre ;
 Je suis, et la lueur d'un pâle et noire flambeau,
 Ne me laisse plus voir qu'un horrible tombeau.

En ce même moment un nouveau bruit s'élève :
 De ce vaste débris qu'avec peine il soulève,
 Sort un jeune inconnu, sanglant, pâle, meurtri.
 Il m'appelle en poussant un lamentable cri.
 J'accours, et plein encore du fatal ministère
 Dont je porte le joug, esclave involontaire !
 Ornant son front de fleurs et du bandeau mortel,
 Je le traîne en pleurant aux marches de l'autel.
 Ce jeune infortuné, grands Dieux ! c'étoit mon Frère.
 Sorti du sein des morts, mon parricide père
 Sembloit, brûlant encore de la soif de son sang,
 Forcer ma main tremblante à lui percer le flanc.

Euripides speaks forcibly to the heart, where
 Iphigenia discovers herself to her brother and his
 friend Pylades :

IPHIGENIA.

Say to Orestes, son of Agamemnon,
 She who, in Aulis, at the altar bled,
 His sister Iphigenia sends him this †,
 Yet living, tho' in fact to him.

F 3

† A letter.

ORESTES.

ORESTES.

Where is she? lives she from the grave return'd?

IPHIGENIA.

I whom thou see'st, am that same Iphigenia—
But interrupt me not with thy discourse.
“O dearest brother, yet before I die,
Yet bring me back to Argos from this land,
This barb'rous land, and, oh! deliver me
From this detested ministry, with which
Invested, at Diana's shrine I serve,
And stain her altars with the blood of strangers.”

ORESTES.

What, Pylades, what must I say? where are we?

IPHIGENIA.

“This do, or on thy house, on thee, and thine,
“Orestes, will I call the curse of heav'n:”
Twice have I nam'd him, that thou may'st remember,

PYLADES.

Oh! ye just Gods!

IPHIGENIA.

Why call'st thou on the Gods?

PYLADES.

Nothing: proceed: my mind was other where.
Perchance my questions in their turn, O virgin,
May with no less amazement strike thy soul.

IPHIGENIA.

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IPHIGENIA.

Tell him, "that great Diana sav'd my life,
Conveying in my stead a sacred hind,
Which then my father slew, the while he thought
That in his daughter's breast he plung'd his sword.
Diana sav'd me, and hath brought me hither."
There is my letter; these are the contents.

PYLADES.

To what an easy task stand I engag'd!
And O! how fortunately hast thou sworn,
Imperial virgin! No great space of time
The full performance of my oath demands:
Behold, I bear thy letter, and to thee
Deliver it, Orestes, from thy sister!

ORESTES.

And I receive it—but away, vain paper—
I shall not waste on words my first fond transports—
O dearest sister!—Thou art much amaz'd—
Nay—I myself can scarce receive conviction—
Tho' I enfold thee thus—I can't contain
My raptures, when I hear such wonders told.

WEST.

XXXVII. HEGEMON.

THIS poet was the inventor of PARODY,
and possessed in an eminent degree, the *vis*
comica of the ancients. While his Gigantomachia
was performing, a courier arrived with the news
that

that the Athenian army had been totally defeated; notwithstanding this, the audience could not be prevailed upon to leave the theatre.

XXXVIII. ARISTOPHANES.

With patriot ardour I behold,
The mirthful muse for freedom bold;
Tho' chaste, severe; tho' poignant, sweet:
For long uncertain where to rest,
At length upon the poet's breast
The sportive Graces fix'd their gay retreat.

THIS excellent comic poet is scarcely known but by his writings. The place of his birth is not even ascertained; as some call him an Athenian, others a Rhodian: a passage in one of his pieces, however, seems to intimate that he was a native of Egina, or at least that he possessed some property in that island.

When our bard was cited before the magistrates for exercising the privileges of a citizen, he said in his defence, that he was the son of Philip an Athenian; happily applying the words of Telemachus from Homer's *Odyssæy*:

*Je suis fils de Philippe, à ce que dit ma mère;
Mais moi je n'en fais rien. Qui sait quel est son père?*

This produced a laugh among the magistrates, who immediately accorded him the freedom of the city.

Aristophanes.

Aristophanes flourished during the Peloponnesian war, and was contemporary with Socrates, Plato, Euripides, and Demosthenes. The temerity of our poet was such, that he declared war against generals, magistrates, philosophers, orators, poets, artists, and every other member of the community, whose vices or singularities caught his attention. A thousand instances can be adduced from his works, but I shall only produce one from his *Clouds*, in the third act.

The JUST and UNJUST appear upon the scene, and dispute with great warmth, their superiority over the minds of the Athenians; and the context proves that they are a parcel of rogues and villains.

U N J U S T.

What wilt thou say, if I demonstrate my superiority?

J U S T.

I will then confess I am to blame, and I will be henceforward silent upon the subject. But let us see this boasted superiority.

U N J U S T.

Be candid then, and tell me, what do you call those good people our orators?

J U S T.

Rogues.

U N J U S T.

Agreed. And our tragedy-mongers?

J U S T.

Rogues.

U N J U S T.

Well said! And our magistrates?

J U S T.

Rogues.

U N J U S T.

We agree then in every point. You consequently confess my superiority. Let us now count the spectators, who has the greatest partisans. Shew me, I conjure you, some of your friends—come, come, look about you.

J U S T.

[looking every where.]

Let us examine with attention.

U N J U S T.

With all my heart.

J U S T.

J U S T.

[pointing to several of the spectators.]

By all that is good, the Rogues are the most numerous. There is one I know perfectly well—I see another there lower down—and that coxcomb there—

U N J U S T.

Well, Mr. Just, what say you now?

J U S T.

Oh, I candidly confess I have lost the contest. *[to the spectators]* Gentlemen, here take my robe; I will join your party, since you are become so numerous.

Plutarch, Elien, Rapin, &c. censure our poet with great severity; Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and the moderns consider him one of the greatest comic poets that antiquity ever produced. Plato read him with delight; St. Chrysostom kept him under his pillow; and Moliere took him for his model. However, to judge impartially of Aristophanes, we ought to transport ourselves to Athens, and there study the government and manners of the ancients; but few critics will be found, I believe, disposed to give themselves that trouble.

Plautus is esteemed one of our poet's best pieces.

THE

THE FIFTH AGE.

XXXIX. MENANDER.

Le Théâtre perdit son antique fureur;
 La Comédie apprit à rire avec aigreur;
 Sans fiel et sans venin, fut instruire et reprendre,
 Et plus innocemment dans les vers de *Ménandre*.
 Chacun peint avec art dans ce nouveau miroir,
 S'y vit avec plaisir, ou crut ne s'y point voir.
 L'avare des premiers rit du tableau fidèle
 D'un avare souvent tracé sur son modèle:
 Et mille fois un fat finement exprimé,
 Méconnut le portrait sur lui-même formé.

MENANDER was the *creator* of a new species of comedy among the Greeks, in which he represented a faithful picture of the manners; and gave only such portraits as were either agreeable, or worthy of imitation.

This learned and elegant writer was the disciple of Theophrastus, and born at Athens in the same year with Epicurus. His fame was such, that the Kings of Egypt and Macedonia deputed ambassadors to invite him to their respective courts; but he preferred the sweets of liberty, and the pleasures of study and retirement, to the sunshine of a court, or the delusive promises of its sovereign.

Menander

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Menander suppressed the ancient chorusses ; and his works have been stamped with the seal of antiquity as perfect models of composition.

Quintilian speaking of our poet says, that he was a great admirer of Euripides, and his imitator, tho' in a different species of writing. This comic poet may alone prove sufficient for exemplifying any precepts, so exactly has he drawn the picture of human life ; so fertile is his invention, so beautiful his elocution, so proper his characters, passions and manners.

I think also that he may be of the greatest utility to declaimers, because agreeably to the nature of controversies, they are obliged to assume a variety of characters, as fathers, sons, husbands, officers, farmers ; the rich, the poor, the passionate, the good-humoured, and the peevish : in all these, decorum has been admirably observed by Menander, who has surpassed all other writers in comedy, and eclipsed them by the splendor of his name and reputation.

Plutarch has compared Aristophanes to Menander, but greatly in favour of the latter. Cæsar paid him a very high compliment, when he called Terence a *Half-Menander*.

The following are a few extracts from the fragments of this author.

I. The

I. *The marriage of a poor man to a rich heiress.*

NOW may our heiress sleep on either ear,
 Having perform'd a great and mighty feat,
 And satisfied the longings of her soul.
 Her, whom she hated most, she has cast forth,
 That all the world may henceforth look upon
 The visage of Creobyla, and thence
 May know my wife for mistress, by the print
 Of stern authority upon her brow.
 She is indeed, as the old saying goes,
 An ass among the apes. — This can't be kept
 In silence, even though I wish'd it so.
 Curse on that night, the source of all my ills !
 Ah me ! that I should wed Creobyla !
 — Ten talents, and a wife of half-a-yard !
 Then who is there, who can endure her pride ?
 By Jove, by Pallas, 'tis intolerable.
 A maid most diligent, and quick as thought,
 She has cast forth, to introduce another.

II. *On poverty in marriage.*

THRICE wretched he, that's poor, and takes a wife,
 And doth engender children ! — Oh fool, fool !
 Who, undefended, bare of necessaries,
 Soon as ill fortune comes, that comes to all,
 Can't wrap his miseries in affluence ;
 But in a naked, wretched, poverty,
 Freezes, like winter ; — misery his portion ;
 Too amply dealt, and every good deny'd.

III. *A beautiful passage, which has already been recommended to public notice by Dr. Hawkesworth.*

THE man, who sacrifices, Pamphilus,
 A multitude of bulls, or goats, or sheep ;
 Or prepares golden vestments, purple raiment,
 Figures of ivory, or precious gems ;

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THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. 177

Thinking to render God propitious to him,
Most grossly errs, and bears an empty mind.
Let him be good and charitable rather,
No doer of uncleanness, no corrupter
Of virgin innocence, no murderer, robber,
In quest of gain. Covet not, Pamphilus,
*Even a needful of thread**; for God,
Who, always near thee, always sees thy deeds.

XL. THEOCRITUS.

The sweet THEOCRITUS, with softest strains,
Makes piping Pan delight Sicilian swains;
Thro' his smooth reed no rustic numbers move,
But all is tenderness, and all is love:
As if the Muses sate in ev'ry vale,
Inspir'd the song, and told the melting tale.

PTOLEMY Philadelphus, the munificent encourager of literature, was the declared protector of this ever-memorable poet, who has been justly called the Father of Pastoral Poetry. Some have ascribed to our poet the invention of the pastoral; others maintain that this honour belongs to Daphnis, a Sicilian shepherd, whose beautiful and tender Idylliums were known all over Greece. His name has been celebrated by a variety of writers, and trophies have been erected to his memory, adding, that when this poet flourished in Sicily, that happy country gave us a lively picture of the golden age: or, as the French poet says,

Là,

* A proverbial expression.

THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA

Là, sur la lyre et les pipeaux légers,
De Philomèle égalant les ramages,
Il allioit par de doux assemblages
L'esprit des dieux et les mœurs des bergers.

A taste for this species of poetry was in a manner lost, 'till the writings of Theocritus brought it again into reputation, who had the glory of possessing the same rank in pastoral, as Homer in the epic; and both have been handed down to posterity as the most perfect models of fine composition.

Que je t'aime, ô simple nature !
Toujours belle, sans imposture,
Tu plais en tout tems, en tous lieux
Non, il n'est que toi d'immortelle ;
Toujours vraie et toujours nouvelle,
Tu charmes le cœur et les yeux.

Theocritus flourished about 260 and 270 years before the Christian æra, among a constellation of learned and ingenious men; in this illustrious constellation, were seven eminent poets, who were distinguished by the name of the *Pleiades*. Vossius says their names were Theocritus, Nicander, Callimachus, Appollonius, Homericus Tragicus, Aratus, and Lycophron. Besides these, the court of Ptolemy possessed Aristarchus, the learned grammarian, Manetho the famous Egyptian historian, Conon the celebrated mathematician, Zenedotus of Ephesus, and Aristophanes.

The subject of the first Idyllium is the fate of Daphnis, who died for love. It abounds with the most exquisite beauties of pastoral poetry.

XLI. CALLIMACHUS.

THIS famous African lived under the reign of the Ptolemies, whom they successively patronized, and whom antiquity has considered as the GREATEST of ELEGIAC POETS. His Elegies breathed nothing but what was tender, passionate, elegant and polite. The beautiful Lydia inspired his plaintive muse with those delicious sentiments so universally admired by every one endowed with the least sensibility. Catullus and Propertius took him for their model; the first owes to Callimachus his celebrated poem, the Lock of Berenice.

THE
BELLES-LETTRES.

THE
ROMAN POETS.

THE FIRST AGE.

(About 240 years before Christ.)

I. LIVIUS ANDRONICUS.

GRÆCIA capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agristi Latio. Sic horridus ille
Defluxit numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum fâmen œvum
Mansuerunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris.

HOR.

When conquer'd Greece brought in her captive arts;
She triumph'd o'er her savage Conqueror's hearts;
Taught our rough verse its numbers to refine,
And our rude style with elegance to shine.

And

And yet some traces of this rustic vein
For a long age remain'd, and still remain.

THE Muses at this period began to visit the shores of Italy, and to inspire that celebrated people with a taste for polite literature, when L. Andronicus enjoyed the glorious title—the FATHER of the EPIC and DRAMATIC POETS among the Romans. Our poet was born a Grecian; but Sallust made him a citizen of Rome, in favour of his great and shining talents: and he was the first who endeavoured to diffuse into the Latin language the beauties of Homer, Eschylus, Sophocles, and other eminent writers. His poem upon the second Punic war, where he celebrates their valour and warlike achievements, soon made him extremely popular; and the portico of the temple of Apollo was assigned him for the representation of his tragedies and comedies. His first piece appeared in the year of Rome 514; and in imitation of the Greeks, he united in the same person, the poet, actor, and musician,

II. ENNIUS

II. ENNIUS.

Nor impious Carthage wrapt in flame,
From whence great Scipio gain'd a name,
Such glories round him could diffuse,
As the CALABRIAN * POET'S muse.

ENNIUS was the greatest genius of his age, and enriched the Latin language with all the graces of poetry. Nature had given him a lively and fertile imagination, and he modelled after the divine Homer. He sung the victories of Scipio Africanus; and was characterised for the boldness of his imagery, daring figures, and a masterly elocution. He reduced satire to a regular poem, and was also celebrated for his great learning and knowledge in the languages; besides he was highly esteemed for his probity, and goodness of heart. The Consul Fulvius Nobilior appointed him preceptor to his son; this paved his way to the good graces of Scipio; and he became such a favourite of Hannibal, that in his will he ordered a statue of our poet to be placed upon his monument. Horace considered Ennius as a great genius, altho' he blamed the roughness of his versification. Lucretius speaks of him as the first among the Romans who had been inspired by the muses, and that his works merit an immortal fame. He also composed the annals of Rome in heroic verse, but died at the twelfth book, in the 67th year of his age.

III. CÆCILIUS.

* Ennius was born in Calabria; hence this expression, the Calabrian muse.

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Pliny

III. CÆCILIUS.

On vit Thalie, instruite par CECILE,
 Au badinage allier la leçon,
 Et sous le masque annoncer la raison.

CÆCILIUS as an author and an actor, enjoyed a most brilliant reputation; he carried the Roman Theatre to the highest pitch of perfection; and was ranked among the first comic poets Italy had then produced. Cicero considers him as the first writer in that walk of literature for the dignity of his characters, and the force of his expressions.

IV. PACUVIUS.

ausfert
 Pacuvius docti famam senis.

What depth of learning old PACUVIUS shews!

PACUVIUS was the GREATEST TRAGIC POET among the Romans; and his works displayed such energy of stile, force of expression, grandeur of sentiment, and enthusiasm of poetry, as to inspire the spectator with wonder and delight. Pliny mentions him as a great painter, and tells us,

us, that several of his pictures in the temple of Hercules might have been put in competition with the first masters in the art of painting.

Virgil has imitated Pacuvius's magnificent description of a storm; and Crebillon, the celebrated French tragic writer, has drawn his from the same source, in his *Electre*, Act. 2. Scen. 1.

La mer, en un moment, se mutine et s'élance;
L'air mugit; le jour fuit; une épaisse vapeur
Couvre d'un voile affreux les vagues en fureur;
La foudre éclairant seule une nuit si profonde,
A sillons redoublés, ouvre le ciel et l'onde;
Et, comme un tourbillon, embrassant nos vaisseaux,
Semble, en source de feu, bouillonner sur les eaux;
Les vagues quelquefois nous portent sur leurs cimes,
Nous font rouler après sous ces vastes abîmes,
Où les éclairs pressés, pénétrant avec nous,
Dans ces gouffres de feux sembloient nous plonger tous;
Le pilote effrayé, que la flâme environne,
Aux rochers qu'il fuyoit, lui-même s'abandonne;
A travers les écueils, notre vaisseau poussé,
Se brise et nage enfin sous les eaux dispersé.

V. ACCIUS.

With strong sublime the page of Accius glows.

THIS poet was the rival of Pacuvius, and by some preferred to his predecessor. Accius adorned the Roman theatre with the greatest subjects which had ever appeared upon that at Athens.

V. PLAUTUS.

V. PLAUTUS.

Dicitur

Plautus ad exemplar ficuli properare Epicharmi.

Hor.

Plautus as rapid in his plots appears

As Epicharmus.

THIS excellent Roman poet may be called the Prince of comic writers: he flourished about the time of the Vespasians, and is highly commended by Pliny the younger, and Gellius, for his learning. Quintilian tells us, that Ælius Stolo made no scruple of affirming, that if the Muses were to speak in Latin, they would make use of the language of Plautus.

He appeared when very young upon the stage as an actor and author; and altho' the son of a slave, nature was so bountiful to this celebrated wit, that following the natural bent of his inclinations, he became the wonder and admiration of his age. The ancients were more zealous in treasuring up for posterity the writings of great men, than in the recital of their actions: they are in a manner silent respecting the private character of this famous writer. If, however, we may credit Crinitus, a Florentine, our poet was born in Sarsina, a town in Umbria. 'Tis certain that he was living in Rome, and

and in great reputation, in the time of P. Scipio, Fulvius, and M. Cato.

The Latin language no doubt owed its first charms to the masterly and fertile pen of Plautus. He carried comedy to the highest degree of perfection. Between him and Terence, says Thornton, there is not perhaps so much difference, but that we may apply to them the words in the Prologue of Adrian,

Know one, and you know both; in argument
Less different than in sentiment and stile.

COLMAN.

Plautus knew the human heart, and was a perfect master of the follies, crimes, and virtues of his countrymen. The plan indeed of his pieces were not his own; he always worked upon the canvas of others, as he took the Greeks Philemon, Menander, &c. for his guide. Epicharmus the Sicilian was his principal model, and he carefully studied every line of that great master: from this source he drew the grace, attic salt, the brilliant sallies, and warm colouring of his dialogue.

Plautus has been honoured with the appellation of the *Tenth Muse*, the *Roman Syren*, &c. Horace, however, blames him for his conforming too much to the manners of his age, by frequently adopting their coarsest jokes and vulgarisms.

The interval between the last comedy of Plautus and the first of Terence, was but twenty years; yet the revolution in the tastes and manners was astonishing; we can therefore easily account for the

the superiority of the latter in point of stile and delicacy; nevertheless, Plautus was to Terence, what Homer was to Virgil.

His *Amphitryon* has been imitated by several moderns, particularly Moliere and Dryden. This piece had the celebrity of being represented 500 years after the poet's death, in the feasts consecrated to Jupiter. Horace also says,

Make the Greek authors your supreme-delight,
Read them by day, and study them by night.
And yet our fires with joy could Plautus bear;
Gay were his jests, his numbers charm'd their ear.

BEAUTIFUL PASSAGES.

1. *The description of the Serpents, (says Thornton) and the manner of their being attacked and killed by the infant Hercules, is highly excellent as well for its exactness and perspicuity, as for the elegance and purity of the stile*

BROMIA. (Attendant,)

You'll say what follows is more wond'rous still.
After the boy was in the cradle laid,
Two monstrous serpents with high-lifted crests,
Slid down the sky-light: in an instant both
Rear'd up their heads.

AMPHITRYON.

Ah me!

BROMIA.

Be not dismay'd.
The serpents cast their eyes around on all,
And, after they had spied the children out,
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With quickest motion made towards the cradle.
 I, fearing for the boys, and for myself,
 Drew back the cradle, stir'd it to and fro;
 Backwards and forwards, on one side and t'other;
 The more I work'd it, by so much the more
 These serpents fierce pursued. That other boy,
 Soon as he spied the monsters, in an instant
 Leaps him from the cradle, strait darts at them,
 And suddenly he seizes upon both,
 In each hand grasping one.

AMPHITRYON.

The tale you tell
 Is fraught with many wonders, and the deed
 That you relate is all too terrible;
 For horror at your words creeps thro' my limbs:
 What happen'd next? Proceed now in your story.

BROMIA.

The child kill'd both the serpents. During this
 A loud voice calls upon your wife - - -

AMPHITRYON.

Who calls?

BROMIA.

JOVE, supreme sovereign of Gods and men.
 He own'd that — — — —
 — — the boy, who slew the serpents,
 Was his.

II. *Sofia's narrative of the battle is drawn up in the same spirit.*

Soon as we were arriv'd,
 And touch'd * the earth at landing, strait Amphitryon
 Picks out the chiefs among the chieftains, sends them
 Upon an embassy, commanding them
 To tell the *Teleboans* this his mind. —

" If

* A ceremony, among the ancients, to touch the earth

" If without force or war they'd willingly
 " Deliver up the plunderers and their plunder;
 " If they'd restore what they had carried off;
 " His army forthwith he would homeward lead;
 " The *Greeks* should quit their country, left to them
 " In peace and quiet; but if other minded,
 " They slighted his demands, he'd then attack
 " Their town with all his force."

— — — When his ambassadors
 Had told this to the *Teleboans*, they
 Stout-hearted, proud of their own strength, relying
 On their own prowess, roughly chid our delegates:
 Their answer was, " They could defend themselves
 And theirs by war, and counsell'd us to lead
 Our army back with speed from off their borders."
 This answer brought by our ambassadors,
 Amphitryon draws his troops from their encampments;
 The *Teleboans* theirs from out the town,
 Clad in bright arms: and when on either hand
 The armies had march'd up with all their force,
 The ranks were form'd; we drew up in array
 Our men, according to our rule and practice;
 The enemy on their part did the same.
 Both generals then advanc'd before the ranks
 In the mid space, and there conferr'd together:
 It was agreed, *whoever* should be vanquish'd
 In the engagement, should surrender up
 Their city, lands, gods, houses, and themselves:
 This done, the trumpets clang on either side;
 Earth echoes; shouts arise; the generals make
 Their pray'r to Jove, and here and ev'ry where
 Their troops encourage: each man lays about him
 To th' utmost of his strength; the faulchions smite,
 The lances shiver; and the welkin bellows
 With th' uproar of the soldiers: from their breaths
 And pantings rises a thick cloud: they fall
 Oppress'd with wounds and violence. At length,
 According to our wish, our troops prevail:
 Fast fall the foe: we press upon them: thus,
 Fierce in our strength, we conquer'd. Not a man
 Yet fled, or started from his post, but each
 Fought and maintain'd his ground: they'd sooner lose
 Their life, than quit their station: each that falls,

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Falls where he stood, and keeps his rank in death.
Amphitryon, seeing this, orders the horse
To charge upon the right : they quick obeying,
With outcries and brisk onset rush upon them,
And tear and trample on the impious foe.

M E R C U R Y.

He has not utter'd yet a single word,
That is not true ; for I myself was present :
So was my father, when they fought this battle.

S O S I A.

The foe betook themselves to flight, which added
New spirit to our men : the *Teleboans*
Had, as they fled, their bodies fill'd with darts.
Amphitryon's self, with his own hand, cut off
King *Pterelas*'s head. The fight continued
From morn to evening.



Next day the magistrates, all drown'd in tears,
Came to us from the city to our camp ;
With cover'd hands intreat us to forgive
Their trespasss, and surrender up themselves,
Their city, children, with all things divine
And human, to the Thebans, all to be
In their possession, and at their disposal.
Lastly, my lord Amphitryon was presented
With the gold cup King *Pterelas* us'd to drink from,
In token of his valour.

III. *The following sentiment is not only beautiful, but admirably applied to the situation of the speaker.*

A L C M E N A.

How scanty are the pleasure's in life's course,
If plac'd in opposition to its troubles !

For

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For in the life of man to ev'ry one
 'Tis thus allotted, thus it pleases heaven,
 That sorrow, her companion, still should tread
 Upon the heels of pleasure; and if ought
 Of good befall us, forthwith there should follow
 Of ill a larger portion.

* * * *

Here seem I now deserted and forlorn,
 Since he I doat on, prizing above all,
 Is absent from me.

* * * *

That he has conquer'd, and is home return'd
 With honours heap'd upon him:—That's a comfort.
 Let him be absent; so that he return
 Crown'd with the acquisition of bright fame.
 I'll bear it, his departure, with a mind
 Resolv'd and stedfast:—If this recompense
 Be given me, that my husband shall be stil'd
 A conqueror in battle, I shall think
 I have enough.—Valour's the best reward:
 'Tis valour that surpasses all things else:
 Our liberty, our safety, life, estate,
 Our parents, children, country, are by this
 Preserv'd, protected: Valour ev'ry thing
 Comprises in itself; and every good
 Awaits the man who is possess'd of valour.

IV. *The character of an artful, vicious woman.*

She has a lying tongue, a wit that's ripe
 For mischief, an assurance so undaunted,
 Nothing can shake it: whoso'er accuse her,
 She would not stick at perjury to refute him.
 She has at home, within herself, a mind
 Fraught with false words, false actions, and false oaths,
 Tricks, stratagems, devices, and intrigues.
 Nor need a woman who is bent on ill,

Seek from abroad the means, who is herself
All plot.

V. *The characters of LUXURY and POVERTY, by
way of prologue.*

LUXURY.

Follow me, daughter, that you may perform
Your office.

POVERTY.

I do follow: but am ignorant
Where will your journey end.

LUXURY.

'Tis here: — — — behold,
This is the house: go in.

[Exit Poverty.]

LUXURY.

[To the spectators.]

Left any of you
Be lost in error, I'll in brief conduct you
In the right road, provided you will hear.
First then, and who I am, and who she is
That enter'd here, I'll tell you, if you'll attend.
Plautus has given me the name of *Luxury*,
The other is my daughter *Poverty*.
Now, at my impulse why she enter'd here,
Learn, and be all attention, while I tell.
There is a certain youth dwells in this house,
Who by my aid has squander'd his estate.
Since then for my support there's nothing left,
I've given him my daughter, whom to live with.

VI. *On the degeneracy of the Times.*

MEGARONIDES.

'Tis but an irksome act to task a friend,
 And rate him for his failings : yet in life
 It is a wholesome and a wise correction.
 Now must I chide this neighbour—friend of mine,
 Howe'er unwilling : justice bids me do it. —
 Our morals are so tainted with corruption,
 That our souls sicken with it even to death :
 And evil manners, like well-water'd plants,
 Have shot up in abundance ; we may gather
 A plenteous harvest of them. Most prefer
 A private interest to the public good,
 Which yields to partial favour. This is hurtful
 In many points, is shocking, and a bar
 As well to private, as to general welfare.

VII. *EUCLIO, or the miser.*

I would at last have found it in my heart,
 T' have done things handsome at my daughter's
 wedding.
 I come to th' market,—ask the price of fish,—
 I find it very dear,—lamb dear,—beef dear,—
 Veal dear,—nay, ev'ry thing in short was dear :
 What made them dearer still, I had no money.
 Seeing that there was nothing I could purchase,
 I came away in rage, and bid adieu
 To the vile rascals. As I trudg'd along,
 I with myself reflected, " Feast to-day
 " Makes fast to-morrow." So I brought my mind
 And stomach to this wise resolve,—to marry
 My daughter with as little charge as possible.

* * * * *

[*Going up to his house.*]

But ha! what do I see?—

The door is open!

And there's a noise within! I'm robb'd, I'm plunder'd,

COOK [*within.*]

Go borrow, if you can, a larger pot
Among the neighbourhood; this is too little.

E U C L I O.

O I'm undone!

They've seiz'd my gold, they're asking for my pot.

I'm a dead man if I don't run this instant,

Apollo, come to my assistance, kill

These robbers with your arrows.—

But why do I delay from running in,

Before I'm ruin'd past recovery?

* * * * *

E U C L I O.

[*Re-entering with his pot of money.*]

He's gone,—Good heav'ns! how rash a thing it is

For a poor man like me to have concern

Or dealings with a rich one. Megadorus*

Tries to surprize me ev'ry way whatever.

Under pretence forsooth to do me honour,

He sent these cooks in to purloin this from me.

[*pointing to his money.*]

The cock too, which belongs to the old jade,

Had near undone me: he began to scratch

The ground up all about, where this was buried.

My

* The son in-law.

My dear pot! thou hast many enemies,
So has the gold committed to thy care.—
The best that I can do now, is to carry thee
Strait to the temple of the Goddess *Faith*,
There hide thee.

[Goes to the Temple of Faith.

STROBILUS, (*the servant*)

[from his lurking-place.

What did I hear him say?—Immortal Gods!
That he had hid a pot brimful of gold
Here in this temple.—I beseech you, *Faith*,
Be not to him more *faithful* than to me.—
I'll in, and rummage the whole temple o'er
To find this treasure, now that he's employ'd.
If I do find it, *Faith*, I'll offer to you
A gallon full of wine, and *faithful* measure—
I'll offer,—but I'll drink it all myself.

[Goes to the Temple of Faith.

EUCLIO *returning.*

'Tis not for nothing that I heard the raven
On my left hand: and once he scrap'd the ground;
And then he croak'd;—it made my heart to jump
And flutter in my breast—why don't I run?

STROBILUS *alone.*

I'd rather die the worst of deaths, than now
Not lay an ambush for this old man's money.

• • • • •
E U C L I O,

[Returns with his pot of money.

Faith had more *faith*, I thought ; but she has made
An ass of me downright.—If this same raven
Had not stood by me, oh ! I had been ruin'd.
Would I could meet this honest bird again,
That gave this foreboding ! I would give him - - -
Good words at least.—Good words, they say, cost
nothing.—

Now, let me see, where can I find a place,
A lonely one, where I may hide this treasure ?

[meditating.

There is a grove without the city walls,
Thick set with willows : on that spot I'll fix.
Sylvanus will I sooner trust than *Faith*.

• • • • •
S T R O B I L U S alone.

I'll run before him, climb into a tree,
And watch where this old fellow hides his money.

• • • • •
S T R O B I L U S,

[Re-enters with the pot of money.

The griffins, dwelling on the golden mountains,
Are not so rich as I.—Of other kings
I speak not, beggarly, poor abject fellows,—
I am king Philip's self. — — —
I'll go, and lay this pot up safe at home.

E U C L I O

* * * * *

E U C L I O *enters.*

I'm dead! kill'd! murder'd!—whither shall I run?
Whither not run?—stop thief! stop thief!—who?
—what?

I know not—I see nothing—I walk blind—
I cannot tell for certain where I'm going,
Or where I am, or who I am.

* * * * *

— — — — — Oh, what have I
To do with life, depriv'd of such a treasure?
A treasure that I kept so carefully,
And robb'd myself of comfort! others now
Rejoice thro' my mishap, and make them merry
At my expence.—Oh, oh, I cannot bear it.

VIII. *The soliloquy of Gripus, a slave, who had found
in fishing a VIDULUS, a kind of basket, made of
osier, and covered with leather.*

Thanks to my patron Neptune, whose abode
Is in the briny regions stor'd with fishes,
Since he has sent me from his watry realms
Full fraught, and laden with the choicest booty:
My boat too safe, which in the stormy sea
Has blest me with a new and plenteous fishery.
'Twas a rare chance this kind of fishery,
How very wond'rous and incredible!
I have not caught me an ounce weight of fish,
Save what I have here in my net.

* * * * *

Not a soul besides—
Is privy to the chance. Now, Gripus, now

G 6

Thou

Thou hast a fair occasion to procure
 Thy freedom of the Prætor. This I'll do,
 This I'm determin'd; I'll address my master
 With art and cunning, proffer him a sum
 By little and by little, for my freedom:
 When I am free, I'll purchase house and lands,
 And slaves, and fit out vessels, and engage
 In traffic; among kings I'll be a king.
 And then for my amusement I will build
 A pleasure-*barge*, and copy *Stratonicus* *:
 I'll sail about from place to place: and when
 My greatness is notorious, I will found
 A mighty city, and will call it *Gripus*,
 After my own name, as a monument
 Of my exploits and fame: There I'll erect
 A potent monarchy.—My mind's resolv'd
 On high and mighty matters.—But 'twere best
 To hide this *wallet*, and this king must dine
 On *salt* and *vinegar* †, no better cheer.

TERENTION.

* Treasurer to Philip of Macedon, and afterwards to Alexander the Great.

† The common diet of slaves.

VI. TERENCE.

VI. T E R E N C E.

Tu quoque, qui solus lædo sermone, TERENTI,
 Conversum expressumque Latinâ voce Menandrum:
 In medio populi sedatis vocibus effers;
 Quicquid come loquens, a cœnia dulcia dicens.

And thou, O Terence, could'st alone transfuse:
 The Attic graces to the Latin tongue;
 And bring Menander to the ear of Rome:
 Such purity, such sweetness is thy stile!

THIS great and immortal genius was born at Carthage, in the year of Rome 560. History is totally silent concerning the accident which threw our poet into a state of slavery; happily for him, L. Terentius, a Roman senator, discovering his shining talents, not only restored him his liberty, but gave him a finished education.

Terence's first piece was the *Adrian*, which he presented to the magistrates who presided over the public spectacles; but previously to its representation, he was obliged to read it to Acilius, one of the *Ædiles*. The poet's dress and manner were so much in his disfavour, that he was suffered to read the opening of his play seated on a very low stool: Acilius had scarce heard a few lines, before he desired him to be seated among his guests; adding, we will hear the rest when you have dined. This fortunate incident established the reputation of

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of the poet; and made his company be sought after by the first citizens of Rome. Lelius and Scipio, two of the most eloquent and well-bred men among the Romans, honoured him with their friendship and protection. In their society, he, in a great measure acquired that order and exactitude, that purity and elegance of expression, which have been the delight of refined minds, and the standing model for every age and nation.

Soon after the representation of his sixth comedy, he set out for Greece, with the design of studying the genius and manners of that celebrated people. He remained abroad several years, during which period he made vast literary acquisitions, and composed several pieces; but on his return to Rome, he was shipwreck'd, and had the cruel misfortune of losing the fruits of so many years labour. This fatal accident made such an impression on his spirits, that in a short time after he died with grief at the age of 35*; nine years before the third Punic war, which was in the year of Rome 594, at Stymphalus, in Arcadia.

Terence is thus characterised by C. Cæsar :

Tu

* Others say, that Terence left Rome in the 35th year of his age, and never returned more.

*Sed ut aſer ſex populo edidit comœdias,
Iter hinc in Aſiam fecit: navium cum ſemel
Conſcendit, viſus nunquam eſt. Sic vitâ vacat.*

VOLCATIUS.

But Terence having given the town fix plays,
Voyag'd for Aſia: but when once embark'd,
Was ne'er ſeen afterwards. He died at ſea.

Tu quoque, tu in summis, O *dimidiate* Menander,
Poneris, et merito, puri sermonis amator.
Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis
Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore
Cum Græcis, neque in hâc despectus parte jaceres;
Unam hoc maceror et doleo tibi deesse, Terenti.

And Thou, O thou among the first be plac'd,
Aye, and deservedly, thou *Half-Menander*,
Lover of purest dialogue!—And oh,
That humour had gone hand in hand with ease
In all thy writings! that thy muse might stand
In equal honour with the Grecian stage,
Nor thou be robb'd of more than half thy fame!
This only I lament, and this I grieve,
There's wanting in thee, Terence!

Terence wrote six comedies. The four first, the Adrian, Eunuch, Self-tormentor, and Brothers, are from Menander; and the two last, the Step-mother and Phormio, from Apollodorus. Mad. Dacier says, it would not be easy to decide which of the six is the best; since each of them has its respective beauties. The Adrian and Brothers excel in *beauty of character*; the Eunuch and Phormio in *vivacity of intrigue*; and the Self-tormentor and Step-mother have the advantage in *sentiment*, a *lively* painting of the passions, and in the *purity* and *delicacy* of stile.

I here select a few of **TERENCE'S BEAUTIES**, through the medium of that excellent translation, in blank verse, by Mr. Colman.

I. In

I. *In the following soliloquy are several fine passages and excellent observations on human life.*

Ho, Storax!—no reply?—then *Æschinus*.*
 Never return'd, it seems last night from supper;
 Nor any of the slaves, who went to meet him.
 'Tis commonly,—and oh how truly!—said,
 If you are absent, or delay, 'twere best
 That should befall you, which your wife declares,
 Or which in anger she supposes of you,
 Than that which kindest parents fear. — Your wife,
 If you delay, suspects that you're engag'd
 In some intrigue, debauch, or entertainment;
 Consulting your own happiness abroad,
 While she, poor soul, is left to pine at home.
 But what a world of fears possess me now!
 How many evils I figure to myself,
 As causes that my son is not return'd!
 Lest he have taken cold, or had a fall,
 Or broke a limb!—good heavens! that a man
 Should doat so much, or suffer any one
 To wind himself so close about his heart,
 As to grow dearer to him than himself!
 And yet he is not MY son, but my brother's,
 Whose bent of mind is wholly different.
 I, from youth upward, even to this day,
 Have led a quiet and serene town life;
 And, as some reckon fortunate, ne'er married;
 He, in all points the opposite of this,
 Has past his days entirely in the country,
 With thrift and labour; married; had two sons.
 The elder boy is by adoption mine;
 I've brought him up; kept, lov'd him as my own;
 Made him my joy, and all my soul holds dear;
 Striving to make myself as dear to him.
 I give, o'erlook, nor think it requisite
 That all his deeds should be controul'd by me,
 Giving him scope to act as of himself;
 So that the pranks of youth, which other children

Hide

* Micio's nephew and adopted son.

Hide from their fathers, I have us'd my son
 Not to conceal from me. For whosoe'er
 Hath won upon himself to play the false one,
 And practice impositions on a father,
 Will do the same with less remorse to others;
 And 'tis, in my opinion, better far
 To bind your children to you by the ties
 Of gentleness and modesty, than fear.
 And yet my brother don't accord in this,
 Nor do these notions, nor this conduct please him.
 Oft he comes open-mouth'd——“ Why, how now,
 Micio ?

“ Why do you ruin this young lad of ours,
 “ *Why all this dissipation ?* || Why do you
 “ Allow him money to afford all this ?
 “ You let him dress too fine. 'Tis idle in you.”
 —'Tis hard in *him*, unjust, and out of reason.
 And he, I think, deceives himself indeed,
 Who fancies that authority more firm
 Founded on force, than what is built on friendship ;
 For thus I reason, thus persuade myself :
 He who performs his duty, driv'n to't
 By fear of punishment, while he believes
 His actions are observ'd, so long he's wary :
 But if he hopes for secrecy, returns
 To his own ways again : but he whom kindness,
 Him also inclination makes your own :
 He burns to make a due return, and acts,
 Present or absent, evermore the same.
 'Tis this then is the duty of a father,
 To make a son embrace a life of virtue,
 Rather from choice, than terror or constraint.
 Here lies the mighty difference between
 A father and a master. He who knows not
 How to do this, let him confess he knows not
 How to rule children.

II. The

|| This phrase I have substituted in the room of one not
 admissible in a work of this nature.

II. *The conversion of the brother.*

Never did man lay down so fair a plan,
 So wise a rule of life, but fortune, age,
 Or long experience made some change in it;
 And taught him, that those things he thought he knew,
 He did not know, and what he held as best,
 In practice he threw by. The very thing
 That happens to myself. For that hard life
 Which I have ever led, my race near run
 Now in the last stage, I renounce: and why?
 But that by dear experience I've been told,
 There's nothing so advantages a man,
 As mildness and complacency. Of this
 My brother and myself are living proofs:
 He always led an easy, chearful life;
 Good-humour'd, mild, offending nobody,
 Smiling on all; a jovial bachelor;
 His whole expences center'd in himself.
 I, on the contrary, rough, rigid, cross,
 Saving, morose, and thrifty, took a wife:
 —What miseries did marriage bring!—had children:
 —A new uneasiness!—and then besides,
 Striving all ways to make a fortune for them,
 I have worn out my prime of life and health:
 And now, my course near finish'd, what return
 Do I receive for all my toil? Their hate.
 Meanwhile my brother, without any care,
 Reaps all a father's comforts. Him they love,
 Me they avoid; to him they open all
 Their secret counsels; doat on him; and both
 Repair to him: while I am quite forsaken.
 His life they pray for, but expect my death.
 Thus those, brought up by my exceeding labour,
 He, at a small expence has made his own:
 The care all mine, and all the pleasure his.
 —Well then, let *me* endeavour in my turn
 To teach my tongue civility, to give
 With open-handed generosity,
 Since I am challenged to't! — and let *me* too

Obtain

Obtain the love and reverence of my children !
And if 'tis bought by bounty and indulgence,
I will not be behind-hand.—Cash will fail :
What's that to me, who am the eldest-born ?

III. *Sostrata, or the Step mother.*

How unjustly
Do husbands stretch their censures to all wives,
Because of the offences of a few,
Whose faults reflect dishonour on the rest !
For, heav'n so help me, as I'm innocent
Of what my husband now accuses me !
But 'tis no easy task to clear myself ;
So fix'd and rooted is the notion in them,
That *step-mothers* are all severe. Not I,
For I have ever lov'd Philumena,
As my own daughter ; nor can I conceive
What accident has drawn her hatred on me.
My son's return, I hope, will settle all ;
And, ah, I've too much cause to wish his coming.

IV. *A passage from the Phormio.*

— — — — — Never
Did I suppose the weight of poverty
A load so sad, so insupportable,
As it appear'd but now.—I saw but now,
Not far from hence, a miserable virgin
Lamenting her dead mother. Near the corpse
She sat ; nor friend, nor kindred, nor acquaintance,
Except one poor old woman, was there near,
To aid the funeral. I pitied her :
Her beauty was too exquisite.

* * * * *

We went, arriv'd,
And saw her. — Beautiful she was indeed !

M

More justly to be reckoned so, for she
 Had no addition to set off her beauty,
 Her hair dishevell'd, barefoot, woe-be-gone,
 In tears, and miserably clad: that if
 The life and soul of beauty had not dwelt
 Within her very form, all these together
 Must have extinguished it.

V. *Terence stands unrivalled in narration.* It is, says Diderot, a pure, transparent stream, which flows evenly with no more swiftness or noise than that which it derives from its course and the ground it runs over. No wit, no display of sentiment, not a sentence that wears an epigrammatical air; none of those definitions always out of place. When he generalizes a maxim, it is in so simple and popular a manner, you would believe it to be a common proverb which he has quoted; nothing but what belongs to the subject. I have read this poet over and over with attention; there are in him no superfluous scenes, nor any thing superfluous in the scenes.

The narrations in the Greek tragedies have been justly admired; hence we may conclude, that their comedies were equally excellent in this particular. The following one, from Terence, is extremely beautiful.

S I M O.

You shall hear all from first to last: and thus
 The conduct of my son, my own intent,
 And what part you're to act, you'll know at once.
 For my son, Sofia, now to manhood grown,
 Had freer scope of living: for before
 How might you know, or how indeed divine
 His disposition, good or ill, while youth,
 Fear, and a master all constrain'd him.

SOSIA.

S O S I A.

True.

S I M O.

Tho' most, as is the bent of youth, apply
Their mind to some one object, horses, hounds,
Or to the study of Philosophy;
Yet none of them, beyond the rest, did he
Pursue; and yet, in moderation, all.
I was o'erjoy'd.

S O S I A.

And not without good cause.
For this I hold to be the golden rule
Of life, too much of one thing's good for nothing.

S I M O.

So did he shape his life to bear himself
With ease and frank good humour unto all;
Mixt in what company foe'er, to them
He wholly did resign himself; complied
With all their humours, checking nobody,
Nor e'er assuming to himself; and thus
With ease, and free from envy, may you gain
Praise, and conciliate friends.

S O S I A.

He rul'd his life
By prudent maxims: for as times go now,
Compliance raises friends, and truth breeds hate.

SIMO:

* * * * *

S I M O.

Nor was I alone
Delighted with his life, but all the world
With one accord said all good things, and prais'd
My happy fortunes, who possess a son
So good, so lib'rally dispos'd—In short
Chremes, seduc'd by this fine character,
Came of his own accord, to offer me
His only daughter, with a handsome portion,
In marriage with my son. I lik'd the match;
Betroth'd my son; and this was pitch'd upon,
By joint agreement for the wedding-day.

S O S I A.

And what prevents its being so?

S I M O.

I'll tell you.
In a few days, the treaty still on foot,
Our neighbour Chrysis dies.

S O S I A.

In happy hour:
Happy for you! I was afraid of Chrysis.

S I M O.

My son, on this event, was often there
With those who were the late gallants of Chrysis;
Assisted to prepare the funeral;
Ever condol'd, and sometimes wept with them.
This pleas'd me then, for in myself I thought,
" Since

" Since merely for a small acquaintance-sake
 " He takes this woman's death so nearly, what
 " If he himself had lov'd ? what would he feel
 " For me, his father ?" All these things, I thought,
 Were but the tokens and the offices
 Of a humane and tender disposition.
 In short, on this account, e'en I myself
 Attend the funeral, suspecting yet
 No harm.

S O S I A.

And what ———

S I M O.

You shall hear all. The corpse
 Borne forth, we follow; when among the women
 Attending there, I chanc'd to cast my eyes
 Upon one girl, in form —

S O S I A.

Not bad, perhaps. ———

S I M O.

And look ; so modest, and so beauteous, Sofia !
 That nothing could exceed it. As she seem'd
 To grieve beyond the rest ; and as her air
 Appear'd more liberal and ingenuous,
 I went, and ask'd her women who she was.
 Sister, they said, to Chrysis : when at once
 It struck my mind : " So ! so ! the secret's out ;
 " Henceforth those tears, and hence all that com-
 " passion !"

S O S I A.

S O S I A.

Alas ! I fear how this affair will end !

S I M O.

Meanwhile the funeral proceeds : we follow ;
 Come to the sepulchre : the body's plac'd
 Upon the pile ; lamented : whereupon
 This sister I was speaking of, all wild,
 Ran to the flames with peril of her life.
 Then, then, the frighted Pamphilus betrays
 His well-dissembled and long-hidden love ;
 Runs up, and takes her round the waist, and cries,
 " Oh my Glycerium ! what is it you do ?
 " Why, why endeavour to destroy yourself ?"
 Then she, in such a manner, that you thence
 Might easily perceive their long, long love,
 Threw herself back into his arms, and wept.

* * * * *

The Lover.

Oh, Myfis, Myfis ! even at this hour,
 The words of Chrysis, touching my Glycerium
 Are written in my heart. On her death-bed
 She call'd me. I approach'd her ; you retir'd.
 We were alone ; and Chrysis thus began.
 " My Pamphylus, you see the youth and beauty
 " Of this unhappy maid : and well you know,
 " These are but feeble guardians to preserve
 " Her fortune, or her fame. By this right hand
 " I do beseech you, by your better angel,
 " By your tried faith, by her forlorn condition,
 " I do conjure you, put her not away,
 " Nor leave her to distress ! If I have ever,
 " As my own brother, lov'd you ; or if she

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Vol.

"Has ever held you dear 'bove all the world,
 "And ever shewn obedience to your will —
 "I do bequeath you to her as a husband,
 "Friend, guardian, father: all our little wealth
 "To you I leave, and trust it to your care." —
 She join'd our hands, and died. — I did receive her.
 And once receiv'd *must* keep her.

VII. TURPILIUS.

Ce fut alors que la scène féconde
 Devint l'école et le miroir du monde;
 Et que chacun, loin d'en être choqué,
 Fit son plaisir de s'y voir démasqué.
 ROUSSEAU.

THIS poet was contemporary with Terence, and like him made choice of Menander for his model. He enjoyed a brilliant reputation, and had a distinguished rank among the ten comic writers who illustrated the first age of Roman literature. The writings only of Plautus and Terence have escaped the ravages of time. There are indeed a few fragments extant, which can only serve to make us regret the loss of such valuable productions.

VIII. LUCILIUS.

L'ardeur de se montrer, et non pas de médire,
 Arma la vérité du vers de la satire.
 LUCILE, le premier, osa la faire voir,
 Aux vices des Romains présenta le miroir,
 Vengea l'humble vertu de la richesse altière,
 Et l'honnête homme à pied du faquin en litière.

THIS illustrious Roman was by his contemporaries stiled the PRINCE of SATIRES; and lived in an age when luxury began to be introduced at Rome. A train of vices, her constant attendants, soon followed: and the virtuous Lucilius was so affected by his countrymen's change of manners, that he made each culprit tremble by the wit and poignancy of his writings, as if he had pursued them sword in hand. The corrupted senator, the hypocritical priest, the debauché, the miser, the haughty plebeian, the pert coxcomb, the swaggering poltroon, the prodigal; in a word, every vicious or ridiculous character was faithfully portrayed in masterly colours.

Monf. Feutry has translated a fragment of this author with his usual spirit and elegance.

Qu'est-ce que la vertu ? . . . c'est l'ordre, l'équité,
 Raison, force, grandeur, constance, humanité.
 La vertu nous enseigne et l'honnête et l'utile,
 Et nous fait abhorrer toute démarche vile.

A nos

A nos vastes projets, elle présente un frein ;
 Et montrant le vrai but du pouvoir souverain,
 Elle indique le faux des brillantes chimères,
 Qui n'ont jamais séduit que des âmes vulgaires.
 C'est elle qui transmet à l'homme courageux,
 Le droit de s'opposer au criminel heureux,
 Se fût-il élevé jusqu'au rang suprême.
 C'est elle qui nous porte en leur malheur extrême
 A secourir les bons, leur prodiguer nos soins,
 A leur sauver sur-tout la honte des besoins.
 Le vertueux enfin dévoué à la patrie,
 Sa fortune, son bras, et sa gloire, et sa vie :
 Aux siens, à ses amis, il se livre en entier,
 Et son propre bonheur le touche le dernier ;

IX. AFRANIUS.

Dicitur AFRANI toga convenisse Menandro.

Hor.

Menander's comic robe AFRANIUS wears.

THIS poet, in the language of Horace, was the Menander of the Romans ; and possessed the happy talent of diffusing into the Latin language, the genius and beauties of the Grecian poetry. His style was considered as a model for its purity, and his ingenious railleries were accompanied by the graces. He has drawn man in every point of view, and his penciling was such as shewed the hand of a master. Afranius took Terence for his model ; yet his comedies were in some measure sullied by the licentiousness of some pictures which decorum could never justify. What

Raynard acknowledged in his master Boileau, may with equal propriety be applied to our poet, and his master Terence.

De tes traits éclatans, admirateur fidele,
Ton style de tout tems me servit de modele;
Et si quelque bon vers par ma veine est produit,
De tes doctes leçons ce n'est que l'heureux fruit,

X. NOVIUS.

Effutire leves indigna tragœdia versus,
Ut festris matrona moveri jussa diebus
Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.

Hor.

For as a matron, on our festal days
Oblig'd to dance, with modest grace obeys,
So should the muse her dignity maintain,
Amid the satyrs, and their wanton train.

NOVIOUS was the first poet among the Romans who composed with success the *ATELANÆ*; which, as I have already remarked, were compositions resembling the Italian burlettas.

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THE SECOND AGE.

(100 Years before Christ).

XI. L U C R E T I U S.

Heureux qui, retiré dans le temple des sages,
 Voit en paix sous ses pieds se former les orages,
 Qui contemple de loin les mortels insensés :
 De leur joug volontaire esclaves empressés :
 Inquiets, incertains, du chemin qu'il faut suivre,
 Sans penser, sans jouir, ignorant l'art de vivre,
 Dans l'agitation consumant leur beaux jours,
 Poursuivant la fortune, et rampant dans les cours.
 O vanité de l'homme ! ô foiblesse ! O misère !

L U C R E T I U S.

THIS celebrated poet-philosopher was descended from an illustrious family among the Romans, and was contemporary with J. Cæsar, Cicero, and Catullus. Had he chosen the career of politics, he might have made a distinguished figure among the first personages of that famous republic ; but his passion for retirement and poetry prevailed over that of ambition.

From his tenderest infancy, our poet gave strong indications of genius ; his progress was so very rapid in school-learning, as induced his friends to send him to Athens, as the seat of the arts and

philosophy. Under Zeno he studied that system of Epicurus, which afterwards became the subject of his poetic talents; a poem replete with errors and beauties. And if we may credit the prediction of Ovid, his writings will endure to the end of the world.

XII. DECIMUS LABERIUS.

Et LABERI mimos, et pulchra poemata *. HOR.

THIS poet was raised to the dignity of a Roman Knight by Julius Cæsar; and excelled in the composition called Mimi or farces, which were purely written for diversion and laughter.

Among the Romans, a man of birth could not appear upon the stage without being dishonoured. That celebrated conqueror, however, ordered our noble author, at the age of 60, to perform before him. His prologue upon the occasion, as preserved by Macrobius, is reckoned a master-piece of the kind, and is thus translated into French,

“ Où m’a réduit, presque sur la fin de mes
 “ jours, la dure nécessité qui traverse nos desseins,
 “ dont tant de mortels ont voulu, & si peu ont pu
 “ éviter les coups violens & imprévus ! Moi, qui
 “ dans

* Literally : — “ And I may admire even the farces of Laberius as beautiful poems.”

“ dans la fleur de l’âge avoit tenu contre toute so-
 “ licitation, toute largesse, toute crainte, toute
 “ force, tout crédit ; me voilà, dans ma vieillesse,
 “ renversé en un moment par les douces insinua-
 “ tions de ce grand homme, si plein de bonté pour
 “ moi, et qui a bien voulu s’abaisser à mon
 “ egard jusqu’à d’Instantes prières. Après tout, si
 “ les Dieux même ne lui ont pu rien refuser,
 “ souffriroit-on, moi, qui ne suis qu’un homme,
 “ que j’eusse osé lui refuser quelque chose ? Il
 “ faudra donc qu’après avoir vécu sans reproche
 “ jusqu’à soixante ans, sorti Chevalier Romain de
 “ ma maison, j’y rentre comédien. Ah ! j’ai vécu
 “ trop d’un jour ! O fortune, excessive dans les
 “ biens, comme dans les maux, si tu avois résolu
 “ de flétrir ma réputation, et de m’enlever cruel-
 “ lement la gloire que je m’étois acquise par les
 “ lettres, pourquoi ne m’a-tu pas produit sur le
 “ théâtre lorsque je pouvois céder avec moins de
 “ confusion, et que la vigueur de l’âge me met-
 “ toit en état de plaire au peuple et à Cæsar ?
 “ Mais maintenant qu’apportai-je sur la scène ?
 “ La bonne grace du corps ? l’avantage de la
 “ taille ? la vivacité de l’action ? l’agrément de la
 “ voix ! rien de tout cela. De même que le
 “ lierre, embrassant un arbre, l’épuise insensible-
 “ ment, & le tue ; ainsi la vieillesse, par les an-
 “ nées dont elle me charge, me laisse sans force,
 “ et presque sans vie. Semblable à un sépulchre,
 “ je ne conserve de moi que le nom.”

Julius Cæsar restored our poet again to his former honours.

XIII. CATULLUS.

Les traits de son heureux pinceau
Plairont toujours, et de races en races
Vivront gravés dans les fastes des Graces.

THIS ingenious and amiable nobleman was born at Verona; and by his address and poetic talents acquired the friendship of the greatest characters that Rome ever produced. Cicero, in particular, was among the number of his intimates.

XIV. CALVUS.

Nul écart, nulle erreur
N'ont terni l'éclat de sa vie:
Les Graces, à l'envie, formerent son génie;
La sagesse forma son cœur.

THIS friend of Catullus possessed talents which are seldom found united; Calvus was an excellent poet, and an orator of the first estimation. Antiquity may indeed boast of authors who have exercised them both, but never with equal success: The prose of Virgil, Horace, Petrarch, and many other poets, having never made any figure

figure in the world ; nor would the verses of Cæsar, Cicero, and Pliny, have handed them down to posterity. Calvus principally excelled in his satires. This poet and Catullus are the only writers in the Latin language who can in any measure be compared to Anacreon.

XVI. C. HELVIUS CINNA.

Ego diu pingo, quia pingo æternitati.

THIS poet was also the intimate of the elegant Catullus, and was remarkable for withholding from the public for nine years, his excellent poem called *Smyrna*. Great men of antiquity piqued themselves upon the art of polishing and refining their works. Demosthenes shut himself up for months together, to forge the thunders of his eloquence ; Isocrates employed ten years in composing his panegyric ; Plato, at the great age of 80, devoted his leisure hours in giving to his Dialogues every possible elegance and correction ; Zeuxis was accustomed to say, nothing could be too much laboured for immortality.

XVI. M. T. V A R R O.

THIS author was celebrated for his satire called Menippeæ, from Menippeus, a cynic philosopher and satirist. This species of composition was a mixture of prose and verse, and treated of morality, philosophy, politics, and polite literature.—The dialogue of Lucian, entitled Negromantia; Seneca upon the death of Claudius; Boëtius on the consolation of philosophy; and the satire of the libertine Petronius Arbiter, give us a competent idea of these Menippean or Varronian satires. Our poet had the rank of general, and was by Pompey sent against the pirates, where he distinguished himself so, as to be honoured with the rostral crown. This great man's talents and application were such, that he treasured up a world of knowledge, and is said to have written several hundred volumes upon the languages, history, the arts, and philosophy. Cicero speaks of our author with the warmest applause; Quintilian calls him the most learned of the Romans; and speaks of his having a profound knowledge in his own language, well versed in antiquity, and the Greek and Roman history: however, he deemed the reading of his works would make us better informed than eloquent.

XVII. P U B.

XVII. PUB. TERENTIUS VARRO.

THIS author was a native of *Gaule Narbonnoise*, and is ranked by good judges among the first class of the Roman poets. He wrote a poem on the war against the Seguanians, and translated into Latin the *Argonautes* of Appollonius. His favourite study, however, was in the walk of elegy, where he celebrates his passion for the lovely Leucadia. Virgil had so great an opinion of Terentius Varro, that he adopts many of his thoughts, expressions, and entire verses; the two following are an example:

Aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo:

Geor. l. 1. v. 377.

Frigidus et sylvis aquilō decussit honorem.

Geor. l. 2. v. 404.

XVIII. R A B I R I U S.

THIS poet has been considered by many little inferior to Virgil, in his poem on the war between Anthony and Augustus; where reigns a sublimity of stile, poetic enthusiasm, rich imagery, with such grandeur of sentiments, as are never to be found but in a genius of the first eminence.

XIX. C A I U S

XIX. CAIUS ASINIUS POLLIO.

MOTUM ex Metello consule civicum,
 Bellique causas, et vitia et modos,
 Ludumque Fortunæ, gravesque
 Principium amicitias, et arma

Nondum expiatis uncta cruoribus,
 Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ
 Fractas, et incedis per ignes
 Suppositos cineri doloso :

Paulum severæ musa tragædiæ
Desit theatris : mox, ubi publicas
 Res ordinâris, grande munus
 Cecropio repetes cothurno,

Insigne mœstis præsidium reis,
 Et consulenti, Pollio, curiæ ;
 Cui laurus æternos honores
 Dalmatio peperit triumpho.

* * * * *

O Pollio, thou the great defence
 Of sad, impleaded innocence,
 On whom, to weigh the grand debate,
 In deep consult the fathers wait ;
 For whom the triumphs o'er Dalmatia spread
 Unfading honours round thy laurel'd head,

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Of warm commotions, wrathful jars,
The growing seeds of civil wars;
Of double Fortune's cruel games,
The specious means, the private aims,
And fatal friendships of the guilty great,
Alas! how fatal to the Roman state!

Of mighty legions late subdu'd,
And arms with Latian blood imbru'd,
Yet unaton'd (a labour vast!
Doubtful the die, and dire the cast!)
You treat adventurous, and incautious tread
On fires with faithless embers overspread:

*Retard a while thy glowing vein,
Nor swell the solemn tragic scene;
And when thy sage, historic cares
Have form'd the train of Rome's affairs,
With lofty rapture re-inflam'd infuse
Heroic thoughts, and wake the buskin'd muse.*

THIS celebrated pro-consul in his retirement from public affairs, composed several tragedies, which, in the opinion of two of the greatest poets Rome ever produced, had equalled their theatre to that of Athens.

Augustus employed every measure to gain over this poet-general to his interest: still he remained inflexibly attached to his friend and benefactor Marc Anthony. When the Emperor found that no promises nor intreaties would prevail, he had recourse to satire. Pollio's friends advised him to answer this literary attack: I shall take particular care, said he, how I write against a man who can answer me with a *proscription*.

The

158 THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

The marble Tables make this honourable mention of our noble author.

Caius Asinius Pollio, Pro-consul anno — ex Parthinæis octavo calendas Novembres.

O R,

Pollio, the Pro-consul, in the year — triumphed the 25th day of October, for his conquest of the Parthiniæans.

XX. COR.

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XX. CORNELIUS GALLUS.

Sing then, my GALLUS and his hopeless vows,
 Sing, while my cattle crop the tender browze;
 The vocal grove shall answer to the sound,
 And echo, from the vales, the tuneful voice rebound.
 What lawns or woods with-held you from his aid,
 Ye nymphs, when Gallus was to love betray'd;
 To love, unpity'd by the cruel maid?
 Not steepy Pindus could retard your course,
 Nor cleft Parnassus, nor th'Aonian source:
 Nothing that owns the muses could suspend
 Your aid to Gallus, Gallus is their friend:
 For him the lofty laurel stands in tears;
 And hung with humid pearls the lonely shrub appears;
 Mænalian pines the godlike swain bemoan;
 When spread beneath a rock he sigh'd alone,
 And cold Lycæus wept from every dropping stone.

VIRGIL.

THIS Poet is among the number of those who have immortalised the Augustan age. He was born of obscure parentage, at Frejus in France, about 66 years before the Christian æra. Augustus patronised this Gallic writer in his poetical career, and his fame soon ranked him with Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius; and some of the first-rate geniusses did not scruple to compare him with their prince of epic poetry, who was his friend and rival.

The

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The monuments which still remain of this friendship, so glorious for the memory of Gallus, are the most finished pieces ever produced : I mean, the episode in the fourth book of the Georgics, which is the close of our poet under the feigned name of Aristeus. Some writers mention his being the Melibœus in the first Eclogue ; but no one doubts his being the subject of the tenth, that *chef-d'œuvre* of pastoral poetry.

The limits prescribed to a work of this nature, will only permit me to mention his other panegyrist, such as Catullus, Ovid, Propertius, and Tibullus, who have unanimously transmitted the name of Gallus to the latest posterity.

With regret I add his sin of ingratitude ; that notwithstanding Augustus had raised our poet to the first dignities in the empire, yet he treacherously conspired against his noble benefactor. Gallus, to avoid the infamy attending so foul a crime, put an end to his existence in the fortieth year of his age.

XXI. VIRGIL.

A golden column next * in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unweary'd art:
The MANTUAN there, in sober triumph fate,
Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty *Turnus* dead;
Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre,
Æneas bending with his aged fire:
Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
ARMS AND THE MAN in golden cyphers shone.

THE Prince of Roman epic Poets, was born
at Mantua, and was first known at Rome by
his excellent Eclogues, which Horace has charac-
terised in the two following lines:

— — — — Molle atque facetum,
VIRGILIO annuerunt gaudentes rure Camenæ.

On *Virgil* all the rural muses smile,
Smooth flow his lines, and elegant his stile.

This great author was the first who introduced
three new species of poetry among the Romans,
which he copied, imitated, or modeled after
three

* After Homer.

three of the greatest masters Greece ever produced. Theocritus and Homer are adjudged by many critics to surpass him in pastoral and epic poetry; but they unanimously agree in giving the palm to his Georgics in preference of Hesiod. Mr Dryden considers this poem to be the most complete, elaborate, and finished piece of all antiquity.

The *Æneid* is of a nobler kind; but the Georgic is a more perfect composition: the one has a greater variety of beauties, but those of the other are more finished and exquisite. In a word, the Georgic has all the perfection that can be expected in a poem written by the greatest poet, in the flower of his age, when his invention was ready, his imagination warm, his judgement settled, and all his faculties in their full vigour and maturity.

The Greeks and Romans have nothing more beautiful or more perfect, than the works of Homer and Virgil: They are the source, model, and rule of good taste; and taste is the sovereign legislator in matters of literature: Consequently, every person of letters ought to have a thorough knowledge of their respective compositions. For they have something divine in their expression; 'tis indeed impossible to express their thoughts with more force, energy, dignity, harmony, and precision. No author, or man, says Pope, ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty; and as Homer has done this in INVENTION, Virgil has in JUDGEMENT. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgement, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer was superior to him in that par-

particular: each of these great authors had more of both, than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison one with another. Homer was the greater genius; Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work. One may also add, that Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, these poets resemble the heroes they celebrate. Homer, boundless, irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases; Virgil, calmly daring, like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action, disposes all about him, and conquers with apparent tranquillity. And when, like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightning, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counseling with the gods, laying plans for empire, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

BEAUTIFUL PASSAGES FROM VIRGIL'S
ECLOGUES AND GEORGICS.

I. *The funeral elogium of the shepherd Daphnis,* and
his apotheosis.*

MENALCAS.

Since on the downs our flocks together feed,
And since my voice can match your tuneful reed,
Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade,
Which hazles, intermix'd with elms, have made?

MOPSUS.

Whether you please that sylvan scene to take,
Where whistling winds uncertain shadows make:
Or will you to the cooler cave succeed,
Whose mouth the curling vines have overspread?

MEN.

Your merit and your years command the choice;
Amyntas only rivals you in voice.

MOPSUS.

What will not that presuming shepherd dare,
Who thinks his voice with Phœbus may compare?

MEN.

* Julius Cæsar.

M E N.

Begin you first; if either Alcon's praise,
Or dying Phillis have inspir'd your lays:
If her you mourn, or Codrus you commend;
Begin, and Tityrus your flock shall tend.

M O P S U S.

Or shall I rather the sad verse repeat,
Which on the beech's bark I lately writ?
I writ, and sung betwixt; now bring the swain
Whose voice you boast, and let him try the strain.

M E N.

Such as the shrubs to the tall olive shows,
Or the pale fallow to the blushing rose;
Such is his voice, if I can judge aright,
Compar'd to thine in sweetness and in height.

M O P S U S.

No more, but sit and hear the promis'd lay;
The gloomy grotto makes a doubtful day:
The nymphs about the breathless body wait
Of Daphnis, and lament his cruel fate.
The trees and floods were witness to their tears:
At length the rumour reach'd his mother's ears.
The wretched parent with a pious haste,
Came running, and his lifeless limbs embrac'd:
She sigh'd, she sobb'd; and furious with despair,
She rent her garments, and she tore her hair;
Accusing all the gods and ev'ry star.
The swains forgot their sheep, nor near the brink
Of running waters brought their herds to drink.
The thirsty cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
From water, and their grassy fare disdain'd.

}

The

The death of Daphnis woods and hills deplore;
 They cast the sound to Lybia's desert shore;
 The Lybian lions hear, and hearing roar.
 Fierce tygers Daphnis taught the yoke to bear,
 And first with curling ivy deck'd the spear;
 Daphnis did rites to Bacchus first ordain,
 And holy revels for his reeling train,
 As vines the trees, as grapes the vines adorn,
 As bulls the herds, and fields the yellow corn;
 So bright a splendor, so divine a grace,
 The glorious Daphnis cast on his illustrious race.
 When envious fate the godlike Daphnis took,
 Our guardian gods the fields and plains forsook:
 Pales no longer swell'd the teeming grain,
 Nor Phœbus fed his oxen on the plain;
 No fruitful crop the sickly fields return;
 But oats and darnel choak the rising corn.
 And where the vales with violets were crown'd,
 Now knotty burs and thorns disgrace the ground.
 Come shepherds, come, and strew with leaves the plain,
 Such funeral rights your Daphnis did ordain.
 With cypress boughs the crystal fountains hide,
 And softly let the running waters glide;
 A lasting monument to Daphnis raise;
 With this inscription to record his praise:
 Daphnis, the fields delight, the shepherds' love,
 Renown'd on earth, and deify'd above;
 Whose flock excell'd the fairest on the plains,
 But less than he himself surpass'd the swains.

M E N.

O heav'nly poet! such thy verse appears,
 So sweet, so charming to my ravish'd ears,
 As to the weary swain with cares oppress'd,
 Beneath the sylvan shade, refreshing rest:
 As to the sev'rish traveller, when first
 He finds a crystal stream to slake his thirst:
 In singing as in piping, you excel,
 And scarce your master could perform so well.
 O fortunate young man, at least your lays
 Are next to his, and claim a second praise.

Such

Such as they are, my rural songs I join,
To raise our Daphnis to the pow'rs divine;
For Daphnis was so good to love whate'er was mine. }

M O P S U S.

How is my soul with such a promise rais'd !
For both the boy was worthy to be prais'd,
And Stimichon has often made me long
To hear, like him, so soft, so sweet a song.

M E N.

Daphnis, the guest of heav'n, with wond'ring eyes,
Views in the milky way the starry skies;
And far beneath him, from the shining sphere,
Beholds the moving clouds and rolling year.
For this, with chearful cries the woods resound,
The purple spring arrays the various ground,
The nymphs and shepherds dance, and Pan himself
is crown'd.

The wolf no longer prowls for nightly spoils,
No birds the springes fear, nor stags the toils :
For Daphnis reigns above, and deals from thence
His mother's milder beams, and peaceful influence.
The mountain tops unshorn, the rocks rejoice ;
The lowly shrubs partake of human voice.
Assenting nature, with a gracious nod,
Proclaims him, and salutes the new-admitted God.
Be still propitious ever good to thine ;
Behold, four hallow'd altars we design ;
And two to thee, and two to Phœbus rise ;
On both are offer'd annual sacrifice.
The holy priests, at each returning year,
Two bowls of milk, and two of oil shall bear,
And I myself the guests with friendly bowls will
cheer.

Two goblets will I crown with sparkling wine,
The gen'rous vintage of the Chian vine ;
These will I pour to thee, and make the nectar thine. }

In

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In winter shall the genial feast be made
 Before the fire; by summer shade.
 Damætas shall perform the rites divine;
 And Lyctian Ægon in the song shall join.
 Alpheibœus tripping, shall advance,
 And mimic satyrs in his antic dance;
 When to the nymphs our annual rites we pay,
 And when our fields with victims we survey:
 While savage boars delight in shady woods,
 And finny fish inhabit in the floods;
 While bees on thyme, and locusts feed on dew,
 Thy grateful swains these honours shall renew.
 Such honours as we pay to pow'rs divine,
 To Bacchus and to Ceres shall be thine.
 Such annual honours shall be given, and thou
 Shalt bear, and shall condemn thy suppliants to their vow,

M O P S U S.

What present worth thy verse can Mopsus find!
 Not the soft whispers of the southern wind,
 That play through trembling trees, delight me more;
 Nor murmur'ing billows on the sounding shore;
 Nor winding streams that through the valley glide;
 And the scarce cover'd pebbles gently chide.

M E N.

Receive you first this tuneful pipe; the same
 That play'd my Corydon's unhappy flame.
 The same that sung Neæra's conqu'ring eyes;
 And, had the judge been just, had won the prize.

M O P S U S.

Accept from me this sheephook, in exchange,
 The handle brass; the knobs in equal range.
 Antigènes, with kisses, often try'd
 To beg this present, in his beauty's pride;
 When youth and love are hard to be deny'd.

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But what I could refuse to his request,
Is your's unask'd, for you deserve it best.

DRYDEN.

This eclogue is perfectly dramatic; and begins with a dialogue between two shepherds, who afterwards, in turn, recite their respective parts. The style throughout is truly pastoral; nevertheless, one can discover three kinds of degrees in the expression. The first is the easy and familiar conversation between two actors who speak the language of simple shepherds. The two others are found in the recitals of shepherds, who are shepherds and poets, and consequently inspired with a more elevated strain. They may therefore be called the comic pastoral, the elegiac, and the lyric recitations.

II. *The pleasures of a country life,*

From the second Georgic.

The peasant, innocent of all these ills,
With crooked ploughs the fertile fallows tills,
And the round year with daily labour fills.
From hence the country markets are supply'd;
Enough remains for household use beside;
His wife and tender children to sustain,
And gratefully to feed his dumb-deserving train.
Nor cease his labours, till the yellow field
A full return of bearded harvest yield:
A crop so plenteous, as the land to load,
O'ercome the crowded barns, and lodge on ricks
abroad.

Thus ev'ry sev'ral season is employ'd,
Some spent in toil, and some in ease enjoy'd.
The yearning ewes prevent the springing year;
The laded boughs their fruits in autumn bear.

'Tis then the vine her liquid harvest yields,
 Bak'd in the sun-shine of ascending fields,
 The winter comes, and then the falling mast,
 For greedy swine, provides a full repast.
 Then olives, ground in mills, their fatness boast,
 And winter fruits are mellow'd by the frost.
 His cares are eas'd with intervals of bliss;
 His little children climbing for a kiss,
 Welcome their father's late return at night;
 His faithful bed is crown'd with chaste delight.
 His kine with swelling udders ready stand,
 And lowing for the pail, invite the milker's hand.

His wanton kids, with budding horns prepar'd,
 Fight harmless battles in his homely yard;
 Himself in rustic pomp, on holidays,
 To rural pow'rs a just oblation pays;
 And on the green his careless limbs displays.
 The hearth is in the midst; the herdsmen round
 The chearful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.
 He calls on Bacchus, and propounds the prize;
 The groom his fellow-groom at butts defies;
 And bends his bow, and levels with his eyes.
 Or stript for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,
 And watches with a trip his foe to foil.
 Such was the life the frugal Sabines led;
 So Remus and his brother god were bred:
 From whom th' austere Etrurian virtue rose,
 And this rude life our homely fathers chose,
 Old Rome from such a race deriv'd her birth,
 (The seat of empire, and the conquer'd earth:)
 Which now on seven high hills triumphant reigns,
 And in that compass all the world contains.

III. Description of a chariot-race.

From the third Georgic.

Hast thou beheld, when from the goal they start,
 The youthful charioteers with heaving heart,
 Rush to the race; and panting, scarcely bear
 Th' extremes of feverish hope, and chilling fear;

Stoop

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Stoop to the reins, and lash with all their force;
The flying chariot kindles in the course:
And now a-low, and now a-loft they fly,
As born thro' air, and seem to touch the sky.
No stop, no stay, but clouds of sand arise,
Spurn'd and cast back upon the follower's eyes.
The hindmost blows the foam upon the first:
Such is the love of praise, an honourable thirst!

AN ANALYSIS OF THE ÆNEID.

BOOK I.

ÆNEAS leaves Sicily; upon which Æolus, at the request of Juno, raises a dreadful storm; Æneas, with his own ship and six more, are driven on the African shore. Venus, the mother of this hero, carries her complaints to Jupiter. Mercury is in consequence dispatched to procure the prince a kind reception among the Carthagenians. Æneas arrives at the palace of Dido, concealed by a cloud. The queen is enamoured of her princely visitor; and requests the history of his adventures since the siege of Troy.

BOOK II.

AFTER a magnificent banquet, Æneas relates his various endeavours to repulse the Greeks; and the sacking of Troy. Being admonished by Hector's ghost to settle in a foreign country, he carries off his father on his shoulders, and leads his little son, Ascanius; but his wife, Creusa, wandering from his side, is lost in the streets of Troy on fire. Her Ghost appears to Æneas, and tells him the land destined for his future dwelling.

BOOK III.

ÆNEAS continues his relation of his quitting the Trojan shores, and his first intention of settling in Thrace; thence he goes to Delos, to consult the Oracle concerning the place appointed for his habitation: but, mistaking the Oracle's answer, he thought he was to repair to Crete; yet the true sense of the oracle is revealed to him in a dream. He embarks for Italy; — in his way he meets with many surprising adventures, till he lands at Sicily; where his father dies; thence he is driven, by a storm, to Carthage.

BOOK IV.

DIDO endeavours to detain the prince in Africa. She prepares a great hunt for his entertainment; Juno raises a storm, and separates the hunters; Æneas and Dido seek shelter in the same cave; Mercury is sent from Jupiter to order Æneas to depart for Italy; Dido discovers all the variety of passions incident to a disappointed love, and resolves not to survive her disgrace.

BOOK V.

ÆNEAS leaves Carthage, and is driven, by a storm, on the coast of Sicily, where he institutes the funeral games in honour of his father; after which, being favoured by Neptune, he arrives in Italy.

BOOK

BOOK VI.

THE Cumæan Sybil foretels Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. This interpreter of the gods accompanies the prince to the shades below, where he was to behold his posterity; she conducts him to his father, who instructs him in all the ancients believed concerning a future state, and of transmigration. He sees passing in review the glorious race of heroes who were to descend from him and his posterity.

BOOK VII.

KING LATINUS, having an only daughter, whom the oracle had destined to a stranger, entertains Æneas, and makes choice of him for his son-in-law. Turnus being in love with this princess, and favoured by the queen, breaks the treaty, and engages into his party several neighbouring princes.

BOOK VIII.

ÆNEAS goes in person to beg succours from Evander, and afterwards to the Tyrians. He receives from Venus a suit of celestial armour; upon his shield are represented the memorable actions of his posterity.

BOOK IX.

TURNUS, by the advice of Juno, takes advantage of his adversary's absence. Sets some of his ships on fire, which are instantly changed into nymphs.

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nymphs. The Trojans reduced to great extremities, depute Nisus and Euryalus to bring back Æneas: this incident furnishes the poet with the beautiful episode of their friendship, generosity, and their fall in the attempt.

BOOK X.

JUPITER assembles all the gods, and forbids them to engage in either party. Æneas returns to the camp, and makes a great slaughter of the enemy. He kills Lausus and Mezentius; — their actions and death are the subject of another noble episode. Turnus kills Pallas, and is near perishing himself, when a phantom, in the likeness of Æneas, who seemed to fly towards the ships, Turnus pursues him on board, Juno immediately cuts the cable, and he is carried, by the waves, back to his kingdom.

BOOK XI.

A SUSPENSION of arms take place, in order to bury their dead. Turnus challenges Æneas to single combat. In the interval, Æneas attacks two different places at once; Camilla signalizes herself, and is killed. The Latian troops are entirely defeated.

BOOK XII.

A SINGLE combat is agreed upon by both generals, but the articles are broken by the Rutuli, who wound Æneas; but he is miraculously cured by Venus. Æneas fires the ramparts; and the queen
grown

grown desperate, kills herself. Turnus is forced to the duel, and falls by the sword of his adversary.

SOME STRIKING BEAUTIES

In the *ÆNEID*.

In the pathetic Virgil is allowed to exceed all other epic poets; and in the following instance he shews himself a great master of the passions, in describing the effects of love, jealousy, and resentment. The exquisite painting, in this affecting story, demonstrates the advantage poetry has over history.

I. *The fate of Dido.*

Now o'er the glittering lawns Aurora spread
Her orient beam, and left the golden bed.
Soon as the Queen, at early dawn beheld
The navy move along the wat'ry field,
In pomp and order, from her lofty tow'r;
And saw th' abandon'd port and empty shore,
Thrice her fierce hands, in madness of despair,
Beat her white breast, and tore her golden hair.

Then shall the traitor fly, ye gods! (she said,)
And leave my kingdom, and insulted bed?
And shall not Carthage pour in arms away?
Run, there, and launch my navies on the sea.
Fly, fly, with all your sails, ye sons of Tyre;
Hurl flames on flames; involve his fleet in fire.
What have I said! — ah! impotent and vain!
I rave, I rave, — what madness turns my brain?
Now can you, Dido, at so late a time,
Reflect with horror on your former crime?

Well had this rage been shown, when first you led
 The wretch, a partner to your throne and bed,
 This is the prince, the pious prince, who bore
 His gods and relics from the Phrygian shore!
 And safe convey'd his venerable fire
 On his own shoulders through the Trojan fire.
 Could I not tear, and throw him for a prey,
 Base wretch, to every monster of the sea!
 Stab all his friends, his darling son destroy,
 And to his table serve the murder'd boy!
 For, bent on death, and valiant from despair,
 Say, — could I dread the doubtful chance of war?
 No; — but my flames had reddened all the seas;
 Wrapt all the flying navy in the blaze:
 Destroy'd the race, the father, and the son,
 And crown'd the gen'ral ruin with my own.
 Thou glorious sun! whose piercing eyes survey
 These worlds terrestrial in thy fiery way,
 And thou, O Juno, bend thy awful head,
 Great Queen, and guardian of the bridal bed;
 Hear thou, dire *Hecate*! from hell profound,
 Whose rites nocturnal thro' the streets resound;
 Hear all ye furies, fiends, and gods who wait
 To pay due vengeance for Eliza's fate!
 If to the destin'd port the wretch must come,
 If such be Jove's unalterable doom:
 Still let him wander, toss'd from place to place,
 Far from his country, and his son's embrace;
 By barb'rous nations harra's'd with alarms,
 And take the field with unsuccessful arms;
 For foreign aid to distant regions fly,
 See all his friends a common carnage lie;
 And when he gains, his ruin to complete,
 A peace more shameful than his past defeat;
 Nor life, nor empire, let him long maintain,
 But fall by murd'rous hands untimely slain,
 And lie unburied on the naked plain!
 This vow, ye Gods, Eliza pours in death,
 With her last blood, and her last gasping breath!
 Oh! — in the silent grave when Dido lies,
 Rise in thy rage, thou great avenger, rise!
 Against curst Troy, go mighty son of Tyre,
 Go, in the pomp of famine, sword, and fire!

And

And you, my Tyrians, with immortal hate,
 In future times pursue the Dardan state.
 No peace, no commerce with the race be made ;
 Pay this last tribute to your Princess' shade :
 Fight, when your pow'r supplies so just a rage,
 Fight now, fight still, in every distant age ;
 By land, by sea, in arms the nation dare,
 And wage, from son to son, eternal war !

This said, she bends her various thoughts to close
 Her hated life, and finish all her woes.
 Then to her husband's nurse she gave command,
 (Her own lay bury'd in her native land)
 Go, Barce, go, and bid my sister bring
 The fable victims for the Stygian King,
 But first besprinkled from the limpid spring.
 Thus let her come ; and, while I pay my vows,
 Thou too, in fillets, bind thy aged brows.
 Fain would I kindle now the sacred pyre,
 And see the Trojan image sink in fire.
 Thus I complete the rites of Stygian Jove,
 And then farewell — a long farewell to love !
 She said ; the matron studious to obey,
 With duteous speed runs trembling all the way.

Now to the fatal court fierce Dido flies,
 And rolls around her fiery glaring eyes :
 Tho' pale and shiv'ring at her purpos'd doom,
 And every dreadful thought of death to come :
 Yet many a crimson flush with various grace,
 Glows on her cheek, and kindles in her face.
 Furious she mounts the pyre, and draws the sword,
 The fatal present of the Dardan lord ;
 For no such end bestow'd ; — the conscious bed
 And robes she view'd ; and tears in silence shed ;
 Stood still, and paus'd a moment ; — then she cast
 Her body on the couch, and spoke her last :

Ye dear, dear relics of the man I lov'd !
 While Fate consented, and the Gods approv'd,
 Relieve my woes, this rage of love controul,
 Take my last breath, and catch my parting soul.

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My fatal course is finish'd, and I go.
A ghost majestic to the realms below.
Well have I liv'd to see a glorious town
Rais'd by these hands, and bulwarks of my own;
Of all its trophies robb'd my brother's sword,
And on the wretch reveng'd my murder'd lord.
Happy, thrice happy, if the Dardan band
Had never touch'd upon the Libyan land.
Then pressing with her lips the Trojan bed,
Shall I then die, and unreveng'd? (she said.)
Yet die I will, — and thus, and thus, I go —
Thus — fly with pleasure to the shades below.
This blaze, may yon proud Trojan from the sea
This death, an omen of his own survey.

Mean time, the sad attendants, as she spoke,
Beheld her strike, and sink beneath the stroke.
At once her snowy hands were purpled o'er,
And the bright faulchion smok'd with streaming gore.
Her sudden fate is blaz'd the city round,
The length'ning cries from street to street resound;
To female shrieks the regal dome replies,
And the shrill echoes ring amid the skies;
As all fair Carthage, or her mother Tyre,
Storm'd by the foe, had sunk in floods of fire:
And the fierce flame devour'd the proud abodes,
With all the glorious temples of the Gods.

Her breathless sister runs with eager pace,
And beats her throbbing breast, and beauteous face.
Fierce through the parting crowds the virgin flies,
And on her dying, dear Eliza cries.
Was this, my Dido, ah! was this the way
You took, your easy sister to betray?
Was it for this my hands prepar'd the pyre,
The fatal altar, and the funeral fire?
Where shall my plaints begin? ah, wretch undone!
Now left abandon'd to my woes alone!
Was I unworthy then, to yield my breath,
And share thy sweet society in death?
Me, me you should have call'd, your fate to share
From the same weapon and the same despair.

And

And did these hands the lofty pile compose?
 Did I invoke our Gods with solemn vows?
 Only — ah cruel! to be sent away
 From the sad scene of death I now survey!
 You by this fatal stroke, and I, and all
 Your senate, people, and your Carthage fall.
 Bring, bring me water; let me bathe in death
 Her bleeding wounds, and catch her parting breath:
 Then up the steep ascent she flew, and prest,
 Her dying sister to her heaving breast:
 With cries succeeding cries, her robes unbound,
 To staunch the blood that issu'd from the wound.
 Her bosom groaning with convulsive pain,
 She strives to raise her heavy head in vain,
 And in a moment sinks and swoons again.
*Propp'd on her elbow, thrice she rear'd her head,
 And thrice fell back, and fainted on the bed;
 Sought with her swimming eyes the golden light,
 And saw the sun, but sicken'd at the sight.*

Then mighty Juno, with a melting eye,
 Beheld her dreadful anguish from the sky;
 And bad fair Iris, from the starry pole,
 Fly, and enlarge her agonizing soul:
 For, as she dy'd by love before the time,
 Nor fell by fate, nor perish'd for a crime;
 Nor yet had Proserpine, with early care,
 Clipt from her head the fatal golden hair;
 The solemn offering to the pow'rs below,
 To free her spirit, and relieve her woe.
 Swift from the glancing sun the goddess drew
 A thousand mingling colours as she flew:
 Then radiant hover'd o'er the dying fair;
 And lo; this consecrated lock I bear
 To Stygian Jove; and now, as heav'n ordains,
 Release thy soul from these corporeal chains:
 The goddess stretch'd her hand, as thus she said,
 And clipt the sacred honours of her head;
 The vital spirit flies, no more confin'd,
 Dissolves in air, and mingles with the wind.

II. *Aeneas's panic on the loss of Creusa must excite in every reader the most tender concern and sympathy.*

Some hostile god, for some unknown offence,
 Had sure bereft my mind of better sense :
 For while through winding ways I took my flight ;
 And sought the shelter of the gloomy night ;
 Alas ! I lost Creusa : hard to tell
 If by her fatal destiny she fell,
 Or weary sat, or wander'd with affright ;
 But she was lost for ever to my sight.
 I know not, or reflected, till I meet
 My friends, at Ceres now deserted seat :
 We met : not one was wanting, only she
 Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.
 What mad expressions did my tongue refuse !
 Whom did I not of gods or man accuse !
 This was the fatal blow that pain'd me more
 Than all I felt from ruin'd Troy before.
 Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
 Abandoning my now forgotten care.
 Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
 My fire, my son, my country gods, I left.
 In shining armour once again I sheath
 My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death ;
 Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
 And seek the danger I was forc'd to shun.
 I tread my former tracks ; tho' night, explore
 Each passage, ev'ry street I cross'd before.
 All things were full of horror and affright ;
 And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.
 Then to my father's house I make repair,
 With some small glimpse of hope to find her there ;
 Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met ;
 The house was fill'd with foes, with flames beset.
 Driv'n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
 Thro' air transported, to the roofs aspire.
 From thence to Priam's palace I resort,
 And search the citadel and desert court,

Then

THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. 181

Then, unobserv'd, I pass by Juno's church;
 A guard of Grecians had possess'd the porch:
 There Phoenix and Ulysses watch the prey,
 And thither all the wealth of Troy convey.
 The spoils which they from ransack'd houses brought,
 And golden bowls from burning altars caught.
 The tables of the Gods, the purple vests,
 The people's treasure, and the pomp of priests.
 A mighty train of shrieking mothers bound,
 Stood with their captive children trembling round.
 Then, with ungovern'd madness I proclaim,
 'Thro' all the silent streets, Creusa's name.
 Creusa still I call: at length she hears;
 And sudden through the shades of night appears.
 Appears, no more Creusa, nor my wife,
 But a pale spectre, larger than the life.
 Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,
 I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair.
 Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief:
 Nor tears, nor cries can give the dead relief;
 Desist, my much-lov'd lord, t' indulge your pain;
 You bear no more than what the Gods ordain.
 My fates permit me not from hence to fly,
 Nor he, the great comptroller of the sky.
 Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decree;
 On land hard labours, and a length of sea.
 Then, after many painful years are past,
 On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast;
 Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
 The flow'ry meadows, and the feeding folds.
 There end your toils; and there your fates provide
 A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
 There fortune shall the Trojan line restore,
 And you for lost Creusa weep no more.

* * * * *

And now farewell; the parent of the Gods
 Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes;
 I trust our common issue to your care:
 She said; and gliding pass'd unseen in air.

III. *Description of Vulcan's shield for Æneas, on which is depicted*

The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors issuing from the Julian line;
The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens;
There, by the wolf were laid the martial twins.
Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung,
The foster dam loll'd out her fawning tongue;
They suck'd secure, while bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs; and form'd them as
they fed.

Not far from thence new Rome appears, with games
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
The pit resounds with shrieks; a war succeeds
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend;
The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
Weary'd with tedious war, at length they cease,
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand.
A fatted sow, for sacrifice is led,
With imprecations on the perjurd head.
Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,
By Tullus' doom; the brambles drink his blood,
And his torn limbs are left, the vulture's food.
There, Porfenna to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow tyrant fights;
The Roman youth assert their native rights.
Before the town the Tuscan army lies;
To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
Their king, half threat'ning, half disdain'g stood:
While Cocles broke the bridge, and stem'd the flood,
The captive maids there tempt the raging tide,
'Scap'd from their chains, with Clelia for their guide.

High

High on a rock heroic Manlius stood ;
 To guard the temple, and the temple's god :
 Then Rome was poor ; and there you might behold
 The palace thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.
 The silver goose, before the shining gate
 There flew ; and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.
 She told the Gaul's approach : th' approaching Gauls,
 Obscure, in night ascend, and seize the walls.
 The gold dissembl'd well their yellow hair ;
 And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
 Gold are their vests : long Alpine spears they wield :
 And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
 Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance :
 And naked through the streets the mad Luperi dance,
 In caps of wool. The targets dropt from heav'n.
 Here modest matrons, in soft litters driv'n,
 To pay their vows, in solemn pomp appear :
 And odorous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
 Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen ;
 Pains of the damn'd and punish'd Cataline.
 Hung on a rock the traitor : — and around,
 The furies hissing from the nether ground.
 Apart from these, the happy souls he draws ;
 And Cato's holy-ghost dispensing laws.
 Betwixt the quarters flows a golden sea ;
 But foaming surges there in silver play ;
 The dancing dolphins, with their tails divide
 The glitt'ring waves, and cut the precious tide.
 Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage
 Their brazen beaks, oppos'd with equal rage.
 Actium surveys the well-disputed prize ;
 Leucate's wat'ry plain with foaming billows fries.
 Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armour bright,
 Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight.
 His beamy temples shoot their flames afar ;
 And o'er his head his hung the Julian star.
 Agrippa seconds him, with prosperous gales,
 And, with propitious gods, his foe assails.
 A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
 The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.

Rang'd

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Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
 Barbarian aids, and troops of Eastern kings.
 Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
 Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war.
 And, rich in gaudy robes, amid the strife,
 His ill fate follows him, th' Egyptian wife.
 Moving they fight; with oars and forky prows,
 The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.
 It seems as if the Cyclades again
 Were rooted up, and jostled in the main;
 Or floating mountains floating mountains meet;
 Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
 Fire-balls are thrown; and pointed jav'lines fly;
 The field of Neptune takes a purple die.
 The queen herself, amid the loud-alarms,
 With cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warms.
 Fool as she was, who had not yet divin'd
 Her cruel fate! nor saw the snakes behind!
 Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
 Great Neptune, Pallas, and Love's queen, defy.
 The dog Annubis barks, but barks in vain,
 Nor longer dares oppose th' ætherial train.
 Mars in the middle of the shining shield
 Is grav'd; and strides along the liquid field.
 The Diræ soure from heav'n with swift descent,
 And discord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
 Divides the peace: her steps Bellona treads;
 And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
 This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
 Pours down his arrows; at whose winged flight
 The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield;
 And soft Sabeans quit the wat'ry field.
 The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
 And shrinking from the fight invokes the gales.
 Aghast she looks, sad heaves her breast for breath;
 Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
 The god had figur'd her, as driv'n along
 By winds and waves, and scudding thro' the throng;
 Just opposite, and Nilus opens wide
 His arms and ample bosom to the tide;
 And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
 In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
 The

THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. 185

The victor to the gods his thanks express'd ;
 And Rome triumph'd with his presence blest'd.
 Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd ;
 With spoils and altars ev'ry temple grac'd.
 Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
 The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise, }
 The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.
 All altars flame : before each altar lies,
 Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
 Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne,
 Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone ;
 Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,
 And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
 Vast crouds of vanquish'd nations march along ;
 Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
 Here Mulciber assigns the proper place,
 For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race ;
 Then ranks the Thracians in the second row ;
 With Scythians, expert in the dart and bow.
 And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides ;
 And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides ;
 And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind,
 The Danes unconquer'd offspring march behind, }
 And Morini, the last of human kind.

These figures on the shield divinely wrought ;
 By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought ;
 With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought. }
 Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace ;
 And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race !

XXII. ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

ALBI, *nostrorum sermonum candidè iudex,*
 Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedanâ?
 Scribere quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat;
 An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres,
 Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bonoque est?
 Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Dî tibi formam,
 Dî tibi divitias dederunt, attemque fruendi.

ALBIUS, *in whom my satiras find*
A candid critic;
 Do you, while at your country seat
 Some rhyming labours meditate
 That shall in volum'd bulk arise,
 And even from Cassius bear the prize;
 Or saunter thro' the silent wood,
 Musing on what befits the wife and good?

Thou art not form'd of lifeless mould,
 With breast inanimare and cold;
 To thee the Gods a form complete,
 To thee the Gods a fair estate
 In bounty gave, with art to know
 How to enjoy what they bestow.

THIS amiable nobleman was born at Rome, about sixty-four years before the Christian æra. To the advantages of rank and fortune, mental and personal accomplishments, he possessed the

* Dr. Frances adds, "and a kind," to rhyme with *find*, which for a very obvious reason I have suppressed.

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the reputation of being the first elegiac poet among his countrymen. At a very early period, he was patronised and distinguished by Messala Corvinus, a celebrated man of exalted character, and uncommon abilities, whom he accompanied in several military expeditions; but as he himself tells us, he preferred the myrtles of Venus to the laurels of Mars, and that he ardently sought to signalize himself under the banners of love. The life of Tibullus may therefore be reduced to the history of his Amours; and that history is best known by reading his tender elegies, where is delineated his most striking features with truth, passion, elegance and delicacy.

The golden age is thus happily described.

Quam bene Saturno vivebant rege, prius quam
Tellus in longas est patefacta vias.
Nondum cœruleas pinus contemserat undas,
Effusum ventis præbueratque sinum;
Nec vagus ignotis repetens compendia terris
Præferat externa navita merce ratem.
Illo non validus subiit iuga tempore taurus,
Non domito frenos ore momordit equus.
Non domus ulla fores habuit; non fixus in agris,
Qui regeret certis finibus arva, lapis.
Ipse mella dabant quercus ultroque ferebant,
Obvia securis, ubera lactis oves.
Non acies, non ira fuit, non bella; nec ense
Immiti sævus duxerat arte faber.

This beautiful passage is so disfigured in our English translation, that I need no apology, I believe, in substituting the language of Abbé de Longchamps.

“ Sous

“ Sous le regne de Saturne, de longues routes ne traversoient point nos campagnes : qu'on étoit sage alors ! Le pin audacieux n'avoit point affronté les plaines azurée, ni captivé les vents dans ses voiles étendue. Le nautonnier, toujours errant, n'ambitionnoit point encore de ramener son vaisseau chargé des richesses étrangères d'une plage inconnue. Le taureau ne ployoit pas alors sous le joug, son col nerveux. Le coursier indompté n'avoit point encore familiarisé sa bouche avec le frein. Des portes ne faisoient pas la sûreté des maisons ; des bornes n'assignoient pas dans les campagnes un odieux partage. Le miel couloit du creux des chênes. Les bergers étoient sans défiance, and les brebis venoient d'elles mêmes leur offrir des mamelles gonflées de lait. La guerre et ses fureurs n'existoient point encore ; l'art meurtrier d'un barbare n'avoit point encore façonné de Glaive.

His apostrophe to the Gods is thus expressed.

Barce Pater : timidum non me perjuria terrent,
Non dicta in sanctos impia verba deos.
Quod si fatales jam nunc explevimus annos,
Fac lapis his scriptus stet super ossa notis :

HIC JACET IMMITI CONSUMTUS MORTE TIBULLUS,
MESSALAM TERRA, DUM SEQUITURQUE MARI.

“ Pere des Dieux, épargne-moi le remords des parjures ; ne tonne point dans mon cœur ; jamais blasphème n'a souillé mes lèvres respectueuses : mais si la mesure de mes jours est remplie, qu'on
life

life au moins ces caractères sur le tombeau où reposera ma cendre :

Ami de Messala, sur les pas du Héros,
J'affrontois les dangers de la terre & des flots.

Tibullus's description of ELYSIUM is universally admired as a chef-d'œuvre.

Sed me, quod facilis tenero semper amori,
Ipse Venus campos ducet in ELYSIOS.
Hic choreæ, cantusque vigent, passimque vagantes.
Dulce sonant tenui gutture carmen aves.
Fert casiam non culta seges, totosque per agros.
Florêt odoratis terra benigna rosis.
Hic juvenum series teneris immixta puellis
Ludit, & assidue prælia miscet amor.
Illic est cuicumque rapax mors venit amanti,
Et gerit insigni myrtea ferta coma.

“ Aux tendres loix de l'amour, j'abandonne ma vie, et Vénus elle-même m'ouvrira cet ELYSEE où la danse marie ses accords à l'harmonie des voix ; où le ramage enchanteur des oiseaux entretient d'éternels concerts ; où mûrit sans culture la canelle odorante ; où les campagnes de toutes parts émaillées exhalent de leur sein fécond, le doux parfum des roses. Là, de jeunes amans réunis en foule, et sans distinction de sexe, se livrent à des jeux que l'amour anime. Là, revivent tous ceux dont la tendresse a signalé le trépas ; une couronne de myrthe les y distingue des autres ombres.”

Tibullus

Tibullus thus describes the pleasures of his retreat from the capital.

Non ego divitias patrum, fructusque requiro,
 Quos tulit antiquo condita messis avo.
 Parva seges satis est : satis est, requiescere recto
 Si licet, et solito membra levare toro.
 Quam juvat immites ventos audire cubantem,
 Et dominam tenero detinuisse sinu :
 Aut, gelidus hibernus aquas cum fuderit auster,
 Securum somnos imbre juvante sequi.
 Hoc mihi contingat, sit dives jure, furorem
 Qui maris, et cristes ferre potest hyades.
 Jam modò non possum contentus vivere parvo,
 Nec semper longæ deditus esse viæ :
 Sed Canis æstivos ortus vitare sub umbra
 Arboris, ad rivos prætereuntis aquæ.
 O quantum est auri potius, pereatque smaragdi,
 Quam flectat quæ nostras ulla puella vias.

“ Je ne regrette point l'antique opulence de mes pères ; ni ces récoltes abondantes qu'ont moissonné mes ancêtres. Ce mince héritage suffit à mon bonheur : heureux d'y trouver le repos sous un toit rustique ; sur cette couche, mon refuge ordinaire dans ma lassitude. Ah ! qu'il est doux d'entendre gronder l'aquilon, et de presser sur son sein une amante chérie ! Que les nuages se fondent en eau, on brave alors les humides autans, et le sommeil n'en est que plus tranquille. A ce prix j'abandonne la richesse à ceux que le courroux des mers, que les hyades orageuses ne sauroient effrayer. Pour moi, qu'une vie frugale peut rendre heureux, désormais, au lieu de la consacrer à des voyages de long cours, j'irai braver les feux de la canicule, sous le feuillage que rafraîchit un ruisseau qui s'échappe.

“ Pénisse

“ Périrai tout ce qu'il y a d'or et de pierreries
avant que mes absences coûtent une larme à la
beauté!

XXIII. SEX. AUREL. PROPERTIUS.

THE poetical talents of Propertius soon found
a warm friend and protector in the person of
Augustus, notwithstanding he had just put to death
his father, a Roman knight, who, during the tri-
umvirate had unhappily embraced the party of
Marc Antony. Mæcenas, Tibullus, G. Gal-
lus, Ovid, were among the number of his associates
and admirers; and the character of his elegies
is, that they breathed not only the language of sen-
timent and classic elegance, but they also an-
nounced more genius and invention, and were
infinitely more copious and picturesque than those
of Tibullus.

HORACE.

XXIV. HORACE.

Jam Dædaleo ocyor Icaro
Visam gementis litora Bospori,
Syrtesque Gætulas, canorus
Ales, Hyperboreosque campos.

Me Colchus, et qui dissimulat metrem
Marsæ cohortis; Dacus, et ultimi
Noscent Geloni: me peritus
Discet Iber, Rhodanique potor.

Hol.

Swift as with Dædalean wing,
Harmonious bird, I'll soaring sing,
And in my flight the foaming shores,
Where Bosphorous tremendous roars,
The regions bound by Northern cold,
And Lybia's burning sands behold.
Then to the learned sons of Spain,
To him who ploughs the Scythian main,
To him who with dissembled fears,
Conscious the Roman arms reveres,
To him who drinks the rapid Rhone,
Shall Horace, deathless bard! be known.

FRANCIS.

ALL ages and nations have unanimously conferred on the wonderful and almost *divine* Horace, the title of the Prince of lyrics. Batteux considers him as the first among the Romans who had carried the ODE to the last stage of perfection; and who united in his works the enthusiasm and sublimity of Pindar, the majesty and vehemence of Alcæus and Stesichorus, the vivacity and tender-

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ness of Sappho, with the charming sweetness and natural elegance of Anacreon.* Yet, says Dr. Francis, he has beauties of his own genius, his own manner, that form his peculiar character. Many of his odes are varied with irony and satire; with delicacy and humour; with ease and pleasantry. Some of them were written in the first heat of imagination, when circumstances of time, places, persons, were strong upon him. In others, he rises in full poetical dignity, sublime in sentiments, bold in allusions, and profuse of figures; frugal of words, curious in his choice, and successfully venturous in their application; pure in his diction, animated in his numbers; artful in the plans of his poems, regular in their conduct, and happy in their execution. But if we follow the sentiment of the French critic, Anacreon has more gaiety and sweetness, Pindar more strength and energy, Sappho more passionate and impetuous, and probably Alcæus, with his golden lyre, was still more grand and majestic. † Hence it appears, that in every branch of literature and taste, Greece possesses her ancient superiority, and they seem to be most at home when seated upon Parnassus. Virgil is not so rich, so copious, nor so easy, as Homer;

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mer;

* Horace, le premier et le seul des Latins qui ait réussi parfaitement dans l'ode, s'étoit rempli de la lecture de tous ces lyrics grecs. Il a, selon les sujets, la gravité et la noblesse d'Alcée et de Stésichore, l'elevation et la fougue de Pindare, le feu, la vivacité de Sappho, la mollesse et la douceur d'Anacreon.

† Anacréon est plus doux, Pindar plus hardi, Sappho dans les deux morceaux qui nous restent, montre plus de feu, et probablement Alcée avec sa lyre d'or, étoit plus grand encore et plus majestueux.

mer; nor is Terence, to all appearance, equal to Menander. With respect to Pindar, and Horace, who is his professed imitator, we may assign to their works the same degree of comparative excellency which we ascribe to the famous artists, Dominichino and Guido. The first was a great, but an unequal genius, while the correct performances of the latter were animated by the Graces, and touched by the pencil of Elegance.

Scaliger was so delighted with the Ode on the Death of Quintilius Varus, that he declared he would rather have been the author than king of Arragon.

The leading thought is *sympathetic friendship*. Virgil had lost an excellent friend; and Horace, to condole our immortal bard, begins by bewailing his loss, and then insinuating that it is time to assuage his affliction. His reflexions are extremely delicate, and shew the address of our poet.

“ What shame or measure can there be to bewail so valuable a friend? Oh! Melpomene, to whom your father hath given a melting voice, and the harp, inspire me with mournful strains. Quintilius is then sunk into everlasting sleep! to whom when will modesty, and uncorrupted faith, sister of Justice, and naked truth, find any equal? He dies lamented by numbers of good men, but by none more than Virgil. Alas! it is in vain you demand Quintilius back from the gods. What? if you could touch the lute, more melodiously than the Thracian Orpheus, yet life cannot return to the vain image which Mercury, inexorable

to reverse the Fates, hath once driven, with his dreadful caduceus, to his gloomy abodes. Cruel destiny! but patience must alleviate those evils which are not to be remedied."

Or, in the words of Dr. Francis:

Wherefore restrain the tender tear?
Why blush to weep for one so dear?
Sweet Muse, of melting voice and lyre,
Do thou the mournful song inspire.
Quintilius, — sunk to endless rest,
With death's eternal sleep oppress!
Oh! when shall Faith, of soul sincere,
Of Justice pure, the sister fair;
And Modesty, unspotted maid,
And Truth in artless guise array'd,
Among the race of human kind,
An equal to Quintilius find?

How did the good, the virtuous mourn,
And pour their sorrows o'er his urn?
But, Virgil, thine the loudest strain,
Yet all thy pious grief is vain.
In vain do you the Gods implore,
Thy lov'd Quintilius to restore;
Whom on far other terms they gave,
By Nature fated to the grave.

What though you can the lyre command,
And sweep its tones with softer hand
Than Orpheus, whose harmonious song
Once drew the listening trees along,
Yet ne'er returns the vital heat
The shadowy form to animate;
For when the ghost-compelling god
Forms his black troops with horrid rod;
He will not, lenient to the breath
Of prayer, unbar the gates of death.
'Tis hard: but patience must endure,
And soothe the woes it cannot cure.

The original Ode runs thus :

Quis desiderio fit pudor, aut modus
Tam cari capitis ? Præcipe lugubres,
Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater
Vocem cum citharâ dedit.

Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor
Urget ! cui Pudor et Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta fides, nudâque veritas,
Quando ullum inveniet parem ?

Multis ille quidem flebilis occidet :
Nulli flebilior quàm tibi, Virgili.
Sed frustra pius, heu ! non ita creditum,
Poscis Quinctilium deos.

Quid ? si Threïcio blandius Orpheo
Auditam moderere arboribus fidem ;
Non vanæ redeat sanguis imagini,
Quam virgâ semel horridâ.

Non lenis precibus fata recludere,
Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.
Durum : sed levius fit patientiâ,
Quidquid corrigere est nefas.

*The beautiful transition which Horace makes from the
narration to the speech of Nereus, is ANOTHER
MANNER of our poet.*

——— Malâ ducis avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Græcia milite
Conjurata tuas rompere nuptias,
Et regnum Priami vetus.

Eheu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris
Sudor ! quanta moves funera Dardanæ
Gentil ! jam galeam Pallas, et ægida,
Currusque, et rabiem parat.

Fatal

Fatal to Priam's ancient sway
 You bear the ill-omen'd fair away,
 For soon shall Greece in arms arise,
 Deep-sworn to break the nuptial ties:
 What toils do men and horse sustain!
 What carnage loads the Dardan plain!
 Pallas prepares the bounding car,
 The shield and helm, and rage of war.

Horace, in his farewell to Virgil, breaks out in a truly Pindaric spirit, and describes the audaciousness and impiety of those who first attempted to brave the dangers of the ocean.

Audax omnia perpeti
 Gens humana ruit per vertitum et nefas.
 Audax Japeti genus.
 Ignem fraude malâ gentibus intulit.

Post ignem æthereâ domo
 Subductum, macies, et nova febrium
 Terris incubuit cohors,
 Semotique prius tarda necessitas.

Lethi corripuit gradum,
 Expertus vacuum Dædalus æra
 Pennis non homini datis.
 Perrupit Acheronta Hercules labor.

Nil mortalibus arduum est.
 Cælum ipsum petimus stultitiâ; neque
 Per nostrum patimur scelus
 Iracunda Jovem ponere fulmina.

No laws, or human or divine,
 Can the presumptuous race of man confine.
 Thus from the sun's æthereal beam,
 When bold Prometheus stole th' enlivening flame,
 Of fevers dire a ghastly brood,
 'Till then unknown, th' unhappy fraud pursu'd;

On earth their horrors baleful spread,
 And the pale monarch of the dead ;
 Till then slow-moving to his prey,
 Precipitately rapid swept his way.
 Thus did the venturous Cretan dare
 To tempt, with impious wings, the void of air ;
 Through hell Alcides urg'd his course :
 No work too high for man's audacious force.
 Our folly would attempt the skies ;
 And with gigantic boldness rise ;
 Nor Jove, provok'd by mortal pride,
 Can lay his angry thunderbolts aside.

*Our poet adopts ANOTHER MANNER, when he advises
 Delli, who was a perfect picture of inconstancy, to
 seek tranquillity, by moderating his passions, agreeably
 to the purest maxims of Epicurean philosophy.*

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
 Servare mentem, non secus in bonis,
 Ab insolenti temperatam
 Lætitiâ ; moriture Delli.

Seu moestus omni tempore vixeris,
 Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
 Festos reclinatum beâris
 Interiore notâ Falerni ;

Quâ pinus ingens, albaque populus
 Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
 Ramis, et obliquo laborat
 Lympha jugax trepidare rivo ;

Huc vina, et unguenta, et nimum brevis
 Flores amœnos ferre jube rosæ :
 Dum res, et ætas, et sororum
 Fila trium patiuntur atra.

Cedes

Cedes coëmtis saltibus, et domo,
Villâque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes; et extructis in altum
Divitus potietur hæret.

Divesne, prius et natus ab Imachoy
Nil interest, an pauper, et infimâ
De gente sub dio moreris,
Victima nil miseramisi orci.

Omnes eodem cogimur: omnium
Versatur urnâ, seritis, beatis
Sors exitura, et nos in æternum
Exilium impositura cymbæ.

In adverse hours an equal mind maintain,
Nor let your spirit rise too high,
Though Fortune kindly change the scene—
Remember, Delliur, you were born to die.

Whether your life in sorrows pass,
And sadly, joyless glide away;
Whether, retling on the grass,
You blest with choicer wine the festal day.

Where the pale poplar and the pine
Expel the sun's intemperate beam;
In hospitable shades their branches twine,
And winds with toil, though swift, the tremulous
stream.

Here pour your winds, your odours shed,
Bring forth the rose's short-liv'd flow'r;
While fate yet spins thy mortal thread,
While youth and fortune give th' indulgent hour.

Your purchas'd woods, your house of state,
Your villa, wash'd by Tibur's wave,
You must, my Delliur, yield to fate,
And to your heir these high-pil'd treasures leave.

Whether you boast a monarch's birth,
While wealth unbounded round you flows;

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Or poor, and sprung from vulgar earth,
No pity for his victim Pluto knows :

We all must tread the paths of fate,
And ever shakes the mortal urn,
Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,
On Charon's boat ; ah ! never to return.

In the following celebrated ode, Horace shines out in all his splendour ; and through the whole of the poem, the address of the poet, the energy of his sentiments, the richness of his figures, the sweetness of his numbers, are equal objects of our admiration.

*Iustam, ac tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quatit solidâ, neque auster.*

*Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ,
Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis :
Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient rumæ.*

*Hâc te merentem, Bacche pater, tuæ
Vexere tigres, indocili jugum
Collo trahentes : hâc Quirinus
Martis equis Acheronta fugit ;*

*Gratum elocutâ confilantibus
Junone divis : Ilion, Ilion,
Fatalis incestusque iudex,
Et mulier peregrinâ vertit.*

*In pulverim, ex quo destituit Deos
Mercede pactâ Laomedon, mihi
Castæque damnatum Minervæ,
Cum populo, et duce fraudulento.*

Jam

Jam nec Lænenæ splendet adulteræ
Famofus hospes; nec Priami domus
Perjura pugnaces Achivos
Hectoreis opibus refringit;

Noſtrisque ductum ſeditionibus
Bellum reſedit. Protinus et graves
Iras, et inviſum nepotem,
Troia quem peperit ſacerdos.

Marti redonabo. Illum ego lucidas
Inire ſedes, ducere nectaris
Succos, et adſcribi quietis
Ordinibus patior deorum;

Dum longus inter ſæviat Ilion
Romanque pontus. Qualibet exules
In parte regnanto beati;
Dum Priami, paridiſque buſto.

Inſultet armentum, et catulos feræ
Celent inultæ. Stet Capitolium
Fulgens, triumphatiſque poſſit
Roma ſerox dare jura medis;

Horrenda latè nomen in ultimas
Extendat oras, quâ medius liquor
Secernit Europen ad Afro,
Quâ tumidus rigat arva Nilus;

Aurum irrepertum, et ſic meliùs ſitum
Quum terra celat, ſpernere fortior,
Quam cogere humanos in uſus,
Omne ſacrum rapier te dextrâ.

Quicumque mundo terminus obſtitit,
Hunc tangat armis; viſere geſtiens
Quâ parte debacchentur ignes,
Quâ nebulæ, pluviique rores.

Sed bellicoſis fata quiritis
Hâc lege dico, ne nimidiùm fieri,
Rebuſque fidentes, avitæ
Teſta velint renarare Trojæ.

Trojæ renascens alite lugubri
 Fortuna tristi clade iterabitur,
 Ducente victrices catervas
 Conjuge me Jovis, et sorore.

Ter si resurgat murus æneus,
 Auctore Phœbus; ter pereat meis
 Excisus Argivis; ter uxor,
 Capta virum, puerosque ploreta

Non hæc jocosæ conveniunt Lyrae.
 Quò musa tendis? desin pervicax
 Referre sermones deorum, et
 Magna modis tenuare parvis

Augustus, says Mr. Addison, who has thus translated this fine poem, had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman Empire, having closeted several senators on the project; Horace is supposed to have written the following ode on this occasion.

The man resolv'd, and steady to his trust,
 Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just;
 May the rude rabble's insolence despise
 Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries:
 The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
 And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
 And with superior greatness smiles.

Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
 Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
 The stubborn virtue of his soul can move:
 Nor the red arm of angry Jove;
 That flings the thunder from the sky,
 And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.

Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
 In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
 He unconcern'd would bear the mighty crack,
 And stand secure amid a falling world.

Such

Such were the godlike arts that led
 Bright Pollux to the blest abodes ;
 Such did for great Alcides plead,
 And gain'd a place among the gods ;
 Where now Augustus, mixt with heroes, lies,
 And to his lips the nectar bowl applies :
 His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
 And with immortal stains divinely glow.

By arts like these did young Lycaeus rise :
 His tigers drew him from the skies.
 Wild from the desert, and unbroke,
 In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
 In vain their eyes with fury glar'd ;
 He tain'd 'em to the lash, and bent 'em to the yoke.

Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
 When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
 He shook off dull mortality,
 And lost the monarch in the god.
 Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
 And thus th' assembl'd deities bespoke :

Troy, says the goddess, perjur'd Troy has felt
 The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt ;
 The towering pile, and soft abodes,
 Wall'd by the hands of servile gods,
 Now spreads its ruin all around,
 And lies inglorious on the ground.
 An umpire, partial and unjust,
 And a lewd woman's impious lust,
 Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.

Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
 That durst defraud th' immortals of their pay,
 Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
 Nor would the fierce invading foe repel ;
 To my resentment and Minerva's rage,
 The guilty king and the whole people fell.

And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
 The soft adulterer shines no more ;

No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the
field.

My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars, his offspring of the Trojan line :
Advanc'd the godhead, let him rise,
And take his station in the skies ;
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light ;
Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
And see adoring nations croud his shrine.

The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host,
In distant realms may seats unenvy'd find,
And flourish on a foreign coast :
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd ;
Remov'd by seas from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms un-
number'd roar.

Still let the curst detested place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass. }
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray ;
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,
Amid the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.

May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts, and silent desarts find :
In gloomy vaults, and nooks of palaces.
May th' unmaled lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, couch'd in dreadful slumbers, waste the day.

While Troy in heaps of ruin lies,
Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise ;
Th' illustrious exiles unconfin'd,
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.

In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide;
And part the sever'd world in two;
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall
foread,
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.

Riches the hardy soldier's shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes;
Nor the disbowel'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glitt'ring ills conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that Nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats;
The godlike race shall spread their arms;
Now fill the polar circle with alarms;
Till storms and tempests, their pursuits confine;
Now sweat for conquest underneath the line.

This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ,
To build again a second Troy;
If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.

A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations raise;
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire;
And at their army's head, myself will shew
What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.

Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise,
And line it round with walls of brass;
Thrice should my fav'rite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground:
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.

But

But hold, my muse, forbear thy towering flight,
 Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light;
 In vain would thy presumptuous verse
 Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
 The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
 Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

To conclude this sketch of our immortal bard, I here cite the following passage from Dr. Francis, whose masterly translation is considered as a classic in the English language.

“ The most valuable parts of our author remain to be considered. If, in his odes he appears with all the charms and graces, and ornaments of poetry, in his epistles and satires he gives us the noblest precepts of philosophy that ever formed the human heart, or improved the understanding. He tells us, that Homer shews, in a clearer and more persuasive manner, the beauty and advantages of virtue, the deformity and dangers of vice, than even the Stoic and Academician philosophers. Yet the morality of Homer is confined to politics; to the virtue or vices of princes; upon whom, indeed, the happiness or misery of their people depend. But in the morality of Horace, the happiness and misery of all human kind are interested. Here the gratitude and affection due to a good father, for his care and tenderness, are impressed upon the child. Here we are taught, that real greatness does not arise from the accident of being nobly born, or descended from a race of titled ancestors. We must imitate those virtues to which they

they were indebted for their titles. — Such are the sentiments of our poet's philosophy.

XXV. JULIUS MONTANUS.

OVID tells us, that Montanus equally excelled in heroic and elegiac poetry. Seneca the elder did not scruple to rank him among the greatest poets of antiquity; his son, however was of a different opinion, and called him *tolerabilis poeta*. Our author enjoyed for some time the fluctuating favours of Tiberius; but the disgrace of his brother, the celebrated orator, threw suspicion on our poet; and with him fell the victim of that cruel emperor.

XXVI. O V I D.

My work is finish'd, which nor dreads the rage
 Of tempest, fire, or war, or wasting age :
 Come soon or late, death's undetermin'd day,
 This mortal being only can decay :
 My nobler part, my fame, shall reach the skies,
 And to late times with blooming honours rise.
 Whate'er th' unbounded Roman pow'r obeys,
 All climes and nations shall recal my praise :
 If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
 One half of round eternity is mine.

METAMORPHOSES.

OVID has been celebrated as the most witty and the most unfortunate of poets. He was born under that fatal consulate of Hircus and Pansa, who were, unhappily for their country, killed at the battle of Philippi, which finally extinguished the Roman liberty. Ovid drew his origin from a family of the first distinction; and he gave early indication of a rising fame, by possessing a most fertile and lively imagination. From Rome he went to Athens, where he applied, with great assiduity, to the Grecian literature, and to the study of the immortal Homer. His father no sooner discovered that the bent of his genius inclined him to poetry, than he did every thing to divert him from what he deemed a great obstacle to his future elevation; intreating him to give his whole attention to eloquence,

quence, which was then a sure road to wealth and honours. The counsels and remonstrances of a father he both loved and respected, could not, however alter his natural propensity for the Muses. Having taken up his residence in the Capital, he soon became acquainted with the most illustrious and distinguished characters. His friends, Tibullus, Cornelius Severus, and Sabinus, advised him to turn his views towards Parnassus, while he enjoyed a most brilliant reputation at the court of Augustus, where he became the favourite of that emperor.

Our poet has been highly censured for his libertinism and licentiousness of his writings; in his exile he declared, he had never realised the situations he had described in his works; and that they were more the intemperate flights of his imagination than the language of his heart.

This celebrated author was in the flower of his age, and in the meridian of his glory, when Augustus, without deigning to assign the cause of his displeasure, banished him to Tomes, a city of European Scythia, upon the borders of the Pont Euxine. The portrait he has drawn of his quitting Rome, must please every reader, endowed with the least portion or feeling of sensibility.

Cum subit illius tristissima, &c.

The

The following beautiful and masterly translation is copied from M. le Franc de Pompignan.

Toi, qui vis mes beaux jours s'éclipser dans les ombres,
 Toi, qui couvris mes pleurs de tes nuages sombres,
 O nuit, cruelle nuit, témoin de mes adieux,
 Sans cesse ma douleur te retrace à mes yeux.
 Bientôt du haut des airs l'amante de Céphale
 Alloit de mon départ fixer l'heure fatale,
 L'usage de mes sens, tout-à-coup suspendu,
 Dérobe à mes apprêts le temps qui leur est dû.
 Mon cœur ne peut gémir, ordonner ni résoudre.
 Semblable à ce mortel qui voit tomber la foudre,
 Et qui, frappé du bruit, environné d'éclairs,
 Doute encore de sa vie, et croit voir les enfers.
 J'ouvre les yeux enfin, mon trouble diminue :
 Deux amis seulement frappent alors ma vue ;
 Tous les autres étoient un ami condamné.
 Le sort d'un malheureux, est d'être abandonné.
 Dans ce cruel moment, je sens couler mes larmes ;
 Mon épouse éplorée augmente mes alarmes.
 Ma fille, loin de nous, ignoroit mon malheur,
 De ce spectacle affreux elle évita l'horreur.
 Hélas ! tout nous offroit la douloureuse image
 D'une famille en pleurs que la Parque ravage.
 Si d'un simple mortel les destins rigoureux
 Pouvoient se comparer à des revers fameux,
 Tel fut le désespoir des habitans de Troye,
 Lorsque du fils d'Achille ils devinrent la proie.
 Cependant la fraîcheur et le calme des airs
 Répandoient le sommeil sur le vaste univers.
 L'astre brillant des nuits poursuivoit sa carrière
 Je vois, à la faveur de sa douce lumière,
 Ces colonnes, ces tours, ces portiques altiers,
 Formidables voisins de mes humbles foyers.
 Lieux protégés du ciel, séjour de notre maître,
 Et vous, — divinités, qui me plaignez peut-être,
 Fortunés habitans de ce riche palais,
 Temple, autels, que mes yeux ne reverront jamais,

Toi,

Toi, fleuve, dont Ovide illustra les rivages,
 Recevez mes adieux et mes derniers hommages.
 Il n'est plus de remède aux maux que je ressens ;
 J'offrirais à César des regrets impuissans.
 Mais vous, dieux immortels, modérez sa vengeance ;
 Qu'il ne confonde point le crime et l'imprudence.
 Vous le savez, grands dieux, si j'ai cru le trahir :
 Qu'il me punisse, hélas ! du moins sans me haïr.
 Mon épouse, à ces mots, tombe à mes pieds mourante ;
 Elle remplit les airs de sa voix gémissante :
 De nos Lares sacrés embrassant les autels,
 Elle implore à la fois les dieux et les mortels.
 Inutiles transports ! c'est en vain qu'elle espère
 D'un malheureux époux adoucir la misère.
 Mais déjà vers le Pôle, où l'ont placé les dieux,
 L'astre de Calisto disparôit à nos yeux.
 Rome, il faut pour jamais renoncer à tes charmes :
 C'est le dernier moment qu'on accorde à mes larmes.
 L'aube éclaire tes murs, le silence a cessé ;
 J'entends le citoyen, l'étranger empressé :
 " Où courez-vous, disois-je, et quel soin vous agite ?
 " Arrêtez, Rome seule est digne qu'on l'habite.
 Funeste aveuglement ! je vois naître le jour.
 Et crois pouvoir encore prolonger mon séjour.
 Trois fois je veux partir, et trois fois ma foiblesse,
 Malgré moi, de mes pas, interrompt la vitesse.
 Je suspends, je finis, je reprends mes discours :
 J'embrasse, je m'éloigne, et je reviens toujours.
 Eh ! pourquoi me hâter ? je vais dans la Scythie :
 Sans espoir de retour, je quitte ma patrie.
 De mon cœur éperdu, chère et tendre moitié ;
 Et vous, dont mes malheurs excitent la pitié,
 Seuls amis, que le ciel souffre encor que j'embrasse,
 C'en est fait, je jouis de sa dernière grace.
 Je ne vous verrai plus : vivez heureux, je pars.
 Cependant l'horizon brille de toutes parts ;
 L'étoile du matin cède au flambeau du monde,
 Et ses premiers rayons sortent du sein de l'onde.
 Je fuis, en gémissant ; mais mon cœur déchiré
 Revoile vers les lieux dont-il s'est séparé.
 De mes tristes amis, de ma femme éperdue,
 Les cris et les sanglots percent mon ame émue.

Je n'ose m'arrêter, elle court sur mes pas :
 Bientôt autour de moi, je sens les foibles bras,
 Non, cruel, non, ta perte entraînera la mienne.
 Pense-tu, loin de toi, que Rome me retienne ?
 Compagne de tes pas, comme de tes malheurs,
 Au bout de l'univers, j'ai sécher tes pleurs,
 César t'a condamné, ton épouse est proscrite :
 César veut ton exil, et l'amour veut ma suite.
 Je te suis — mais hélas, malgré tous ses efforts,
 Un rigoureux devoir m'arrache à ses transports,
 Désolé, l'œil en pleurs et la vue égarée,
 Entre les bras des siens je la laisse éplorée.
 Elle tombe, et j'ai vu qu'en ces affreux instans
 Les ombres de la mort la couvrent long-tems.
 Elle revolt le jour pour souffrir d'avantage ;
 Ses cheveux arrachés tombent sur son visage ;
 Dans ses foyers déserts elle me cherche en vain :
 Elle accuse les dieux, César et le destin.
 L'instant de mon trépas, où sa fille expirée,
 D'un plus vif désespoir ne l'eût pas pénétrée :
 Sa douleur mille fois auroit tranché ses jours,
 L'espoir de m'être utile en prolongea le cours.
 Dieux qui nous séparez, prenez soin d'une vie
 Qui conserve la mienne au fond de la Sythie.
 Je touche enfin la rive, et vous quittons le port,
 Sous l'aspect orageux des étoiles du nord.
 J'affronte, malgré moi, les horreurs du naufrage,
 Et la nécessité me tient lieu de courage.

Mais quel bruit effrayant sort du gouffre des mers !
 Les aigleons fougueux s'élancent dans les airs :
 L'onde mugit, s'entr'ouvre, et les sables bouillonnent,
 Déjà sur le tillac les flots nous environnent ;
 Les cordages rompus, et les mats chancelans,
 Deviennent le jouet des ondes et des vents.
 Du ciel rempli d'éclairs les voûtes allumées,
 Semblent fondre en éclats dans les mers enflammées.
 Tremblant, désespéré, le chef de matelots,
 Laisse le gouvernail à la merci des flots.
 Telle une main trop foible, abandonnée l'empire
 Du courfier indompté qu'elle ne peut conduire.

Le

Le rapide aquilon, plus fort que mon devoir,
 Me ramene aux climats que je ne dois plus voir.
 Loin des bords d'Ilirie, à travers les nuages,
 L'Italie à nos yeux découvre ses rivages.
 Vents, ne combattez plus le Dieu qui me punit,
 Eloignez-moi des lieux d'où César me bannit.
 Je le veux, et le crains. - - - Quelle vague en furie
 Dans ce gouffre profond va terminer ma vie !
 Je t'implore, O Neptune, et vous, Dieux de la mer :
 C'est assez contre moi des traits de Jupiter.
 Souffrez que dans l'exil, terminant ma carrière,
 Une tranquille mort me ferme la paupière ;
 Du plus affreux trépas, daignez me préserver,
 S'il est tems aujourd'hui de vouloir me sauver.

His elegies were the first fruits of his banishment; they abound with the most affecting expressions to those he thought could obtain his liberty: our poet, however, was fated to nurse the pangs of disappointment for ten successive years, and fell a martyr to this demi-god, to whom he consecrated a chapel, and paid him daily adoration. Mr. Arnaud has favoured the world with a beautiful little poem, imitated from Angelo Politien's elegy on the death of Ovid.

Quoi ! Rome, as-tu souffert que ton plus beau génie
 Terminât loin de toi sa déplorable vie ?
 Tu ne t'es point montrée à ses derniers regards !
 OVIDE - - - son cercueil n'est point dans tes remparts !
 En vain sur les autels on cherchera sa lyre :
 Le chantre des amours, dans la Scythie expire :
 C'est là que sont perdus ses restes malheureux !
 Une terre barbare a dans ses flancs affreux
 Renfermé sans éclat les dépouilles sacrées,
 De ce mortel divin, l'honneur de tes contrées !
 D'un sépulchre étranger ses manes indignée,
 Soulevent le tombeau que les tient enchainés,

Il redemande encore, d'une voix attendrie,
 Ce sein, qui lui ferma son ingrate patrie,
 Il veut encor fléchir cette inhumanité !
 Qu'accusera le cri de la postérité :
 O Rome ! des vertus, des arts le sanctuaire,
 As-tu de ton bourreau pu servir la colere,
 Immoler le talent au lâche usurpateur ?
 C'étoit lui qui devoit épuiser ta fureur ;
 C'étoit au vil OCTAVE, au triumvir coupable,
 D'attacher tous les traits de ta haine implacable.
 Le crime est-il absous, revêtu du pouvoir ?
 Tes plus grands ennemis auront sur t'émouvoir,
 Et le fils d'*Apollon*, ce citoyen en illustre
 Dont les chants immortels ajoutoient à son lustre,
 A la voix d'un tyran, de tes murs rejeté,
 Aura subi l'exil, l'affreuse pauvreté ?
 Ce vieillard languissant, blanchi dans les alarmes,
 Qui toujours t'adressoit ses soupirs and ses larmes,
 Que tu lui renvoyois avec de nouveaux coups,
 OVIDE n'aura pu desarmar ton courroux !
 Ses sons n'ont point touché ton oreille endurcie,
 Tandis que les rochers, les glaces de Scythie,
 Ont paru s'amollir, et s'ouvrir à ses pleurs !
 Je le vois, succombant sous ses longues douleurs,
 Attendant le trépas que sans cesse il appelle,
 Comme l'unique terme à sa peine cruelle.
 Malheureux ! je te vois à ton dernier moment ;
 Tu cherches Rome encore d'un regard expirant :
 Aucun de tes amis, en ce moment funeste,
 N'accourt pour recueillir le soupir qui te reste ;
 Aucun ne vient former pour adoucir ton sort,
 Tes yeux déjà couverts des ombres de la mort,
 L'inferral ciseau s'ouvre ; il va couper ta trame ;
 Tout t'abandonne, O ciel ! ta fille, ni ta femme,
 Personne ne t'entend, ne t'offre des secours,
 Ne cherche à ranimer le flambeau de tes jours.
 Tu meurs tout accablé de l'horrible pensée,
 Que pour jamais ta muse est de Rome chassée.
 Tu meurs sans te flatter du miroir que dans son sein,
 Ta cendre jouira d'un plus heureux destin.
 César, es-tu content ? Rome, es-tu satisfaite ?
 Moins sauvage que vous, moins féroce, le Gète,

Etonné

Etonné de sentir, pour le premier fois,
 La pitié dont vos cœurs ont étouffé la voix,
 Laisse échapper des pleurs sur cette illustre cendre,
 Un écho lamentable au loin se fait entendre ;
 Sous ces amas de glace et d'éternels hivers,
 La nature gemit : dans ces sombres déserts,
 Ou voit, dit-on, errer les Graces désolées ;
 Les Muses sans atours, pâles, échevelées,
 Apollon, à leur tête, encor plus éploré,
 Ayant brisé ce luth, aux doux sons consacré,
 La plaintive élégie, accablée et mourante,
 Que de Tibulle en pleurs suit l'ombre gémissante ;
 L'amour, marchant à peine, et traînant son flambeau,
 Tout vient pleurer OVIDE au pied de son tombeau ;
 Venus descend des cieux, en leur cachant ses charmes ;
 Le trépas d'Adonis lui coûta moins de larmes,
 Sur le marbre funebre, au tribut de ses pleurs,
 Elle ajoute l'encens et de lugubres fleurs,
 Et sa main incertaine, et toujours recombante,
 S'efforce d'y tracer cette plainte touchante :

*Cy git, dont les vers immortels
 Triompheront des tems, et du courroux d'Auguste ;
 S'il n'eut point de tombeau dans sa patrie injuste,
 Dans le monde il a des autels.*

Ovid was the inventor of heroic epistles, so called because he treats of none but heroes and heroines. In this sort of composition he had the happy talent of interesting his reader ; but the redundancy of his wit, and torturing a thought in such a variety of forms, have displeased his greatest admirers, who otherwise have not scrupled to assign him the next place after Virgil and Horace.

Ovid, dans ses vers doux et mélodieux,
 Sut débrouiller l'histoire de ses dieux ;

Trop

Trop indulgent au feu de son génie,
 Mais *varie, tendre, plein d'harmonie,*
Savant, utile, ingénieux, profond,
 Riche, en un mot, il étoit moins fécond.

ROUSSEAU.

But his *Metamorphoses* are considered as the *chef-d'œuvre* of all our poet's works. Among the numberless beauties with which this poem abounds I shall instance

The palace of the Sun.

The Sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
 With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
 The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
 And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight.
 Of polish'd iv'ry was the covering wrought;
 The matter vy'd not with the sculptor's thought.
 For on the portal was display'd on high
 (The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
 A waving sea th' inferior earth embrac'd,
 And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.

Ægean here a mighty whale bestrode;
 Triton, and Proteus (the deceiving god)
 With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
 Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main;
 While some on rocks their dropping hair divide,
 And some on fishes through the waters glide.
 Though various features did the sisters grace,
 A sister's likeness was in every face.

On earth a different landskip courts the eyes;
 Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
 And nymphs and streams, and woods, and rural deities. }
 O'er all, the heav'n's refulgent image shines,
 On either gate were fix engraven signs.

After

After this superb description, the arrival of Phaëton, and his rash request, begin to interest his readers.

Here Phaëton, still gaining on the ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
'Till pressing forward thro' the bright abode,
He saw at distance, the illustrious God.
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.

The God sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on ;
The Hours in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Year, and Ages stand.
Here Spring appears, with flow'ry chaplets bound ;
Here Summer, in her wheaten garland crown'd ;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besinear ;
And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.

PHOEBUS beheld the youth from off his throne,
That eye which looks on all, was fix'd on one ;
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place ;
And cries aloud, " What wants my son ? for know
My son thou art, and I must call thee so."

" Light of the world, the trembling youth replies,
Illustrious parent ! since you don't despise
The parent's name, some certain token give,
That I may Clymené's proud boast believe,
Nor longer, under false reproaches grieve."

The tender fire was griev'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,
Then bid the youth advance : " My son, said he,
Come to thy father's arms ! for Clymené
Has told thee true ; a parent's name I own,
And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son."

218. THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
Whate'er it be, with that request comply.
By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
And roll impervious to my piercing sight."

The youth transported, asks without delay,
To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.

We now behold with concern, the excessive
grief of a father, whose tender efforts could not di-
vert the rash youth from persisting in his fatal
design.

The God repented of the oath he took;
For anguish, thrice his radiant head he shook.
"My son, says he, some other proof require;
Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade,
Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
Beyond the province of mortality.
There is not one of all the Gods who dares
(However skill'd in other great affairs)
To mount the burning axle-tree, but I:
Not Jove himself the ruler of the sky,
Who hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as Jove?
The steeds climb up the first high ascent with pain;
And when the middle firmament they gain,
If downwards from the heav'ns my head I bow,
And see the earth and ocean hang below,
E'en I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
A mighty downfall steep the ev'ning stage;
And steady reigns must curb the horses' rage.
Thetis herself has fear'd to see me driv'n
Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
Besides, consider what impetuous force
Turns stars and planets in a different course:

I. Hor

THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. 217.

I steer against their motions, nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.
But how could you resist the orbs that roll
In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?

* * * * *

Thus did the God th'unwary youth advise;
But he still longs to travel thro' the skies.

* * * * *

Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble hours without delay
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble hours obey:
From their full racks the gen'rous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the God of day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sovereign virtue to repel the heat:
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said:

Take this, at least, this last advice, my son;
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
Your art must be to moderate their haste.

* * * * *

He spoke in vain: the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour, vaults into the seat;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Mean while the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.

L 2

Thetis,

220 THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Thetis, not knowing what had past, gave way,
 And all the walle of heav'n before 'em lay.
 They spring together out, and swiftly bear
 The flying youth through clouds and yielding air;
 With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
 And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
 The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
 Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight;
 But as at sea th' unballast'd vessel rides,
 Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides;
 So in the bounding chariot tofs'd on high,
 The youth is hurry'd headlong thro' the sky.

* * * *

Now all the horrors of the heav'ns he spies,
 And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
 That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies. }

* * * *

Half-dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins!
 The horses felt them loose upon their manes,
 And, flying out thro' all the plains above,
 Ran uncontroul'd where'er their fury drove;
 Rush'd on the stars, and through the pathless way,
 Of unknown regions, hurry'd on the day.
 And now above, and now below they flew,
 And near the earth the burning chariot drew.

* * * *

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
 Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear.

High

* * * * *

High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
 And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
 Cover'd with flames, the tow'ring Appenine,
 And Caucasus, and proud Olympus shine;
 And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
 Now stands a huge continu'd range of fire.

Th'astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
 Beheld the universe around him burn:
 The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
 The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
 Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
 And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd.
 Lost in the whirling clouds that round him broke,
 And white with ashes hov'ring in the smoke,
 He flew where e'er the horses drove, nor knew
 Whether the horses drove, or where he flew.

* * * * *

Jove call'd to witness every pow'r above,
 And e'en the God whose son the chariot drove,
 That what he acts, he is compell'd to do,
 Or universal ruin must ensue.
 Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
 From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down;
 From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour,
 But now could neither meet with storms nor show'r.
 Then aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
 Full at his head he hurl'd the forked brand,
 In dreadful thund'ring. Thus th'almighty fire
 Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life, and from the chariot driv'n,
 Th'ambitious boy fell thunder-struck from heav'n.
 The horses started with a sudden bound,
 And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:

The studded harness from their necks they broke;
 Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke;
 And scatter'd o'er the earth, the shining frag-
 ments lay.

The breathless Phaëton with flaming hair,
 Shot from the chariot like a falling star,
 That in a summer's evening, from the top
 Of heav'n drops down, or seems at least to drop;
 'Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
 Far from his country, in the western world.

ADDISON.

XXVII. PHÆDRUS.

Sans tirer de l'esprit un éclat emprunté,
 Le vrai plaît en ses vers par sa simplicité.

THIS celebrated fabulist was born in Thrace, and emancipated by Augustus; but unhappily he incurred the displeasure of Tiberius, and had many other powerful enemies to combat, in promising himself immortality from his works.

This Roman Æsop embellished the apologue with all the ornaments of which it was susceptible; yet such is the fluctuation of literary fame, that in the time of Seneca his writings had fallen into oblivion; and they remained concealed in the libraries 'till the year 1596; when Francis Pithou discovered those which were published in 1600.

The

The fable of the Wolf and the Lamb has been accounted by the first critics as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Phædrus.

Lupus et Agnus:

Ad rivum eundem Lupus et Agnus venerant
Siti compulsi: superior stabat Lupus,
Longèque inferior Agnus: tunc fauce improbâ
Latro incitatus, jurgii causam intulit:
Cur, inquit, turbulentam fecisti mihi
Istam bibenti? Laniger contra-timens,
Qui possum, quæso, facere quod quereris, Lupo?
A te decurrit ad meos haustus liquor:
Repulsis ille veritatis viribus,
Ante hos sex menses malè, ait, dixisti mihi.
Respondit Agnus: equidem natus non eram.
Pater Hercules tuus, inquit, maledixit mihi.
Atque ita correptum lacerat injustâ nece.

Thus imitated by the inimitable La Fontaine:

Un Agneau se désalteroit
Dans le courant d'une onde pure,
Un Loup survint à jeun qui cherchoit aventure;
Et qui la famine en ces lieux attiroit.
Qui te rends si hardi de troubler mon breuvage,
Dit cet animal plein de rage?
Tu seras châtié de ta témérité:
Sire, reprend l'Agneau, que votre majesté
Ne se mette pas en colère:
Mais plutôt qu'elle considère
Que je vais me désalterant
Dans le courant
Plus de vingt pas au-dessous d'elle,
Et que par conséquent, en aucune façon,
Je ne puis troubler sa boisson.
Tu la troubles, reprit cette bête cruelle,
Et je sais que de moi tu médis l'an passé.
Comment l'aurois-je fait, si je n'étois pas né?

Reprit l'agneau, je tette encore ma mere.
 Si ce n'est toi, c'est donc ton frere ?
 Je n'en ai point. C'est donc quelqu'un des tiens ;
 Car vous ne m'épargnez guère,
 Vous, vos bergers et vos chiens :
 On me l'a dit, il faut que je me vange.
 Là-dessus, au fond des forêts,
 Le Loup l'emporte, et puis le mange
 Sans autre forme de procès.

The following fable may be adduced for its simplicity and elegance of expression.

Inops, petentem dum vult imitari, perit.
 In prato quondam Rana conspexit Bovem,
 Et, tacta, invidiâ tantæ magnitudinis,
 Rugosam inflavit pellem : tum natos suos
 Interrogavit, an Bove esset latior.
 Illi negarunt. Rursus intendit cutem
 Majore nisu ; et simili quæsitivæ modo,
 Quis major esset. Illi dixerunt Bovem.
 Novissime indignata, dum vult validius
 Inflare sese rupto jacuit corpore.

Une Grenouille vit un Bœuf
 Qui lui-sembla de belle taille :
 Elle qui n'étoit pas grosse en tout comme un œuf,
 Envieuse, s'étend, et s'enfle, et se travaille
 Pour égaler l'animal en grosseur,
 Disant : Regardez bien, ma sœur,
 Est-ce assez ? Dites-moi, n'y suis-je encore ?
 Nenni—m'y voilà donc ? — Point du tout. — M'y
 voilà ? —
 Vous n'en approchez point. La chetive pécora
 S'enfla si bien qu'elle creva.

La Fontaine has also happily imitated the following fable.

Vulpes ad cœnam dicitur Ciconiam
 Prior invitasse, et illi in patina liquidam
 Posuisse sorbitionem, quam nullo modo
 Gustare esuriens potuerit Ciconia,
 Quæ Vulpem quum revocasset, intrito cibo
 Plenam lagenam posuit : huic rostrum inserens
 Satiatur ipsa : et torquet convivam fame ;
 Quæ quum lagenæ frustra collum lamberet.
 Peregrinam sic locutam volucrem accepimus ;
 Sua quisque exempla debet æquo animo pati.

Compere le Renard se mit un jour en frais,
 Et retint à dîner commere la Cicogne.
 Le regal fut petit, and beaucoup d'apprêts,
 Le galant pour toute besogne
 Avoit un brouet clair ; il vivoit chichement.
 Ce brouet fut par lui servi sur une assiette ;
 La Cicogne à long bec n'a pu attraper miette,
 Et le drôle eut lappé le tout en un moment.
 Pour se venger de cette tromperie,
 A quelque tems de là, la Cicogne le prie.
 Volontiers, lui dit-il ; car avec mes amis,
 Je ne fais point cérémonie.
 A l'heure dite, il court au logis.
 De la Cicogne son hôtesse,
 Loua très-fort la politesse,
 Trouva le dîner cuit à point.
 Bon appétit surtout ; Renard n'en manquent point,
 Il se réjouissoit à l'odeur de la viande
 Mise en menus morceaux, et qu'il croyoit friande,
 On servit, pour l'embarrasser,
 En une vase à long col, et d'étroite embouchure.
 Le bec de la Cicogne y pouvoit bien passer ;
 Mais le museau du sire étoit d'autre mesure,
 Il lui fallut à jeun retourner au logis,
 Honteux comme un Renard, qu'une poule auroit
 pris,
 Serrant la queue, et portant bas l'oreille.
 Trompeurs, c'est pour vous que j'écris ;
 Attendez-vous à la pareille.

XXVIII. L U C A N.

Lucanus ardens, et concitatus et sententiis
Clarissimus.*

QUINT.

THIS poet was born in Spain, and descended from an ancient and illustrious family, and was the nephew of Seneca the philosopher. While an infant, he was brought to Rome under the auspices of his uncle; and this circumstance is mentioned by Voltaire, to shew the futility of those critics, who taking him for a Spaniard, had cavilled at the purity of his language. His preceptors were Pallemon, Virginius, and Cornutus, three masters of the first reputation in the belles-lettres and philosophy.

The young Lucan at fourteen distinguished himself for his Greek and Latin declamations; and as his noble relation was the favourite and governor of Nero, Lucan was presented to that Emperor, who raised him, even while a minor, to the dignity of Questor; and this step soon paved his way to the college of Augurs. In those happy moments of fortune and reputation, he married one of the senator's daughters, a lady who was young, rich, handsome and accomplished. Our poet did not long retain the good graces of Nero. His firm and unshaken patriotism, his avowed republican principles and love of liberty, soon brought upon him the displeasure

* Lucan is warm, impetuous, and celebrated for the brilliancy of his thoughts.

pleasure of a Prince, whom he even rashly contended with, for the prize of poetry at the public games. This success was the forerunner of his disgrace; for the Emperor prohibited him from publishing his verses, or appearing in the assembly where the poets and orators were accustomed to recite their respective compositions.

The high-spired Lucan could not brook this treatment, he entered into a conspiracy which was discovered, and cost the lives of above 300 of the Roman nobility: Our poet was also condemned to death in the 26th year of his age. He was interred in his own garden, where a monument was erected to his memory with the following inscription:

M. ANNÆO LUCANO.
CORDUBENS. POETÆ.
BENEFICIO. NERONIS.
FAMA. SERVATA.

*The favour of Nero preserves the memory of M. A. Lucan,
poet of Corduba.*

BEAUTIFUL PASSAGES.

*Selected from Mr. Rowe's translation of this Poet;
which is allowed by many to be a masterly performance,
and to reach the sense and spirit of the original.*

I.

The passionate ADIEUS of Pompey and Cornelia.

OH who can speak, what numbers can reveal,
The tenderness which faithful lovers feel?
Who can their secret pangs and sorrows tell,
With all the croud of cares that in their bosoms swell?
See what new passions now the hero knows,
Now first he doubts success, and fears his foes;

Rome and the world he hazards in the strife,
 And gives up all to Fortune but his wife.
 Oft he prepares to speak, but knows not how,
 Knows they must part, but cannot bid her go;
 Defers the killing news with fond delay,
 And, ling'ring, puts off Fate from day to day.
 The fleeting shades began to leave the sky,
 And slumber soft forsook the drooping eye:
 When, with fond arms, the fair Cornelia prest
 Her lord, reluctant, to her snowy breast:
 Wond'ring, she found he shunn'd her just embrace,
 And felt warm tears upon his manly face.
 Heart-wounded with the sudden woe, she griev'd,
 And scarce the weeping warrior yet believ'd;
 When, with a groan, thus he: — My truest wife,
 To say how much I love thee more than life,
 Poorly expresses what my heart would show,
 Since life, alas! is grown my burden now.
 That long, too long delay'd, that dreadful doom,
 That cruel parting hour at length is come.
 Fierce, haughty, and collected in his might,
 Advancing Cæsar calls me to the fight.
 Haste, then, my gentle love, from war retreat;
 The Lesbian isle attends thy peaceful seat:
 Nor seek, oh! seek not to increase my cares,
 Seek not to change my purpose with thy pray'rs;
 Myself, in vain, the fruitless suit have try'd,
 And my own pleading heart has been deny'd.
 Think not, thy distance will increase my fear:
 Ruin, if ruin come, will soon be near,
 Too soon the fatal news shall reach *thine* ear.
 Nor burns thy heart with just and equal fires,
 Nor dost thou love as Virtue's law requires;
 If those soft eyes can ev'n thy husband bear,
 Red with the stains of blood and guilty war,
 When horrid trumpets sound their dire alarms,
 Shall I indulge my sorrows with thy charms,
 And rise to battle from these tender arms?
 Thus mournful, from thee, rather let me go,
 And join thy absence to the public woe.
 But thou be hid, be safe from ev'ry fear,
 While kings and nations in destruction share;

Shun

THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. 225

Shun thou the crush of my impending fate,
 Nor let it fall on thee with all its weight.
 Then if the Gods my overthrow ordain,
 And the fierce victor chace me o'er the plain,
 Thou shalt be left me still, my better part,
 To soothe my cares, and heal my broken heart ;
 Thy open arms I shall be sure to meet,
 And fly with pleasure to the dear retreat.
 Stunn'd and astonish'd at the deadly stroke,
 All sense, at first, the matron sad forsook.
 Motion, and life, and speech, at length returns,
 And thus in words of heaviest tone she mourns :
 No, Pompey ! 'tis not that my lord is dead,
 'Tis not the hand of Fate has robb'd my bed ;
 But like some base Plebeian I am curs'd,
 And by my cruel husband stand divorc'd.
 But Cæsar bids us part ! thy father comes !
 And we must yield to what that tyrant dooms !
 Is thy Cornelia's faith so poorly known,
 That thou should'st think her safer whilst alone ?
 Are not our loves, our lives, our fortunes, one ?
 Canst thou, inhuman, drive me from thy side,
 And bid my single head the coming storm abide !
 Do I not read thy purpose in *thine* eye ?
 Dost thou not hope and wish, e'en now, to die ?
 And can I then be safe ? Yet death is free ;
 That last relief is not deny'd to me ;
 Though banish'd by thy harsh commands I go,
 Yet will I join thee in the realms below.
 Thou bidst me with the pangs of absence strive,
 And, till I hear thy certain loss, survive.
 My vow'd obedience, what it can, shall bear,
 But, oh ! my heart's a woman's, and I fear.
 If the good Gods, indulgent to my pray'r,
 Should make the laws of Rome, and thee, their care ;
 In distant climes I may prolong my woe,
 And be the last thy victory to know.
 On some bleak rock, that frowns upon the deep,
 A constant watch, thy weeping wife shall keep ;
 There from each sail misfortune shall I guess,
 And dread the bark that brings me thy success.
 Nor shall those happier tidings end my fear,
 The vanquish'd foe may bring new danger near ;

Defenceless

230 THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Defenceless I may still be made a prize,
 And Cæsar snatch me with him as he flies.
 With care my known retreat he shall explore,
 While thy great name distinguishes the shore:
 Soon shall the Lesbian exile stand reveal'd,
 The wife of Pompey cannot live conceal'd.
 But if th' o'er-ruling pow'rs thy cause forsake,
 Grant me this only last request I make;
 When thou shalt be of troops and friends bereft,
 And wretched flight is all thy safety left;
 Oh! follow not the dictates of thy heart,
 But choose a refuge in some distant part.
 Where'er thy inauspicious bark shall steer,
 Thy sad Cornelia's fatal shore forbear,
 Since Cæsar will be sure to seek thee there.

So saying, with a groan the matron fled,
 And, wild with sorrow, left the holy bed:
 She was all ling'ring, all delays are vain,
 And rushes headlong to possess the pain.
 Nor will the hurry of her griefs afford
 One last embrace from her forsaken lord.
 Uncommon cruel fate for two,
 Whose lives had lasted long, and been so true,
 To lose the pleasures of one last adieu.
 In all the woful days that cross'd their bliss,
 Sure never hour was known so sad as this;
 By what they suffer'd now, inur'd to pain,
 They met all after-sorrows with disdain,
 And Fortune shot her envious shafts in vain.

* * * *

Lonely and comfortless she takes her flight,
 Sad seems the day, and long the sleepless night.
 In vain her maids the downy couch provide,
 She wants the tender partner of her side.

* * * *

But, oh! too soon the want shall be supply'd,
 The Gods too cruelly for that provide;
 Again, the circling hours bring back her lord,
 And Pompey shall be fatally restor'd.

II.

Labienus persuades Cato to inquire of the Oracle concerning the war at the gates of the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

Chance, and the fortune of the way, he said,
Have brought Jove's sacred counsels to our aid:
'This greatest of the Gods, this mighty chief,
In each distress shall be a sure relief;
Shall point the distant dangers from afar,
And teach the future fortunes of the war.
To thee, oh Cato! pious, wise, and just!
Their dark decrees the cautious Gods shall trust;
To thee their fore-determined will shall tell:
Their will has been thy law, and thou hast kept it well.
Fate bids thee now the noble thought improve;
Fate brings thee here, to meet and talk with Jove.
Inquire betimes, what various chance shall come
To impious Cæsar, and thy native Rome;
Try to avert at least thy country's doom.
Ask if these arms our freedom shall restore:
Or else, if laws and right shall be no more?
Be thy great breast with sacred knowledge fraught,
To lead us in the wand'ring maze of thought;
Thou, that to virtue ever wert inclin'd,
Learn what it is, how certainly defin'd,
And leave some perfect rule to guide mankind.

III.

Cato's answer stamps immortality on the senator and poet.

Full of the God who dwelt within his breast,
The hero thus his secret mind express'd,
And in-born truths reveal'd: truths which might well
Become ev'n Oracles themselves to tell.

Where

232 THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA.

Where would thy fond, thy vain enquiry go?
 What mystic fate, what secret wouldst thou know?
 It is a doubt if death should be my doom,
 Rather than live till kings and bondage come,
 Rather than see a tyrant crown'd at Rome?
 Or wouldst thou know if what we value here,
 Life be a trifle hardly worth our care!

* * * * *

From God deriv'd, to God by nature join'd,
 We act the dictates of his mighty mind;
 And though the priests are mute, and temple still,
 God never wants a voice to speak his will.
 When first we from the teeming womb were brought,
 With in-born precepts then our souls were fraught,
 And then the Maker his new creatures taught.
 Then when he form'd, and gave us to be men,
 He gave us all our useful knowledge; *then*
 Canst thou believe the vast eternal mind
 Was e'er to Syts and Lybian sands confin'd?
 That he would choose this waste, this barren ground,
 To teach the thin inhabitants around,
 And leave his truth in wilds and deserts drown'd?
 Is there a place that God would choose to love
 Beyond this earth, the seas, yon heav'n above,
 And virtuous minds the noblest throne for Jove?
 Why seek we farther then? Behold around
 How all thou seest does with God abound;
 Jove is alike in all, and always to be found.
 Let those weak minds, who live in doubt and fear,
 To juggling priests for oracles repair;
 One certain hour of death to each decreed,
 My fix'd, my certain soul from death has freed.
 The coward and the brave are doom'd to fall,
 And when Jove told this truth, he told us all.
 So spoke the hero; and to keep his word,
 Nor Ammon, nor his oracle explor'd;
 But left the croud at freedom to believe,
 And take such answers as the priest should give.

IV.

At the passage of the Rubicon, Lucan represents Rome under the figure of a forlorn matron, who on a sudden appears to Cæsar.

Now Cæsar, marching swift with winged haste,
The summits of the frozen Alps had past;
With vast events and enterprizes fraught,
And future wars revolving in his thought.
Now near the banks of Rubicon he stood;
When lo! as he survey'd the narrow flood,
Amid the dusky horrors of the night,
A wond'rous vision stood confest to sight.
Her awful head Rome's rev'rend image rear'd,
Trembling and sad the matron form appear'd;
A tow'ring crown her hoary temples bound,
And her torn tresses rudely hung around:
Her naked arms uplifted e'er she spoke,
Then groaning, thus the mournful silence broke,
Presumptuous men! oh whether do you run?
Oh! whether bear you these my ensigns on?
If friends to right, if citizens of Rome,
Here to your utmost barrier are you come:
She said; and sunk within the closing shade:
Astonishment and dread the chief invade;
Stiff rose his starting hair, he stood dismay'd,
And on the bank his slack'ning steps were stay'd.

V.

Cæsar passes the Adriatic in a small boat, amid a furious storm.

He spoke, and spread his canvass to the wind,
Unmoor'd his boat, and left the shore behind.
Swift flew the nimble keel; and as they past,
Long trails of light the shooting meteors cast;
Ev'n the fix'd stars above in motion seem,
Shake through the blast, and dart a quiv'ring beam;
Black

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Black horrors on the gloomy ocean brood,
And in long ridges rolls the threat'ning flood;
While loud and murm'ring louder winds arise,
And growl from ev'ry quarter of the skies.

* * * * *

But Cæsar, still superior to distress,
Fearless, and confident of sure success,
Thus to the pilot loud: — the seas despise,
And the vain threat'ning of the noisy skies.
Though Gods deny thee yon Ausonian strand;
Yet go, I charge thee, go at my command.
Thy ignorance alone can cause thy fears,
Thou know'st not what a freight thy vessel bears;
Thou know'st not I am he, to whom 'tis given,
Never to want the care of watchful heav'n.

* * * * *

Let wind and seas, loud wars at freedom wage,
And waste upon themselves their empty rage;
A stronger, mightier demon is thy friend;
Thou, and thy bark, on Cæsar's fate depend.

Thus while in vaunting words the leader spoke,
Full on his bark the thund'ring tempest struck;
Off rips the rending canvass from the mast,
And whirling floats before the driving blast;

* * * * *

Now, rising all at once, and unconfin'd,
From ev'ry quarter roars the rushing wind.

* * * * *

The curling furies loud conflicting meet;
Dash their proud heads, and bellow as they meet;

The

* * * * *

The Tyrrhene billows dash Ægean shores,
And Adria in the mix'd Ionian roars.

* * * * *

So thick the mingling seas and clouds were hung,
Scarce could the struggling light'ning gleam along.
Through Nature's frame the dire convulsion struck,
Heav'n groan'd; the lab'ring poles and axis shook:
Uproar, and chaos old prevail'd again,
And broke the sacred elemental chain.

* * * * *

High as Leucadia's lefs'ning cliffs arise,
On the tall billow's top the vessel flies;
While the pale master, from the surga's brow,
With giddy eyes surveys the deep below.

* * * * *

No more the useless rudder guides the prow,
To meet the rolling swell, or shun the blow.

* * * * *

Now, wond'rous to behold,
High on another wave his bark was roll'd;
Nor sunk again, alternate as before,
But rushing, lodg'd and fix'd upon the shore.
Rome, and his fortune were at once restor'd,
And earth again receiv'd him for her lord.

VI.

Cæsar's harangue to his mutinous army.

High on a turfey bank the chief was rear'd,
 Fearless, and therefore worthy to be fear'd;
 Around the croud he cast an angry look,
 And dreadful, thus with indignation spoke.

Ye noisy herd! who in so fierce a strain
 Against your absent leader dare complain:
 Behold! where naked and unarm'd he stands,
 And braves the malice of your threat'ning hands.
 Here find your end of war, your long-sought rest,
 And leave your useless swords in Cæsar's breast.
 But wherefore urge I the bold deed to you?
 To rail, is all your feeble rage can do.
 In grumbling factions are you bold and loud;
 Can sow sedition and increase a croud;
 You, who can loath the glories of the great,
 And poorly meditate a base retreat.
 But, hence, begone, from victory and me,
 Leave me to what my better fates decree:
 New friends, new troops, my fortune shall afford,
 And find a hand for every vacant sword.

* * * *

Legions shall come to end the bloodless war,
 And, shouting, follow my triumphal car.
 While you, a vulgar, mean, abandon'd race,
 Shall view our honours with a downcast face,
 And curse yourselves in secret as we pass.

By

By my auspicious name, and fortune, led,
Wide o'er the world your conqu'ring arms were
spread,
But say, what had ye done, with Pompey at your
head?

———— Nor is it worth my care,
Whether to Pompey's aid your arms you bear;
Who quits his leader, wheresoe'er he go,
Flies like a traitor, and becomes my foe.

For you, ye vulgar herd, in peace return,
My ensigns shall by manly hands be borne;
Some few of you, my sentence here shall wait,
And warn succeeding factions by your fate.

VII.

*Pompey's harangue to his soldiers before the battle of
Pharsalia.*

Ye warriors! who have made your Cæsar great,
On whom the world, on whom my fortune waits,
To day the Gods, whate'er you wish, afford,
And fate attends on the deciding sword.
By your firm aid alone, your leader stands,
And trusts his all to your long-faithful hands;
This day shall make our promis'd glories good,
The hopes of Rubicon's distinguish'd flood.
For this blest morn we trusted long to fate,
Deferr'd our fame, and bade the triumph wait;
This day, my gallant friends, this happy day,
Shall the long labours of your arms repay;
Shall give you back to every joy of life,
To the lov'd offspring, and the tender wife;

Shall

Shall find my vet'ran out a safe retreat,
 And lodge his age within a peaceful seat;
 The long dispute of guilt shall now be clear'd,
 And conquest shall the justest cause reward.
 Have you for me, with sword and fire, laid waste
 Your country's bleeding bosom as you pass?
 Let the same swords as boldly strike to-day,
 And the last wounds shall wipe the first away.
 Yours is the cause to which my vows are join'd,
 I seek to make you free, and masters of mankind.

* * * *

At my expence of fame, exalt your powers,
 Let me be nothing, so the world be yours.

* * * *

On then, my friends, and end it at a blow;
 Lay these soft, lazy, worthless notions low.
 Shew Pompey, that subdu'd 'em, with what ease
 Your valour gains such victories as these.

* * * *

Now, now I view auspicious furies rise,
 And rage redoubled flashes in your eyes.
 With joy these omens of success I read,
 And see the certain victory decreed.
 I see the purple deluge float the plain,
 Huge piles of carnage, nations of the slain;
 Dead chiefs, with mangled monarchs I survey,
 And the pale senate crowns the glorious day.

* * * *

Scarce had he spoke, when sudden at the word,
 They seize the lance, and draw the shining sword.

* * * *

Regardless all of order, and array
 They stand, and trust to fate alone the day.

VIII.

This last citation displays in a wonderful and majestic manner, the universal CONFLAGRATION, and that last CATASTROPHE of the world.

One last appointed flame, by fate's decree,
Shall waste yon azure heav'ns, this earth, and sea;
Shall knead the dead up in one mingled mass,
Where stars and they shall undistinguish'd pass.

* * * *

Death is beyond thy Goddess Fortune's pow'r,
And parent earth receives whate'er she bore.

O fatal Thessaly! on land abhorr'd!
How have thy fields the wrath of heav'n incurr'd;
That thus the Gods to thee destruction doom,
And load thee with the curse of falling Rome!

* * * *

What rolling years, what ages can repay
The multitudes thy wars have swept away!
Tho' tombs and urns their num'rous store should
spread,
And long antiquity yield all her dead;
Thy guilty plains more slaughter'd Romans hold,
Than all these tombs, and all those urns infold.

XXIX. JUVENAL.

XXIX. JUVENAL.

JUVENAL, élevé dans les cris de l'école,
 Pousser jusqu'à l'excès sa mordante hiperbole.
 Ses ouvrages, tous pleins d'affreuses vérités,
 Etincellent pourtant de sublimes beautés;
 Soit que sur un écrit arrivé de Caprée,
 Il brise de *Séjan* la statue adorée;
 Soit qu'il fasse au conseil courir les sénateurs,
 D'un tyran soupçonneux pâles adulateurs. . . .
Ses écrits plain de jeu par-tout brillent aux yeux.

BOILEAU.

THIS illustrious Satirist was born about the beginning of Nero's reign; and some have intimated that he was of a mean extraction: but his having three names, Decimus Junius Juvenalis, is a proof of his being descended from a respectable family, as none but persons of rank were permitted to bear this mark of distinction.

Our poet passed the early period of his life in the study of polite literature, and in frequenting the schools of the most celebrated rhetoricians; and under the auspices of Quintilian and Fronto, he became a very great orator.

A competent idea of his talents may be formed from his satires, or rather beautiful harangues, against false grandeur, superstition, silly vows, and the

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the prejudices of mankind. In that admired work, he strikes us with the originality and greatness of his thoughts, clothed in a style happily adapted to the subject, which displays a wonderful strength and sublimity of language. Unfortunately for our poet, he appeared at a period when the source of noble and elevated ideas was in a great measure dried up; genius was become a dangerous acquisition, and the reign of Roman virtue in a manner annihilated. Tiberius, Caligula, Claudian, and Nero precipitated the fall of poetry, and consigned it to the tombs of Virgil, Horace, and Ovid.

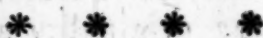
BEAUTIFUL PASSAGES,

From Mr. DRYDEN's Translation.

I.

The tenth satire is an admirable production.— The design of which is to represent the folly of our wishes, desires, and pursuits. Our poet has there displayed abundance of noble and sublime sentiments, adorned with all the flowers of eloquence.

Receive my counsel, and securely move;
Intrust thy fortune to the pow'rs above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.
In goodness as in greatness they excel;
Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!



*The path to peace is virtue: what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow:
Fortune was never worship'd by the wise;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.*

II.

The incertitude of human grandeur.

Some ask for envy'd pow'r; which public hate
Pursues; and hurries headlong to their fate.
Down go the titles; and the statue crown'd,
Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.

III.

*In this satire the poet paints the insatiable desires of
men, and exemplifies the danger of ambition in the
persons of Hannibal and Alexander.*

Great HANNIBAL within the balance lay;
Now tell how many pounds his ashes weigh?
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with th' Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won; the Pyrenæans past
And steepy Alps, the mounds that nature cast;
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A passage through the living rocks he rent.
Then like a torrent rolling from on high,
He pours his head-long rage on Italy;
In three victorious battles over-run,
Yet still unwearied, cries, there's nothing done:

'Till

'Till level with the ground, their gates are laid,
And Punic flags on Roman tow'rs display'd.

* * * *

Now what's his end, O charming Glory! say
What rare gift art thou to crown this TRAGIC play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is banish'd from his native home.

ALEXANDER.

One world suffic'd not Alexander's mind;
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confin'd;
And struggling stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
Yet enter'd into Babylon, he try'd
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide:
Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul how small a body holds!

IV.

The caprice of Fortune.

That MARIUS was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage begg'd his bread,
All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young!
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman streets, — descending from his state,
In that blest hour he should have begg'd his fate:
Then, then he might have dy'd of all admir'd,
And his triumphant soul in shouts expir'd.

V.

The portrait of Crispinus, who from a state of slavery was rais'd by Domitian to the first honours of Rome.

Once more Crispinus call'd upon the stage,
(Nor shall once more suffice) provokes my rage.
A monster, to whom ev'ry vice lays claim,
Without one virtue to redeem his fame.

* * * *

The incestuous brute, who the veil'd vestal maid
But lately to his impious bed betray'd ;
Who for her crime, if laws their course might have,
Ought to descend alive into the grave.

* * * *

For what good men ignoble count and base,
Is virtue here, and does Crispinus grace :
In this he's safe, whate'er we write of him,
The person is more odious than the crime.
And so all satire's lost. The lavish slave
Six thousand pieces for a barbel gave.

VI.

In the following verses, Juvenal shews in what consists true nobility.

Long galleries of ancestors, and all
Those follies which ill grace a country-hall,
Challenge no wonder or esteem from me ;
Virtue alone is true nobility.
Live therefore well : to men and gods appear
Such as good Paulus, Cossus, Drusus were ;
And in thy consular, triumphal show,
Let these before thy father's statues go ;

Place

Place them before the ensigns of the state,
 As chusing rather to be good than great.
 Convince the world that you're devout and true,
 Be just in all you say, and all you do;
 Whatever be your birth, you're sure to be
 A peer of the first magnitude to me.

* * * *

But who will call these *noble*, who deface
 By *meanest* acts, the glories of their race;
 Whose only title to our father's fame
 Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
 A dwarf as well may for a giant pass;
 A negro for a swan; a crook-back'd lass
 Be call'd Europa; and a cur may bear
 The name of Tiger, Lion, or whate'er
 Denotes the noblest or the fiercest beast:
 Be therefore careful, lest the world in jest
 Should thee just so with the mock-titles greet,
 Of Camerinus, or of conquer'd Crete.
 To whom is this advice and censure due?
 Rubellius, Plancus, 'tis apply'd to you.

XXX. MARTIAL.

Sum, fateor, sempérque fui, Callistrate, pauper,
Sed non obscurus, nec malè notus eques.
Sed toto legor orbe frequens, et dicitur, hic est:
Quòdque cinis paucis, hoc mihi vita dedit.

MARTIAL.

I am, I own, and ever have been poor,
But yet a gentleman, and not obscure.
Spread thro' the world my writings and my name;
Few in the grave have reach'd my living fame.

H A Y.

BIBILIS, in Spain, gave birth to this celebrated epigrammatist; and when he had obtained the age of major, he was sent to Rome, with a view of being qualified for the bar; but the little relish he had for this profession, soon induced him to follow his natural *penchant* in paying his court to the muses. His verses brought him acquainted with Silius Italicus, Stella, Pliny junior, and the greatest men then living. His reputation was such that a Roman of the first nobility erected during his life time, a statue to the honour of our poet.

Martial lived thirty-five years in the capital of the world, under the emperors Galba, Otho, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, Nerva, and Trajan. He received some favours from several of those Princes, but

but they all fell short of making him independent. 'Tis supposed that he returned into Spain soon after the elevation of Trajan, upon seeing himself neglected by that emperor. Our poet, however, regretted, for the remainder of his days, his having quitted the seat of the muses, and every elegance of life. He died about five or six years after. . . . Pliny was extremely affected upon the loss of his friend, as we may find by the following letter :

“ I have just received an account of the death of poor Martiál, which much concerns me. He was a man of an acute and lively genius, and his writings abound with an agreeable spirit of wit and satire, conducted at the same time by great candour and good-nature.

* * * *

“ You will be desirous, perhaps, to see the verses which merited an acknowledgement from me ; and I believe I can, from my memory, partly satisfy your curiosity, without referring you to his works : but if you are pleased with this specimen of them, you must turn to his poems for the rest. He addresses himself to his muse, whom he directs to go to my house upon the Esquilar; but to approach me with respect :

Go, wanton muse, but go with care,
Nor meet, ill-tim'd, my Pliny's ear ;
He, by sage Minerva taught,
Gives the day to studious thought;
And plans that eloquence divine,
Which shall to future ages shine,
And rival, wond'rous Tully ! thine.

M 4

} Then

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Then, cautious, watch the vacant hour,
When Bacchus reigns in all his power;
When crown'd with rosy chaplets gay,
E'en rigid Catos read my lay.

“ Do you not think that the poet who wrote in such terms, deserved some friendly marks of my bounty *then*, and that he merits my sorrow *now*? For he gave me the most he could, and it was want of power only, if his present were not more valuable. But to say truth, what higher can be conferred on man, than honour, and applause, and immortality? — And tho' it should be granted, that his poems will not be immortal, still, no doubt, he composed them upon the contrary supposition. . . . Farewel!”

MELMOTH.

BEAUTIES from MARTIAL'S EPIGRAMS.

I.

Ep. 62. B. I. Imitated by Mr. HAY.

Verona docti syllabas amat vatis, &c.

While Milton's read, or silver Thames shall run,
Will great Augusta boast her greater son.
Avon shall flow, as proud of Shakespeare's name,
Alike in genius, and the next in fame.
Waller polite, from Hertford's bounds removes,
To court the fair in Penhurst's ravish'd groves.
The lofty Denham, from Hibernia's shore,
Makes Cooper's Hill what Pindus was before.
Hear Cowley's infant cries! the town he hates:
Bear him, ye swans, to Chertsey's green retreats.
But let her Prior in the town remain,
With well-wrought tales his town to entertain.

The

(1) N
shire;

THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. 249

The Coritani (1) deck their Dryden's bays;
Th' accomplish'd Addison his Belgæ (2) praise.
Pope's Windsor dryads listen to his verse;
And at his grot the naiads slack their course.
Cornavian (3) cliques the merry Butler bore;
And tender Otway grac'd my native shore. (4)

II.

The lawyer kept to his point.

Non de vi, neque cæde, nec veneno,
Sed lis est mihi de tribus capellis,
Vinci queror has abesse furto:
Hoc iudex sibi postulat probari.
Tū Cannas, Mithridaticumque bellum,
Et perjuria Punici furoris,
Et Syllas, Mariusque, mutiosque
Magnâ voce sonas, manûque totâ.
Jam dic, Postume, de tribus capellis.

My cause concerns not battery, nor treason:
I sue my neighbour for this only reason,
That late three sheep of mine to pound he drove;
This is the point the court would have you prove.
Concerning Magna Charta you run on;
And all the perjuries of old King John:
Then of the Edwards and Black Prince you rant;
And talk of John o'Stiles, and John o'Gaunt:
With voice and hand a mighty pother keep.
—Now, pray, dear Sir, one word about the sheep.

This epigram is happily imitated by Mons.
Lamonnoye.

Pour

(1) Northamptonshire. (2) Wiltshire. (3) Worcester-
shire; (4) Sussex.

Pour trois moutons qu'on m'avoit pris,
 J'avois un procès au Bailliage.
 Gu, le phénix des beaux esprits,
 Plaidoit ma cause, et faisoit rage.
 Quand il eut dit un mot du fait,
 Pour exagérer la forfait,
 Il cita la fable et l'histoire,
 Les *Aristotes*, les *Platons*.
 Gu, laissez-là tout ce grimoire,
 Et retournez à vos moutons.

III.

Nubere vis Prisco, non miror Paulla: sapisti.
 Ducere te non vult Priscus: et ille sapit.

That you would wed Sir John, is very wise;
 That he don't care to wed, is no surprise.

From M A R O T.

Catin veut épouser Martin,
 C'est fait en très-fine femelle;
 Martin ne veut point de Catine,
 Je le trouve *plus fin* comme elle.

IV.

Epig. 56. B. I. Imitated by COWLEY.

Vota cui breviter si vis cognoscere Marci, &c.

Well then, Sir, you shall know how far extend
 The prayers and hopes of your poetic friend:
 He does not palaces nor manors crave,
 Would be no lord, yet less a lord would have.
 The ground he holds, if he his own can call,
 He quarrels not with heav'n because 'tis small.

Let

THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. 231

Let gay and toilsome greatness others please,
 He loves of homely littleness the ease.
 Can any man in gilded rooms attend,
 And his dear hours in humble visits spend?
 When in the fresh and beauteous fields he may
 With various healthful pleasures fill the day?
 If there's a man (ye Gods) I ought to hate,
 Attendance and dependance be his fate.
 Still let him busy be, and in a crowd,
 And very much a slave, and very proud:
 Thus he, perhaps, powerful and rich may grow,
 No matter, O ye Gods! that I'll allow;
 But let him peace and freedom never see;
 Let him not love his life, who loves not me.

PÆTUS having joined Scribonianus, who was in arms in Illyria against Claudius, was taken after the death of the latter, and condemned to die. ARRIA, (his wife) having in vain solicited his life, persuades him to destroy himself, rather than suffer the ignominy of falling by the hands of the executioner; and in order to encourage him to this act, she plunged the dagger into her own bosom; then drawing it out, she presented the fatal instrument to her husband, with this ever-memorable expression, *Pætus, it is not painful.*

Martial has celebrated this heroic action in the following famous epigram:

Casto suo gladium cum traderet Arria Pæto,
 Quem de visceribus traxerat ipsa suis;
 Si qua fides, vulnus quod feci non dolet, inquit,
 Sed quod tu facies, hoc mihi, Pæte, dolet.

L. I. 14.

When

When from her breast chaste Arria snatch'd the sword,
 And gave the deathful weapon to her lord,
 My wound, she said, believe me, does not smart;
 'Tis thine alone, my Pætus, pains my heart.

In the villa Ludovisa, at Rome, there is a fine statue representing this action; Pætus is stabbing himself with one hand, and holds up the dying Arria with the other.

XXXI. S T A T I U S.

A sacred fury fires
 My ravish'd breast, and all the Muse inspires.

STATIUS.

THE father of Statius was the relict of an ancient and respectable family, and acquired great reputation for his poetry and eloquence. At Naples he triumphed over his competitors for fame, and was made free of that city as a compliment to his distinguished merit. He was soon after invited to the capital, where he had for his disciples the sons of several senators, and the first among the Roman nobility. Domitian honoured him with his presence; and when he succeeded Titus, he gave him a crown of gold for the prizes he had obtained by the unanimous suffrages of his judges. His poems were unfortunately lost to posterity; the subjects were the burning of the Capitol, and the destruc-

destruction of Herculaneum, which was caused by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. He died at the age of sixty-five, leaving his son in possession of his virtues and his talents for poesy.

Our poet having exercised his muse upon a variety of subjects with great success, he undertook his THEBAIS, which cost him twelve years close application.* Juvenal mentions the extraordinary concourse of people who had assembled to hear him recite this poem, which was received with incredible applause. Our poet had many illustrious friends, who esteemed his virtues and talents. His private character bespoke the man of feeling, honour and probity; he was besides a good soldier, a disinterested friend, and an agreeable companion. The rule of his whole life was, in the practice of his maxim, that *to be happy one's self is wisdom; to make others so, is virtue.*

Mr. Pope has thus translated the prayer of Œdipus to the infernal deities, which has been an admired passage by all readers of taste and sensibility.

Ye Gods! that o'er the gloomy regions reign,
Where guilty spirits feel eternal pain;
Thou, sable Styx, whose livid streams are roll'd
Thro' dreary coasts, which I, tho' blind, behold:
Tisiphone, that oft hast heard my prayer,
Assist, if Oedipus deserves thy care!

If

* O mihi his senos multum vigilata per annos
Thebai.

If you received me from Jocasta's womb, †
 And nurs'd the hope of mischiefs yet to come;
 If leaving Polybus, I took my way
 To Cyrrhe's temple on that fatal day,
 When by the son the trembling father dy'd,
 Where the three roads the Phocian fields divide;
 If I the Sphynx's riddle durst explain,
 Taught by myself to win the promis'd reign;
 If wretched I, by baleful furies led,
 With monstrous mixture stain'd my mother's bed,
 For hell and thee begot an impious brood,
 And with fell lust those horrid joys renew'd;
 Then self-condemn'd, to shades of endless night,
 Forc'd from these orbs the bleeding balls of sight;
 O hear, and aid the vengeance I require,
 If worthy thee, and what thou might'st inspire!
 My sons their old unhappy sire despise,
 Spoil'd of his kingdom, and depriv'd of eyes;
 Guideless I wander, unregarded mourn,
 While these exalt their sceptres o'er my urn;
 These sons, ye Gods, who with flagitious pride,
 Insult my darkness, and my groans deride.
 Art thou a father, unregarding Jove!
 And sleeps thy thunder in the realms above?
 Thou fury, then, some lasting curse entail,
 Which o'er their children's children shall prevail:
 Place on their heads that crown distain'd with gore,
 Which these dire hands from my slain father tore:
 Go, and a parent's heavy curses bear;
 Break all the bonds of nature, and prepare
 Their kindred souls to mutual hate and war.
 Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,
 Blind as I am, some glorious villainy!
 Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their hands,
 Their ready guilt preventing thy commands;

} Couldst

† Oedipus king of Thebes, having by mistake slain his father Laius, and married his mother Jocasta, put out his own eyes, and resigned the realm to his sons; but being neglected by them, he here makes his prayer to the fury Tisiphone to sow dissention between them.

Couldst thou some great proportion'd mischief frame,
They'd prove the father from whose loins they came.

The two brothers agree to reign singly, each a
year by turns, and the first lot is obtained by
Eteocles.

But fortune now (the lot of empire thrown)
Decrees to proud Eteocles the crown;
What joys, oh tyrant, swell'd thy soul that day,
When all were slaves thou could around survey!
Pleas'd to behold unbounded pow'r thy own,
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd throne!

But the vile vulgar, ever discontent,
Their growing fears in secret murmurs vent;
Still prone to change, tho' still the slaves of state,
And sure the monarch whom they have, to hate;
New lords they madly make, then tamely bear,
And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear.
And one of those who groan beneath the sway
Of king's impos'd, and grudgingly obey,
(Whom envy to the great, and vulgar spight
With scandal arm'd, the ignoble mind's delight)
Exclaim'd — O Thebes! for thee what fates remain,
What woes attend this inauspicious reign?
Must we, alas! our doubtful necks prepare,
Each haughty master's yoke by turns to bear,
And still to change, whom chang'd we still must fear?
These now controul a wretched people's fate,
These can divide, and these reverse the state:
Even fortune rules no more: — O servile land,
Where exil'd tyrants still by turns command!
Thou sire of gods and men, imperial Jove!
Is this th' eternal doom decreed above?
On thy own offspring hast thou fix'd this fate,
From the first birth of our unhappy state;
When banish'd Cadmus, wand'ring o'er the main,
For lost Europa search'd the world in vain,
And fated in Boeotian fields to found
A rising empire on a foreign ground,

First

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First rais'd our walls on that ill omen'd plain,
 Where earth-born brothers were by brothers slain?
 What lofty looks th' unrival'd monarch bears!
 How all the tyrant in his face appears!
 What sullen fury clouds his scornful brow!
 Gods, how his eyes with threat'ning ardour glow!
 Can this imperious lord forget to reign,
 Quit all his state, descend, and serve again?
 Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd,
 Who more propitious to the suppliant crowd?
 Patient of right, familiar in the throne!
 What wonder then? he was not then alone.
 O wretched we, a vile submissive train,
 Fortune's tame fools, and slaves in ev'ry reign.

As when two winds with rival force contend,
 This way and that, the wav'ring sails they bend,
 While freezing Boreas, and black Eurus blow,
 Now here, now there, the reeling vessel throw:
 Thus, on each side, alas! our tott'ring state,
 Feels all the fury of resistless fate;
 And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,
 While that prince threatens, and while this commands.

XXXI. SULPITIAS

XXXII. S U L P I T I A.

NO country has been so fertile as Greece in women who have done honour to their sex by the sublimity of their genius, the strength of their mental powers, their shining virtues, and great accomplishments. This beautiful climate gave birth to the nine lyric Muses, who are already mentioned in my sketches of Grecian biography. Sulpitia has, in like manner, immortalised her name among the Roman ladies, for her eminent virtues and uncommon talents; and was the first among her fair countrywomen who disputed the palm of poetry in the Greek language. She also wrote a satire against Domitian who banished all the philosophers and artists from Rome. Her copy of verses upon conjugal love, addressed to her husband, was greatly admired; but history is silent concerning other circumstances of her life and writings.

XXXIII. MARULUS.

XXXIII. MARULUS.

Et vengeance la vertu par des traits éclatans,
Alloit ôter le marque aux vices de son tems.

THIS poet flourished in the reign of Marcus Antoninus. He was called the Roman Aristophanes, as he lashed with great temerity the first personages in Rome; among whom he named, in the open theatre, the favourite of the Empress Faustina.

Antiquity has handed him down as an elegant and energetic writer; and Servius the grammarian quotes him frequently.

XXXIV. CALPURNIUS.

XXXIV. CALPURNIUS.

Délicat et naïf, il plait sans ornement,
Adroit à cacher l'art, élégant et facile :
On croit entendre encore Théocrite ou Virgile.

ALL that we know concerning the life of Calpurnius may be reduced to a few words. He was a Sicilian by birth, and seven of his eclogues are still extant, which have their admirers, even when they are compared with those of his great master, the prince of Roman poets. The plan of his first eclogue resembles the fourth eclogue of Virgil : our poet introduces two shepherds, who retire from the extreme heat of the sun into a cave, where they find the prediction of Happiness written by the hand of the god Faunus, which is thus translated into French.

“ Je suis le Dieu FAUNE, qui dois au ciel ma naissance, et protège les montagnes et les forêts. Voici les événemens que j'annonce aux humains ; et je prends plaisir à graver sur ce hêtre, qui m'est consacré, des oracles garants de leur bonheur. O vous, habitans des bois, vous mon peuple, livrez-vous aux transports de la plus vive joie ! Quand même le berger laisseroit sans défiance errer ses troupeaux dans les campagnes, et négligeroit de fermer pendant la nuit leur asyle, il n'aura point à craindre

craindre les artifices d'un injuste ravisseur. L'âge d'or et la paix vont naître sur la terre, et THEMIS reparoîtra bientôt plus brillante que jamais. Le monde devra cet heureux changement à un jeune prince, qui fit de l'art de la parole l'amusement de son enfance, lorsque, comme un dieu tutélaire, il gouverna lui-même les peuples. L'affreuse BEL-LONE, les mains liées derrière le dos, dépouillée de ses armes, déchirera son propre sein, et tournera contre elle-même le flambeau de la guerre, dont elle vient d'embraser le monde entier. De nouvelles batailles de Philippe n'arracheront plus de larmes à Rome, et l'on ne verra plus cette capitale du monde triompher d'une partie de ces citoyens captifs. Toutes les guerres seront précipitées dans les noirs cachots du Tartare, et craindront la lumière du jour. La paix montrera son visage riant; non cette fausse paix, qui, ne laissant à soutenir aux Romains aucune guerre étrangère, souffroit que la discorde répandît parmi eux son funeste poison. Une véritable paix sera disparoître celle qui n'en avoit que la trompeuse apparence; et la clémence désarmera les peuples transporté d'une aveugle fureur. Le sénat ne verra point de prisons remplies de ses plus illustres membres; et ce malheureux corps, chargé de chaînes, ne sera plus destiné à épuiser la force des bourreaux. Une profonde tranquillité effacera l'idée de la guerre, et rappellera les régnés des Saturne et de Numa. Ce fut Numa qui le premier apprit aux Romains, accoutumés, sous Romulus, au sang et au carnage, à goûter les douceurs de la paix, et qui fit retentir dans les paisibles sacrifices, et non dans les champs de Mars, le bruit éclatant des trompettes. Un consul ne mettra plus l'encre à chimériques honneurs, et dédaignera les

faif-

faisceaux stériles, et un vain tribunal. Un dieu propice rendra au barreau son ancienne splendeur, aux lois leur force, et à l'univers sa félicité. Peuples, qui habitez toutes les parties de la terre, faites éclater les transports de votre joie. Cette comète est un gage de votre bonheur. Voici la vingtième nuit qu'à la faveur d'un ciel serein, elle jette une vif éclat ; elle n'est point semblable à celles qui, parcourant l'un et l'autre pôle, lancent des rayons de feu et de sang, telle que la comète qui, après la mort de César, annonça aux Romains une affreuse guerre civile. Celle-ci répand une lumière douce et brillante, et ne présage aucun désastre, lorsqu'un jeune Dieu enfin se chargera du poids immense de l'empire. Il le soutiendra avec dant de force, que le monde changera de maître, sans en être ébranlé : et Rome apprendra que les Dieux,* qui veilloient auparavant sur elle, ne seront plus que par le nouvel astre† qui commencera à s'élever."

DECIUS

* Carus, pere de Numérien.

† Numérien.

D. MAGNUS AUSONIUS.

THIS author was born at Bourdeaux, about the beginning of the fourth century. He had the good fortune of being appointed governor to the sons of the Emperor Valentinian. Ausonius continued with the young princes after they had finished their studies; he even accompanied them in some of their military expeditions, where amid the horrors and confusion of a camp, he composed several works which are still extant. The Emperor rewarded his labours, by conferring on him the highest dignities; and upon the elevation of his pupil to the throne, both he and his family were loaded with riches and honours. This fortunate poet possessed an extensive literature, and was thoroughly versed in the Greek and Latin authors. In his *Parentalia*, he deploras the loss of his wife, which in the language of Abbé Jembert is thus expressed :

J'ai chanté jusqu'à présent sur un air triste, et envers respectueux mes parens, aux funérailles desquels j'ai versé des larmes; mais, ô douleur ! ô affliction ! ô malheur inevitable ! je dois rappeler aujourd'hui à ma mémoire l'épouse que la mort m'a enlevée. Sa maison étoit fécond en sénateurs; elle

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elle étoit illustre par les ancêtres dont elle sortoit ; mais ma chere SABINE l'étoit encore plus par la bonté de ses mœurs. Déçu par la mort, j'ai été obligé, à la fleur de mon âge, de gémir sur votre perte, dès les premières années de notre mariage : et il y a déjà trente-six ans que durent les pleurs que je répands dans ma viduité. Je ne puis point apaiser ma douleur par la longueur du tems, parce que des nouvelles peines l'irritent tous les jours. Les autres reçoivent du soulagement de leurs malheurs passés : le tems au contraire, le plus long, rend ma plaie plus vive et plus profonde. Je fais honte aux vieillards, surpris de me voir garder le célibat. Plus je me trouve seul dans ce goût, et plus grande est ma tristesse. Ce que entretient ma douleur, c'est que ma maison est dans un profond silence, et que je ne puis faire part à personne de ma prospérité, ou de mes malheurs. Je m'afflige de voir à un autre une épouse honnête, et ne ressent pas moins de peine de lui en voir une mauvaise. Vous m'êtes toujours présent : l'une et l'autre de ces deux femmes font que vous augmentez mes douleurs, soit que je vous compare à la mauvaise, à laquelle vous n'avez jamais ressemblé, ou que je vous mette en parallèle avec la bonne, dont vous étiez le modèle. Je ne regrette point l'inutilité de mes richesses ; je ne me plains pas de ne pas jouir d'une volupté frivole, mais je gémis de ce qu'à la fleur de mon âge, la mort m'a enlevé une épouse jeune, agréable, chaste, majestueuse, d'une haute naissance, parfaitement belle, et qui cause aujourd'hui la douleur, comme autrefois elle faisoit la gloire d'AUSONE son époux.

Among

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Among his Epigrams, which are good, bad, and indifferent, I have selected the two following.

Infelix Dido nulli bene nupto marito,
Hoc pereunte fugis, hoc fugiente peris.

Hélas ! que tes époux te causent des malheurs,
Didon ! l'un meurt, tu fuis ; l'autre suit, et tu meurs.

M U S Æ.

CLIO gesta canens, transactis tempora reddit.
MELPOMENE tragico proclamat mæstra boatu.
Comica lascivo gaudet sermone THALIA.
Dulciloquos calamos EUTERPE flatibus urget.
TERPSICHORE affectus citharis, movet, imperat,
urget.
Plectra gerens ERATO, saltat pede, carmine vultu.
Carmina CALLIOPE libris heroica mandat.
URANIE cœli motos scrutatur et astra.
Signat cuncta manu, loquitur POLYHYMNIA gestu.
Mentis APOLLINÆE vis has movet undique Musas.
In medio residens complectitur omnia PHOEBUS.

Les M U S E S.

Dans son rapide essor, URANIE à nos yeux,
Dévoile la nature et les secrets des Dieux.

Des empires divers, CLIO chante la gloire
Des rois, des conquérans assure la mémoire.

CALLIOPE, accordant la lyre avec la voix,
Eternise en ces vers d'héroïques exploits.

D'un spectacle agréable, employant l'artifice,
THALIE, en badinant, fait démasquer le vice.

MELPOMENE, avec pompe, étalant ses douleurs
Nous charme en nous forçant de répandre des pleurs.

ERATO des amours célèbres les conquêtes,
Se couronne de myrthe, et préside à leurs fêtes.

EUTERPE a de la flûte animé les doux sons :
Aux plaisirs innocens consacre ses chansons.

POLYMNIE a du geste enseigné la langage,
Et l'art d'exprimer des yeux et du visage.

TERPSICHORE excitée au bruit des instrumens,
Joint à des pas légers des justes mouvemens.

De l'esprit d'APOLLON une vive étincelle,
Des filles de mémoire animé les concerts :

Et chef de leur troupe immortelle,
Il rassemble en lui seul tous les talens divers.

XXXVIII. CLAUDIAN.

THE age of Claudian may be considered as the crepuscula of the Roman poetry; for when Theodosius the Great breathed his last, every thing became the prey of barbarians. We know nothing concerning his birth and education, than that he was of Alexandria, that he possessed in an eminent degree the Grecian literature, and composed several pieces of poetry in that language.

Our poet ingratiated himself so far into the good graces of the Emperor's minister and favourite, that through his interest and protection, he made a most brilliant figure in the city of Rome.

The Senate decreed him a statue; and under the inscription was a Greek epigram to the following purport:

*Here Rome and her Senators have consecrated
Virgil's sense and Homer's muse, which
are re-united in the person of
CLAUDIAN.*

THE

THE
PORTUGUESE POET.

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

Et hor quella del colto, e buon' Luigi,
Tant' oltre stende il glorioso volo,
Che i tuoi spalmati legni andar men lunge,
Ond'a quelli, a cui s'alza il nostro polo,
Et a chi ferma in contra i suoi vestigi,
Per lui del corso tuo la fama aggiunge.

TASSO.

Great as Thou art, and peerless in renown,
Yet thou to Camoens ow'st thy noblest fame;
Farther than thou didst sail, his deathless song
Shall bear the dazzling splendour of thy name;
And under many a sky thy actions crown,
While time and fame together glide along.

OUR Portuguese poet was descended from a family of some consideration, originally Spanish; and like the Grecian bard, several cities claimed the honour of his birth; but Correa, his intimate friend, says he was born at Lisbon, in the year 1517.

N 2
• Vasco.

The

The young Camöens having finished his studies in the university of Coimbra, he appeared at the court of Lisbon, where he was soon noticed as a polished scholar, and an accomplished gentleman; unhappily the Lusian bard's personal attractions, and spirit of gallantry, brought him into disgrace with his sovereign; after which he retired to his mother's, at Santarene, where he began his poem on the discovery of India. Tired with this situation, he obtained leave to embark with the armament fitting out for the relief of Ceuta, in Africa, where he lost one of his eyes in the action of boarding a Moorish vessel. On his return to Portugal, he solicited an establishment as a reward for his military bravery and good conduct; but he found his enemies so numerous and powerful, that he thought it prudent to quit the kingdom as fast as possible. He embarked in the year 1553 for Goa, where his talents and address soon procured him many friends; but his natural bent to satire created him as many enemies. At Meca, on the coast of China, he acquired a competent fortune, and on his return to Goa, he was shipwrecked, and all his effects perished, except his poems, which he held in one hand, and with the other swam to shore.

After an absence of sixteen years, our poet revisited his native soil, and in 1572 he printed his *Lusiad*, which was read with transports of admiration, and immediately translated into various languages; while his indigence was such, that his black servant, who had grown old in his service, begged in the streets of Lisbon for the support of his unfortunate master. Under the inglorious reign of
King

King Henry, the immortal Camöens was utterly neglected, and died in extreme distress and poverty in the sixty-second year of his age.

His episode of the unhappy and beautiful Inez, (who had been secretly married to Don Pedro, the King's eldest son, and afterwards brutally murdered by three of the King's counsellors) may be adduced as a fine instance of our poet's genius and feelings.

When now, O King, a damsel's fate severe,
A fate which ever claims the woeful tear,
Disgrac'd his honours — On the nymph's torn head
Relentless rage its bitterest rancour shed:
Yet such the zeal her princely lover bore,
Her breathless corpse the crown of Lisbon wore.
'Twas thou, O love, whose dreaded shafts controul
The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul;
Thou ruthless pow'r, with bloodshed never cloy'd,
'Twas thou thy lovely votary destroy'd.
Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;
The breast that feels thy purest flames divine,
With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.
Such thy dire triumphs! — Thou, O nymph, the
while,

Prophetic of the god's unpitied guile,
In tender scenes by love-sick fancy wrought,
By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought,
In sweet Mondego's ever-verdant bow'rs,
Languish'd away the slow and lonely hours:
While now, as terror wak'd thy boding fears,
The conscious stream receiv'd thy pearly tears;
And now as hope reviv'd the brighter flame,
Each echo sigh'd thy princely lover's name.
Nor less could absence from the Prince remove,
The dear remembrance of his distant love:
Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting soul endearing flow:

By night, his slumbers bring thee to his arms,
 By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms;
 By night, by day, each thought thy love's employ,
 Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.
 Tho' fairest princely dames invok'd his love,
 No princely dame his constant faith could move;
 For thee alone his constant passion burn'd
 For thee the proffer'd royal maids he scorn'd.
 Ah, hope of bliss too high — the princely dames
 Refus'd, dread rage the father's breast inflames;
 He, with an old man's wintry eye, surveys
 The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs
 The people's murmurs at his son's delay
 To bless the nation with his nuptial day.
 (Alas! the nuptial day was past unknown,
 Which but when crown'd the Prince could dare
 to own.)

And with the fair one's blood the vengeful fire
 Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.
 O! thou dread sword, oft stain'd with heroe's gore,
 Thou awful terror of the prostrate Moor,
 What rage could aim thee at a female breast,
 Unarm'd, by softness and by love possess'd!

Dragg'd from the bow'r by murd'rous ruffian
 hands,

Before the frowning King fair Inez stands;
 Her tears of artless innocence, her air
 So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,
 Mov'd the stern monarch; when with eager zeal
 Her fierce destroyers urg'd the public weal;
 Dread rage again the tyrant's soul possess'd,
 And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confess'd:
 O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread,
 Her throbbing heart with gen'rous anguish bled,
 Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes,
 And all the mother in her bosom rose.
 Her beautiful eyes in trembling tear-drops drown'd,
 To heav'n she lifted, but her hands were bound;
 Then on her infants turn'd the piteous glance,
 The look of bleeding woe; the babes advance,

Smiling

THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. 271

Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unaw'd, unconscious of their grandfire's rage;
To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,
The native heart-sprung eloquence of woe,
The lovely captive thus: — O monarch, hear,
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,
If prowling tygers, or the wolf's wild brood,
Inspir'd by nature with the lust of blood,
Have yet been mov'd the weeping babe to spare,
Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were giv'n;
Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of heav'n,
The human form divine, shalt thou deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply?
Oh that thy heart were, as thy looks declare
Of human mould, superfluous were my pray'r:
Thou could'st not then a helpless damsel slay,
Whose sole offence in fond affection lay,
In faith to him who first his love confess'd,
Who first to love allur'd her virgin breast.
In these my babes canst thou thy image see,
And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me?
Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,
Oh, let these infants prove thy pious care.
Yet pity's lenient current ever flows,
From that brave breast where genuine valour glows;
That thou art brave, let vanquish'd Afric tell,
Then let thy pity o'er my anguish swell.
Ah! let my woes, unconscious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to some barb'rous clime;
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Lybia's deserts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore;
There let me, hopeless of return, deplore
Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where shrieks and howlings die on ev'ry gale,
The lions roaring, and the tygers yell,
There with mine infant race, consign'd to dwell,
There let me try that piety to find,
In vain by me implor'd from human kind;
There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,

For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,
 The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow:
 All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear
 These infant pledges of a love so dear,
 Amidst my griefs a soothing, glad employ,
 Amidst my fears a woful, hopeless joy.

In tears she utter'd, — As the frozen snow
 Touch'd by the spring's mild ray begins to flow,
 So just began to melt his stubborn soul,
 As mild-ray'd pity o'er the tyrant stole;
 But destiny forbade: with eager zeal,
 Again pretended for the public weal,
 Her fierce accusers urg'd her speedy doom;
 Again dark rage diffus'd its horrid gloom
 O'er stern Alonzo's brow: swift at the sign,
 Their swords unsheath'd around her brandish'd
 shine.

O foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,
 By men of arms an helpless lady stain!

Thus Pyrrhus, burning with unmanly ire,
 Fulfill'd the mandate of his furious fire;
 Disdainful of the frantic matron's pray'r,
 On fair Polyxena, her last fond care,
 He dash'd his blade yet warm with Priam's gore,
 And dash'd the daughter on the sacred floor;
 While mildly she her raving mother ey'd,
 Resign'd her bosom to the sword, and dy'd.
 Thus then, while her eyes to heav'n appeal,
 Relinquish'd her bosom to the murthering steel:
 That snowy neck, whose matchless form sustain'd
 The loveliest face, where all the graces reign'd;
 Whose charms so long the gallant prince inflam'd,
 That her pale corse was Lisboa's queen proclaim'd;
 That snowy neck was stain'd with spouting gore,
 Another sword her lovely bosom tore.
 The flow'rs that glisten'd with her tears bedew'd,
 Now shrunk and languish'd by her blood imbrew'd.
 As when a rose, 'erewhile of bloom so gay,
 Thrown from the careless virgin's breast away,

Lies faded on the plain, the living red,
 The snowy white, and all its fragrance fled;
 So from her cheeks the roses dy'd away,
 And pale in death the beauteous Inez lay:
 With dreadful smiles, and crimson'd with her blood,
 Round the wan victim the stern murd'ers stood,
 Unmindful of the sure, tho' future hour,
 Sacred to vengeance and her lover's pow'r.

O, Sun, could'st thou so foul a crime behold,
 Nor veil thine head in darkness, as of old
 A sudden night unwonted horror cast
 O'er that dire banquet, where the fire's repast
 The son's torn limbs supply'd! — Yet you, ye vales!
 Ye distant forests, and ye flow'ry dales!
 When pale and sinking to the dreadful fall,
 You heard her quiv'ring lips on Pedro call;
 Your faithful echoes caught the parting sound,
 And Pedro! Pedro! mournful sigh'd around.
 Nor less the wood-nymphs of Mondego's groves
 Bewail'd the memory of her hapless loves:
 Her griefs they wept, and to a plaintive still
 Transform'd their tears, which weeps and murmurs
 still.

To give immortal pity to her woe
 They taught the riv'let through her bow'rs to flow,
 And still through violet beds the fountain pours
 Its plaintive wailing, and is nam'd AMOURS.

II.

A poetical description of EUROPE.

Between that zone where endless winter reigns,
 And that where flaming heat consumes the plains;
 Array'd in green, beneath indulgent skies,
 The Queen of arts and arms fair EUROPE lies.
 Around her northern and her western shores,
 Throng'd with the finny race, old Ocean roars;

The midland sea, where tide ne'er swell'd the waves,
 Her richest lawns, the southern border, laves.
 Against the rising morn the northmost bound,
 The whirling Tanais parts the Asian ground,
 As tumbling from the Scythian mountains cold,
 Their crooked way the rapid waters hold
 To dull Mæotis' lake: her eastern line
 More to the South the Phrygian waves confine;
 Those waves, which black, with many a navy, bore
 The Grecian heroes to the Dardan shore;
 Where now the seaman, rapt in mournful joy,
 Explores in vain the sad remains of Troy.
 Wide to the North beneath the pole she spreads,
 Where piles of mountains rear their rugged heads,
 Here winds on winds in endless tempests rowl,
 The vallies sigh, the lengthening echoes howl.
 On the rude cliffs, with frosty spangles grey,
 Weak as the twilight gleams the solar ray;
 Each mountain's breast with snows eternal shines,
 The streams and seas eternal frost confines.

Here dwelt the numerous Scythian tribes of old,
 A dreadful race! by victor ne'er controul'd,
 Whose pride maintain'd that theirs the sacred earth,
 Not that of Nile, which first gave man his birth.
 Here dismal Lapland spreads a dreary wild,
 Here Norway's wastes, where harvest never smil'd;
 Whose groves of fir in gloomy horror frown,
 Nod o'er the rocks, and to the tempest groan.
 Here Scandia's clime her rugged shore extends,
 And far projected, thro' the ocean bends;
 Whose sons' dread footsteps yet Ausonia wears,
 And yet proud Rome in mournful ruin bears.
 When summer bursts stern winter's icy chain,
 Here, the bold Swede, the Prussian, and the Dane
 Hoist the white sail, and plough the foamy way,
 Chear'd by whole months of one continual day.
 Between these shores and Tanais' rushing tide,
 Livonia's sons and Russia's hords reside.
 Stern as their clime, the tribes, whose fires of yore
 The name, far dreaded, of Sarmatians bore.

Where,

Where, fam'd of old, th' Hircinian forest lour'd,
 Oft seen in arms, the Polish troops are pour'd,
 Wide foraging the downs. The Saxon race,
 The Hungar, dext'rous to the wild-boar chase,
 The various nations whom the Rhine's cold wave,
 The Elbe, Amasis, and the Danube lave,
 Of various tongues, for various princes known,
 Their mighty Lord the German Emp'ror own,
 Between the Danube and the lucid tide
 Where hapless Helle left her name and dy'd,
 The dreadful god of battles' kindred race,
 Degenerate now, possess the hills of Thrace.
 Mount Hæmus here, and Rhodope renown'd,
 And proud Byzantium, long with empire crown'd;
 Their ancient pride, their ancient virtue fled,
 Low to the Turk now bend the servile head.
 Here spread the fields of warlike Macedon,
 And here those happy lands where genius shone
 In all the arts, in all the Muses' charms,
 In all the pride of eloquence and arms,
 Which to the heav'ns resounded Grecia's name,
 And left in every age a deathless fame:
 The stern Dalmatians till the neighb'ring ground;
 And where Antenor anchor'd in the sound,
 Proud Venice as a queen majestic tow'rs,
 And o'er the trembling waves her thunder pours.
 For learning glorious, glorious for the sword,
 While Rome's proud monarch reign'd the world's
 dread lord.

Here Italy her beauteous landscapes shews,
 Around her sides his arms old Ocean throws;
 The dashing waves the rampart's aid supply;
 The hoary Alps, high tow'ring to the sky,
 From shore to shore a rugged barrier spread,
 And lour destruction on the hostile tread.
 But now no more her hostile spirit burns;
 There now the saint in humble vespers mourns;
 To heav'n more grateful than the pride of war,
 And all the triumphs of the victor's car.

Onwards fair Gallia opens to the view,
 Her groves of olives, and her vineyards blue:

Wide

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Wide spread her harvests o'er the scenes renown'd,
Where Julius proudly strode with laurel crown'd.
Here *Saine* — how fair when glitt'ning to the
moon!

Rolls his white wave: and here the cold *Garoon*;
Here the deep Rhine the flow'ry margin laves;
And here the rapid Rhone impervious raves.
Here the gruff mountains, faithless to the vows
Of lost Pyrene rear their cloudy brows;
Whence, when of old the flames their woods
devour'd,
Streams of red gold and melted silver pour'd.
And now, as head of all the lordly train
Of Europe's realms, appears illustrious Spain.

* * * * *

Proud o'er the rest, with splendid wealth array'd,
As crown to this wide empire, Europe's head,
Fair *Lusitania* smiles, the western bound,
Whose verdant breast the rolling waves surround,
Where gentle ev'ning pours her lambent ray,
The last pale gleaming of departing day:
This, this, O mighty King, the sacred earth,
This the lov'd parent-soil that gave me birth.

III.

A picturesque description of AFRICA.

AFRIC behold, alas, what alter'd view!
Her lands uncultur'd, and her sons untrue;
Ungrac'd with all that sweetens human life,
Savage and fierce they roam in brutal strife;
Eager they grasp the gifts which culture yields,
Yet naked roam their own neglected fields.
Lo, here enrich'd with hills of golden ore,
Monomotapa's empire hems the shore.

There

There round the cape, great Afric's dreadful bound,
 Array'd in storms, by you* first compass'd round;
 Unnumber'd tribes as bestial grazers stray,
 By law unform'd, unform'd by reason's sway:
 Far inward stretch the mournful, steril dales,
 Where on the parch'd hill sides pale famine wails.
 Or gold in vain the naked savage treads;
 Low clay-built huts, behold, and reedy sheds,
 Their dreary towns. - - -

* * * * *

Lo, Quama there, and there the fertile Nile,
 Curst with that gorging fiend the crocodile,
 Wind their long way; the parent lake behold,
 Great Nilus' fount, unseen, unknown of old,
 From whence diffusing plenty as he glides,
 Wide Abyssinia's realm the stream divides.
 In Abyssinia heav'n's own altars blaze,
 And hallow'd anthems chant Messiah's praise.
 In Nile's wide breast the isle of Meroe see!
 Near these rude shores an hero sprung from thee,
 Thy son, brave Gama, shall his lineage shew
 In glorious triumphs o'er the Paynim foe.
 There by the rapid Ob, her friendly breast
 Melinda spreads, thy place of grateful rest.
 Cape Aromata there the gulph defends,
 Where by the Red Sea wave great Afric ends.
 Illustrious Suez, seat of heroes old,
 Fam'd Hierapolis, high-tower'd behold.
 Here Egypt's shelter'd fleets at anchor ride,
 And hence in squadrons sweep the eastern tide.

IV.

A poetical description of A S I A.

And lo, the waves that aw'd by Moses' rod,
 While the dry bottom Israel's armies trod,

On

* Gama,

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On either hand roll'd back their frothy might,
And stood like hoary rocks in cloudy height,
Here ASIA, rich in every precious mine,
In realms immense begins her western line.
Sinai behold, whose trembling cliffs of yore,
In fire and darkness, deep pavilion'd, bore
The Hebrews' God, while gay with awful brow
Gleam'd pale on Israel's wand'ring tents below.

* * * * *

Gidda behold, and Aden's parch'd domain,
Girt by Arzira's rock, where never rain
Yet fell from heav'n; where never from the dale
The crystal rivulet murmur'd to the vale.
The *Three Arabias* here their breasts unfold,
Here breathing incense, here a rocky world;
O'er Dofar's plain the richest incense breathes,
That round the sacred shrine its vapour wreathes;
Here the proud war steed glories in his force,
As fleetier than the gale he holds his course.
Here, with his spouse and household, lodg'd in wains,
The Arab's camp shifts wand'ring o'er the plains,
The merchant's dread, what time from eastern soil
His burthen'd camels seek the land of Nile.
Here Rosagate and Farthac stretch their arms,
And point to Ormuz, fam'd for war's alarms.

* * * * *

There on the gulph that laves the Persian shore,
Far through the surges bends Cape Asabore,
There Barem's Isle; her rocks with di'monds blaze,
And emulate Aurora's glitt'ring rays.
From Barem's shore, Euphrate's flood is seen,
And Tygris' waters, thro' the waves of green,
In yellowy currents many a league extend,
As with the darker waves averie they blend.
Lo, *Persia* there her empire wide unfolds!
In tented camp his state the monarch holds.

Her

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Her warrior sons disdain the arms of fire,
And with the pointed steel to fame aspire.

* * * *

Carpella's cape, and sad Carmania's strand,
There parch'd and bare their dreary wastes expand.
A fairer landscape here delights the view;
From these green hills beneath the clouds of blue,
The Indus and the Ganges roll the wave,
And many a smiling field propitious lave.

* * * *

Behold how many a realm, array'd in green,
The Ganges' shore and Indus' bank between!
Here tribes unnumber'd and of various lore,
With woeful penance fiend-like shapes adore;
Some Macon's † orgies, all confess the sway
Of rites that shun, like trembling ghosts, the day.
Narsinga's fair domain behold; of yore
Here shone the gilded tow'rs of Maliapore.

* * * *

Narsinga here in numerous legions bold;
And here Oryxa boasts her cloth of gold.
The Ganges here in many a stream divides,
Diffusing plenty from his fatt'ning tides,
As thro' Bengala's rip'ning vales he glides;
Nor may the fleetest hawk, untir'd, explore
Where end the ricey groves that crown the shore.

* * * *

There, eastward, Arracan her line extends,
And Pegu's mighty empire southward bends.

Where

† Mecca.

* * * * *

Where to the morn the tow'rs of Tava shine,
 Begins great *Siam's* empire, far-stretch'd line.
 On Queda's fields the genial rays inspire
 The richest gust of spicery's fragrant fire.
 Malaca's castled harbour here survey,
 The wealthful seat foredoom'd of Lusian sway.

* * * * *

To this fair Islet†, the golden Chersonese,
 Some deem the sapient monarch plow'd the seas;
 Ophir its Tyrian name. In whirling roars
 How fierce the tide boils down these clashing shores!

* * * * *

Patane and Pam, and nameless nations more,
 Who rear their tents on Menam's winding shore,
 Their vassal tribute yield to Siam's throne:
 And thousands more, of laws, of names unknown,
 That vast of land inhabit. Proud and bold,
 Proud of their numbers, here the Laos hold
 The far-spread lawns; the skirting hills obey
 The barbarous *Ayas*, and the Brama's sway.
 Lo, distant far another mountain chain
 Rears its rude cliffs, the *Guios'* dread domain;
 Here brutaliz'd the human form is seen,
 The manners fiend-like as the brutal mien.

* * * * *

Camboya there the blue-ting'd Mecon laves,
 Mecon the eastern Nile; whose swelling waves,

Captain

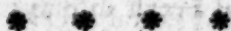
† Sumatra, supposed by some to be the Ophir of the sacred writings.

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Captain of rivers nam'd, o'er many a clime
In annual period pour their fattening slime.
The simple natives of these lawns believe,
'That other worlds the souls of beasts receive.



Chiampa there her fragrant coast extends,
There Cochichina's cultur'd land ascends:
From Ainam bay begins the ancient reign
Of *China's* beauteous art-adorn'd domain;
Wide from the burning to the frozen skies
O'er-flow'd with wealth the potent empire lies.



No more let Egypt boast her mountain pyres;
To prouder fame yon *bounding Wall* aspires;
A prouder boast of regal power displays
Than all the world beheld in ancient days.



Japan behold; beneath the globe's broad face
Northward she sinks, the nether seas embrace
Her eastern bounds;



Beneath the spreading wings of purple morn,
Behold what isles these glistening seas adorn!
Mid hundreds yet unnam'd, Ternat behold!
By day her hills in pitchy clouds inrol'd,
By night like rolling waves the sheets of fire
Blaze o'er the seas, and high to heav'n aspire.

Here

* * * *

Here Banda's Isles their fair embroidery spread
 Of various fruitage, azure, white, and red ;
 And birds of every beauteous plume display
 Their glitt'ring radiance, as from spray to spray,
 From bow'r to bow'r on busy wings they rove,
 To seize the tribute of the spicy grove.
 Borneo here expands her ample breast,
 By nature's hand in woods of camphire drest ;
 The precious liquid weeping from the trees
 Glows warm with health, the balsam of disease.
 Fair are Timora's dales with groves array'd ;
 Each riv'let murmurs in the fragrant shade,
 And in its chrystal breast displays the bow'rs
 Of Sanders, blest with health-restoring pow'rs.
 Where to the South the world's brood surface bends,
 Lo Sunda's realm her spreading arms extends.

* * * *

In Ceylon, lo, how high yon mountain's brows
 The sailing clouds its middle height enclose.

* * * *

And lo, the Island of the Moon† displays
 Her vernal lawns, and num'rous peaceful bays ;
 The halcyons how'ring o'er the bays are seen,
 And lowing herds adorn the vales of green.

IV.

A beautiful View of the AMERICAN WORLD.

Bright o'er the wide Atlantic rides the morn,
 And dawning rays another world adorn :

T.

† Madagascar.

To farthest north that world enormous bends,
 And cold beneath the southern pole-star ends.
 Near either pole the barb'rous hunter drest
 In skins of bears explores the frozen waste:
 Where smiles the genial sun with kinder rays,
 Proud cities tow'r, and gold-roof'd temples blaze.
 This *Golden Empire*, by the heav'n's decree,
 Is due, Casteel, O favour'd pow'r to Thee!
 E'en now Columbus o'er the hoary tide
 Pursues the ev'ning sun, his navy's guide.
 Yet shall the kindred Lusian share the reign,
 What time the world shall own the yoke of Spain.
 The first bold hero ||, who to India's shores
 Thro' vanquish'd waves thy open'd path explores,
 Driv'n by the winds of heav'n from Afric's strand,
 Shall fix the holy cross on yon fair land:
 That mighty realm for purple wood renown'd,
 Shall stretch the Lusian empire's western bound.

MICKLE.

|| Cabral, driven by a tempest to the Brails.

THE

THE ITALIAN POETS.

I. DANTE.

FLORENCE gave birth to Dante, one of the first among the Italian poets, in the year 1265. Born with a lively and fertile imagination, he consecrated the first fruits of his muse to the loves and the graces. Unhappily his enterprising spirit raised him to be one of the governors of that city, and his misplaced ambition soon enveloped him in the ruin of himself, and the party he had embraced: for by an order of Pope Boniface VIII. Dante's house was razed to the ground, his property confiscated, and himself driven into banishment; and in that banishment he died in 1321, aged 56. There are extant his principal compositions, but the most celebrated work was the comedy of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, which his countrymen deem an epic poem, replete with every characteristic of genuine poetry.

II. PETRARCA.

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II. PETRARCHA.

Arise, O PETRARCH, from th'Elysian bowers,
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
 Where to thy LAURA thou again art join'd;
 Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love.

LYTTLETON.

THIS famous poet was born at Arezzo, in the year 1304. His family having retired to Avignon, from the civil wars which at that time desolated Italy, the young Petrarch was in that city initiated in the first rudiments of education. From thence he was removed to Montpellier, and lastly to Bologna, for the study of the law; but upon the death of his parents, he revisited Avignon, where he became violently enamoured of the celebrated Laura. His biographers speak of his personal as well as mental accomplishments: that he was remarkably handsome; with a countenance expressive of the finest feelings; and a manner so noble, gracious, and commanding, as to inspire the esteem, respect and friendship of all who knew him. Being unsuccessful in his first addresses, he endeavoured to get the better of his *penchant*, by making the tour of France, Italy, and Germany; love

love still following his steps, induced him to return to Vacluse, that he might enjoy the pleasures of solitude, his books, and in celebrating the charms and virtues of his mistress, with the delights of his hermitage. His passionate verses immortalized Vacluse, Laura, and the Lover. His fame spread itself through all Europe, while Rome and Paris invited him to their capitals to receive the laurel crown as a poet; and this honour was conferred on him with all imaginable pomp and magnificence in St. Peter's church at Rome. Several Popes, Kings of France, the Emperor, and the Republic of Venice, gave him many substantial marks of their esteem and friendship.

Petrarch was at his archdeaconry at Parma, when he first learnt the death of his beautiful Laura; he immediately repassed the Alps, and flew to his favourite Vacluse, to deplore the loss of her who had endeared to him that solitude. Our poet has been counted the RESTORER of polite literature, and the FATHER of the Italian poetry; while his works are received as *chef-d'œuvres* in that species of composition.

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LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

Notus et Hesperiiis jacet hic Ariostus et Indis,
 Cui musa eternum nomen Hetrusca dedit,
 Seu Satyram in vitio exacuit, seu comica ludit,
 Seu cecinit grandi bella ducesque tuba,
 Ter summus vates ! cui summi in vertice Pindi,
 Tergamina licuit cingere fronde comas ! *

Here Aristo lies, whose deathless name
 From east to west the Muses crown with fame;
 Whose pointed satire lash'd the vicious age;
 Whose comic scenes inspir'd the laughing stage;
 Whose martial trumpet, breathing loud alarms,
 Could sing of mighty chiefs and bruising arms.
 Hail ! matchless bard ! for Pindus' summit born,
 Whose happy brows the triple bays adorn !

ARIOSTO, born at Reggio in 1474, was descended from a family nearly related to the Dukes of Ferrara; at this court he made a brilliant figure, and enjoyed the esteem and friendship of Alphonso I. the then reigning Prince of that duchy. Our poet had acquired such reputation for his Latin verses, that Cardinal Bembo advised him to compose an epic poem in that language; but he immediately replied, that he preferred the glory

* The following inscription is now to be seen in the church of the Benedictines at Ferrara.

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glory of being the first writer among the Italians, than to possess the second rank among the Latins. In his public character he acquitted himself with honour, and was employed on several embassies of importance. Pope Leo the X. that patron of learning and the polite arts, made him several offers, but his passion for poetry and a life of ease, induced him to retire from state affairs. He died at Ferrara, in 1533, in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Gravina has portrayed our poet as having a peculiar talent for raising the passions; and that his *Orlando Furioso* is interspersed with beautiful strokes of nature and philosophy. His style, adds the critic, is more or less sublime, as the subject naturally requires; but his narration is too often interrupted, and he deals too largely in exaggerations. His epithets are frequently ill-chosen, and that the frequency of his digressions were introduced in his poem more to please and gratify the court of Ferrara, than the best judges of poetry. He gives the palm to Ariosto, as a satirist; to Berni, as a comic writer; and to Petrarch as a lyrist; to Tasso*, as the prince of epic poets: nevertheless the Italians, generally speaking, prefer Ariosto, seduced by the bewitching charms of variety, and a style perfectly harmonious and poetic.

BEAU-

* Gravina was rather reserved in his sentiments of Tasso; but Boccacini celebrates his *Gierusalemme* as the model of poetic composition.

BEAUTIFUL PASSAGES
IN ARIOSTO.

I.

*His admirable talent for description is finely illustrated
in the following picture of the house of Sleep.*

Giace in Arabia una valletta amena,
Lontana di cittadi e da villaggi,
Ch'al ombra de due monti è tutta piena
D'antichi abeti e di robusti faggi.
Il sole indarna, il chiaro di vi mena,
Che non vi può mai penetrar' coi raggi,
Si gli è la via da folti rami tronca;
E quivi entra sotterra una spelonca.

Sotta la nerva selva una capace
E spaziosa grotta entra nel sasso,
Di cui la fronte l'edera seguace
Tutta aggirando v'è con storto passo:
In questo albergo il grave sonno girce;
L'Ozio da un canto corpulento e grasso;
D'all' altro la Pigrizia in terra siede,
Che non può andare, e mal si regge in piede.

Lo smemorato Obbligo stà su la porto,
Non lascia entrar, nè riconosce alcuna;
Non ascolta imbasciata, nè riporta,
E parimente tien cacciato ogn' uno.
In Silenzio va intorno, e fa la scorta;
Ha le scarpe di feltro e'l mantel bruno;
E a' quanti ne incontra di lontano,
Che non debban venir cenna con mano.

*The following translation is from the masterly pen of
Mr. H O O L E.*

A pleasing vale, beneath Arabia's skies
From peopled towns and cities distant lies;
Two lofty mountains shade the depth below,
Where knotty oaks and ancient beeches grow.
The sun around reveals his chearing day,
But the thick grove admits no straggling ray
To pierce the boughs : immers'd in secret shades,
A spacious cave the dusky rock pervades.
The creeping ivy on the front is seen,
And o'er the entrance winds her curling green.

Here drowsy sleep has fix'd his noiseless throne;
Here Indolence reclings with limbs o'ergrown
Thro' sluggish ease; and Sloth, whose trembling
feet
Refuse their aid, and sink beneath their weight.
Before the portal dull Oblivion goes,
He suffers none to pass, for none he knows.
Silence maintains the watch, and walks the round,
In shoes of felt, with sable garments bound;
And oft as any thither held their pace,
He waves his hand, and warns them from the place.

II.

Most critics consider Ariosto's battles to breathe the true spirit of Homer and Virgil; and that the merit of his single combat is peculiarly his own: the following one in the second book is animated and highly picturesque,

Suona l'un brando, e l'altro, or basso or altro,
Il martel di Vulcano era più tardo
Nella spelonca affumicata, dove
Battea all' incude i folgori di Giove.

Nella

Fanno or con lunghi, ora con finti, e scarfi
Colpi, veder che mastri son del gioco.
Or li vedi ire altierri, or rannicchiarsi,
Ora coprirsi, ora mostrarli un poco ;
Ora crescere innanzi, ora ritirarsi,
Ribatter colpi, e spesso lor dar loco ;
Girarsi intorno, e donde l'uno cede,
L'altro aver posto imminente il piede:

Now high, now low, their rapid steel they ply ;
While from their arms the fiery sparkles fly.
Not swifter the repeated blows go round,
Which hollow *Ætna's* smoky caves resound,
When *Vulcan* bids the ponderous hammers move,
On anvils huge to forge the bolts of *Jove* !
Sometimes they feign a stroke ; sometimes they stay ;
Then aim the thrust as skilful in the play :
Sometimes they rise, then stoop upon the field ;
Now open lie, then crouch beneath the shield ;
Now ward, then with a slip elude the blow ;
Now forward step, then backward from the foe :
Now round they wheel, and where the one gives place,
The other presses on with eager pace.

III.

*The tumult occasioned by the encounter of two armies,
compared to the noise of the cataract of the Nile, is
wonderfully beautiful.*

L'alto rumor de le sonore trombe,
De' timpani, e de' barbari strumenti ;
Giunto al continuo suon d'archi, di frombe,
Di macchine, di ruote, e di tormenti ;
E quel, de che più par ch'el ciel ribombe,
Gridi, tumulti, gemiti, e lamenti ;
Rendano un' alto suon, ch'a quel s'accorda,
Con che i vicin, candendo il Nilo afforda !

Shrill trumpets, mix'd with many a barbarous
 sound,
 Join the hoarse drums; wheels clatter o'er the ground;
 Huge engines creak, stones rattle from the sling;
 From twanging bows unnumber'd arrows sing;
 While louder clamours seem to rend the skies,
 Triumphant shouts, laments, and dying cries!
 Such is the din when falling Nilus roars,
 And deafens, with his surge, the neighbouring
 shores!

Ariosto, says Voltaire, has the peculiar talent of making a transition from descriptions of terror to the most voluptuous pictures; and from these he can, with the greatest ease imaginable, change his subject to the refined doctrines of morality: but the greatest art of the poet lies in his interesting us so strongly for his heroes and heroines, though they are so exceedingly numerous: the pathetic incidents in his *Orlando Furioso* are almost equal in number to the grotesque adventures; and his reader is so pleasingly accustomed to this mixture, that the transition steals upon one without the least seeming violence.

Horatio Ariosto, nephew to our poet, makes the following observation respecting the merit of Ariosto and the immortal Tasso. We cannot, says he, enter into a just comparison of these two poets, who have not the least resemblance to each other: the style of the one is throughout serious and elevated; that of the other is often simple, and full of pleasantry. Tasso has observed the precepts of Aristotle; Ariosto has taken no guide but *nature*. Tasso, by subjecting himself to the unity of action, has deprived his poem of a considerable
 advan-

advantage derived from the multiplicity of events ; whereas Ariosto being free from such restraint, has filled his with a number of incidents which are ever delightful to his reader : these great poets have however both attained one and the same end — *that of pleasing* ; but they have attained it by different methods.

TORQUATO TASSO.

Sai, che là corre in mondo, ove più versi
Di sue dolcezze il lusinghier Parnaso,
E che'l vero condito in molli versi,
I più schivi alletendo ha persuaso.

TASSO.

BIOGRAPHERS who have written the life of this poet, make mention that at the early age of seven years, he was a great proficient in Latin and Greek literature, and composed excellent verses with astonishing facility. His father having followed the fortunes of the Prince Salerno, was, with his son, tho' but nine years old, condemned to death ; but they happily escaped by flight, and Rome was their first asylum. From thence the young Tasso was sent to Padua to study law, where he remained till he had taken his degrees in philosophy and theology : but hurried on by an irresistible impulse of genius, he, at the age of seventeen, produced

produced his poem of Rinaldi, which served as a fore-runner to his *Gierusalemme Liberata*.

Our poet was in the suite of Cardinal d'Est, and was with him at the French court, when Charles IX. received him with every distinction due to his uncommon merit. But on his return to Italy, he became enamoured of the Duke of Ferrara's sister, which brought upon him one continued series of humiliation and misfortunes, that followed him to his grave: for notwithstanding Pope Clement VIII. had in a consistory of the cardinals decreed him a triumph and a laurel crown; yet his unlucky star so far prevailed, that while the preparations were making, he fell dangerously ill, and actually died on the eve of that day destined for the ceremony at the Capitol, at the age of fifty-one, on the 15th of April, 1595.

This celebrated bard has ever been the favourite of those who judged not by rules, but by their feelings. Gay, luxuriant, and various, he leads us through the whole circle of the imagination. From the field of slaughter to the shepherd's peaceful cottage; from the enchanter's cave to the gardens of wonder and delight; from the placid dreams of the pious to the broken slumbers of the wicked; and from the councils of heaven to the turbulent debates of the infernal regions.

BEAU.

BEAUTIFUL PASSAGES

From TASSO'S JERUSALEM DELIVERED.

I.

Description of Heaven and its inhabitants.

The heav'nly Monarch from his awful height,
Declin'd his eyes and view'd the dreadful sight.
There, plac'd aloft, presides th' Omniscient CAUSE,
And orders all with just and equal laws;
Above the confines of this earthly scene,
By ways unsearchable to mortal men.
There, on eternity's unbounded throne,
With triple light he blazes, Three in One!
Beneath his footsteps, Fate and Nature stand;
And Time and Motion own his dread command.
There pow'r and riches no distinction find;
Nor the frail honours that allure mankind:
Like dust and smoke they fleet before his eyes;
He mocks the valiant, and confounds the wise.
There from the blaze of his effulgent light,
The purest saints withdraw their dazzled sight.
Around th' unnumber'd blest for ever live,
And, tho' unequal, equal bliss receive.
The tuneful choirs repeat their Maker's praise;
The heav'nly realms resound the sacred lays.

II.

A description of Hell.

The trumpet now, with hoarse-resounding breath,
Convenes the spirits in the shades of death;
The hollow caverns tremble at the sound,
The air re-echoes to the noise around.

Not louder terrors shake the distant pole,
 When thro' the skies the rattling thunders roll :
 Nor greater tremors heave the lab'ring earth,
 When vapours, pent within, contend for birth !
 The gods of hell the awful signal heard,
 And, thronging round the lofty gates appear'd
 In various shapes ; tremendous to the view !
 What terror from their threat'ning eyes they threw !
 Some cloven feet with human faces wear,
 And curling snakes compose their dreadful hair ;
 And from behind is seen, in circles cast,
 A serpent's tail voluminous and vast !
 A thousand Harpies foul, and Centaurs here,
 And Gorgons pale, and Sphinxes dire appear !
 Unnumber'd Scyllas barking rend the air ;
 Unnumber'd Pythons hiss, and Hydras glare ;
 Chimeras here are found, ejecting flame ;
 Huge Polypheme and Geryon's triple frame :
 And many more of mingled kind were seen,
 All monstrous forms unknown to mortal men !

III.

A description of PLUTO.

In order seated now, th'infernal band
 Enclos'd their grisly king on either hand.
 Full in the midst imperial Pluto sat,
 His arm sustain'd the massy sceptre's weight.

* * * *

A horrid Majesty his looks express'd,
 Which scatter'd terror, and his pride increas'd ;
 His sanguine eyes with baleful venom stare,
 And like a comet, cast a dismal glare :
 A length of beard, descending o'er his breast,
 In rugged curls conceals his hairy chest ;
 And, like a whirlpool in the roaring flood,
 Wide gapes his mouth, obscene with clotted blood.

As

As smoky fires from burning *Ætna* rise,
 And steaming sulphur that infects the skies;
 So from his throat the cloudy sparkles came,
 With pestilential breath and ruddy flame:
 And, while he spoke, fierce *Cerberus* forbore
 His triple bark, and *Hydra* 'ceas'd to roar:
Cocytus stay'd his course; th' abysses shook,
 When from his lips these thund'ring accents broke.

IV.

*A general battle between the Pagans and Christians,
 which is described with all the fire of Homer.*

Then might you see their beavers clos'd,
 Their coursers rein'd, their spears in rest dispos'd.
 At once the squadrons, plac'd on either hand,
 Move in their ranks, and thicken o'er the land:
 The field is vanish'd! clouds of dust arise,
 And roll in sable volumes to the skies.
 They meet, they shock; the clamours echo round,
 And helms, and shields, and shiver'd spears resound.
 Here lies a steed; and there (his rider slain)
 Another runs at random o'er the plain.
 Here lies a warrior dead; in pangs of death,
 There one, with groans, reluctant yields his breath.
 Dire was the conflict; deep the tumult grows;
 And now with all its rage the battle glows!
 Argantes 'mid them flew with eager pace,
 And from a soldier snatch'd an iron mace;
 This whirl'd around with unresisted sway,
 Thro' the thick press he forc'd an ample way:
 Raymond he seeks, on him his arms he turns,
 On him alone his dreadful fury burns;
 And like a wolf, with savage wrath indu'd,
 He thirsts insatiate for the Christian's blood.
 But now, on ev'ry side, the numbers clos'd,
 And thronging warriors his attempts oppos'd:
Ormana and *Rogero* (names renown'd!)
 Guido, with either *Gerrard*, there he found.

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Yet more impetuous still his anger swell'd,
 The more these gallant chiefs his force repell'd.
 So, pent in narrow space, more dreadful grows
 The blazing fire, and round destruction throws.
 Guido he wounded, brave Ormando slew;
 And midst the slain to earth Rogero threw,
 Stunn'd with the fall. While here the martial
 train
 On either hand an equal fight maintain.

* * * * *

The squadrons on the right now fled the plain;
 Alone Argantes dares the shock sustain;
 Alone he turns, alone the torrent stands:

* * * * *

Alone he seems for all an equal force;
 Now here, now there, by turns he shifts his course:

* * * * *

With ev'ry art he tries, but tries in vain
 To stop the panic of the routed train;
 No art, no rein, can rule the vulgar fear;
 Nor earnest pray'rs, nor loud commands they hear.

V.

*A STORM raised by the demons in favour of the
 pagans.*

Infernal horrors darken all the air,
 Pale livid light'nings thro' the æther glare;
 The thunder roars; the mingled hail and rain
 With rattling torrents deluge all the plain:

The

The trees are rent; nor yield the trees alone,
The rocks and mountains to the tempest groan,

VI.

The history of ERMINIA.

Of princely lineage came this hapless maid,
From him who Antioch's pow'rful sceptre sway'd;
But when her state by chance of war was lost,
She fell a captive to the Christian host.
Then gallant TANCRED gave her woes relief,
And midst her country's ruin calm'd her grief:
He gave her freedom, gave her all the store
Of regal treasure she possess'd before,
And claim'd no tribute of a victor's pow'r. }
The grateful Fair the Hero's worth confess'd;
Love found admittance to her gentle breast:
Her early virtues rais'd her first desire,
His manly beauty fann'd the blameless fire.
In vain her outward liberty she gain'd,
When, lost in servitude, her soul remain'd!
She quits her conqueror with a heavy mind,
And with regret her prison leaves behind.
But honour chides her stay, (for spotless fame
Is ever dear to ev'ry virtuous dame)
And, with her aged mother thence constrain'd
Her banish'd steps to seek a friendly land;
'Till at Jerusalem her course she stay'd,
Where ALADINE receiv'd the wand'ring maid.
Here soon again by adverse fortune cross'd,
With tears the virgin mourn'd a mother lost.
Yet not the sorrow for her parent's fate,
Nor all the troubles of her exil'd state,
Could from her heart her am'rous pains remove,
Or quench the smallest spark of mighty love;
She loves, and burns! — alas, unhappy maid!
No soothing hopes afford her torments aid:

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She bears, within, the flames of fond desire;
Vain fruitless wishes all her thoughts inspire,
And while she strives to hide, she feeds the
stifled fire.

Now Tancred near the walls of Sion drew,
And by his presence rais'd her hopes anew.
The rest with terror see the num'rous train
Of foes unconquer'd on the dusty plain:
She clears her brow, her dewy sorrow dries,
And views the warlike bands with chearful eyes:
From rank to rank her looks incessant rove,
And oft she seeks in vain her warrior love:
And oft distinguish'd mid the field of fight,
She singles Tancred to her eager sight.

Join'd with the palace, to the ramparts nigh,
A stately castle rises in the sky,
Whose lofty head the prospect wide commands,
The plain, the mountain, and the Christian bands;
There from the early beams of morning light,
'Till deep'ning shades obscures the world in night,
She sits, and fixing on the camp her eyes,
She communes with her thoughts, and vents her sighs.
From thence she view'd the fight with beating heart,
And saw expos'd her soul's far-dearer part;
There, fill'd with terror and distracting care,
She watch'd the various progress of the war,
And when the Pagan rais'd aloft his steel,
She seem'd herself the threat'ning stroke to feel.

When now the virgin heard some future day
Was destin'd to decide the unfinish'd fray,
Cold fear in all her veins congeal'd the blood,
Sighs heav'd her breast, her eyes with sorrow flow'd,
And o'er her face a pallid hue was spread,
While ev'ry sense was lost in anxious dread.
A thousand horrid thoughts her soul divin'd,
In sleep a thousand phantoms fill'd her mind;
Oft, in her dreams, the much-lov'd warrior lies
All gash'd and bleeding; oft, with feeble cries,

Invokes

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Invokes her aid; then, starting from her rest,
Tears bathe her cheeks, and trickle down her breast,
Nor fears alone of future evils fill
Her careful heart, she fears the present ill.
The wounds her Tancred late received in fight
Distract her mind with anguish and affright.

* * * *

Now mighty love, superior to the rest,
Had quell'd each female terror in her breast.

* * * *

And now her heart conflicting passions rend;
There love and honour, pow'rful foes! contend.

Thus Honour seem'd to say: — O thou! whose
mind
Has still been pure, within my laws confin'd;
Whom, when a captive mid yon hostile train,
I kept in thought and person clear from stain;
Wilt thou, now freed, the virgin boast forego,
So well preserv'd when pris'ner to thy foe?
Ah! what can raise such fancies in thy breast?
Say, what thy purpose, what thy hopes suggest?
Alone to wander mid a foreign race,
And with nocturnal love thy sex disgrace!
Justly the victor shall reproach thy name,
And deem thee lost to virtue as to shame;
With scorn shall bid thee from his sight remove,
And bear to vulgar souls thy profer'd love.

But gentle counsels, on a diff'rent part,
Thus seem'd to whisper to her wav'ring heart.

Thou wert not, surely, of a savage born,
Nor from a mountain's frozen entrails torn;

No

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No adamant and steel compose thy frame;
 Despise not then love's pleasing darts and flame,
 And blush not to confess a lover's name.
 Go and obey the dictates of thy mind —
 But wherefore should'st thou feign thy knight
 unkind? —
 Like thine his sighs may heave, his tears may flow;
 And wilt not thou thy tender aid bestow?

* * * *

O! think what transports must thy bosom feel,
 Thy Tancred's wounds, with lenient hand, to heal.
 Think, when thy pious care his health retrieves,
 Life's welcome gift from thee the youth receives!
 Thou shalt with him in every virtue share,
 With him divide his future fame in war:
 Then shall he clasp thee to his grateful breast,
 And nuptial ties shall make thee ever blest:
 Thou shalt be shewn to all, and happy nam'd,
 Among the Latian wives and matrons fam'd;
 In that fair land where martial valour reigns,
 And where Religion her pure seat maintains.

ERMINIA *relates to VAFRINO her early passion*
for the gallant TANCRED.

That fatal night, my country's overthrow,
 When Antioch bow'd before the Christian foe;
 From that, alas! my following woes I date,
 The early source of my disastrous fate!
 Light was a kingdom's loss, an empire's boast,
 For with my regal state, myself I lost!
 Thou know'st, Vafirino, how I trembling ran,
 Mid heaps of plunder, and my subjects slain,
 To seek thy lord and mine; when, first in view,
 All sheath'd in arms, he near my palace drew:
 Low at his feet I breath'd this humble prayer;
 Unconquer'd chief, a helpless virgin hear!

Not

THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. 303

Not for my life I now thy mercy claim,
But save my honour, guard my spotless fame!
'Ere yet I ceas'd, my hand the hero took,
And rais'd me from the earth, and courteous spoke;
O lovely maid! in vain thou shalt not sue;
In me thy friend, thy kind preserver view.
He said, a sudden pleasure fill'd my breast,
A sweet sensation every thought possess'd,
That, deeply spreading thro' my soul, became
A wound incurable, a quenchless flame!

* * * *

Thus spake Erminia. All the night and day
They journey'd on, and commun'd on their way;
Vafrino shunn'd the beaten track, and held
His course thro' shorter paths, and ways conceal'd!

* * * *

Behold some Christian there, Vafrino said,
Then mark'd his well-known vest with looks dis-
may'd:
He quits his steed, the features views, and cries——
Ah me! here slain unhappy Tancred lies!

* * * *

At Tancred's name she starts in wild despair,
No bounds can now restrain th'unhappy fair;
She sees his face with paleness all o'erspread,
She leaps, she flies impetuous from her steed;
Low bending o'er him, forth her sorrow breaks,
And thus with interrupted words she speaks,

Was I, for this, by fortune here convey'd!
O dreadful object to a love-sick maid!
Long have I sought thee with unwearied pain,
Again I see thee! yet I see in vain!

Tancred

Tancred no more Erminia present views;
 And, finding Tancred, I my Tancred lose!
 Ah, me! and did I think thou e'er shouldst prove
 A sight ungrateful to Erminia's love?
 Now could I wish to quench the beams of light,
 And hide each object in eternal night!
 Alas, where now are all thy graces fled!
 Where are those eyes that once such lustre shed?
 Where are those cheeks, replete with crimson glow,
 Where all the beauties of thy manly brow!
 But senseless thus and pale, thou still canst please!
 If yet thy gentle soul my sorrow sees;
 Yet views, not wholly fled, my fond desires,
 Permit th' embolden'd theft which love inspires;
 Give me (since fate denies a further bliss)
 From thy cold lips to snatch a parting kiss:
 Those lips from whence such soothing words could
 flow,
 To ease a virgin's, and a captive's woe!
 Let me at least this mournful office pay,
 And rend in part from death his spoils away;
 Receive my spirit, ready wing'd for flight,
 And guide from hence to realms of endless night.

She said; her bosom swell'd with lab'ring sighs,
 And briny torrents trickled from her eyes.

VII.

The last citation from Mr. HOOLE's classical and faithful translation, is TASSO's enchanted Forest, which is so justly admired by Mr. DRYDEN.

Not far from where encamp'd the Christian bands,
 Mid lovely vales an AGED FOREST stands:
 Here, when the day with purest beams is bright,
 The branches scarce admit a gloomy light;
 Such as we view from morning's doubtful ray,
 Or the faint glimm'ings of departing day.

Bot

But when the sun beneath the earth descends,
 Here mournful night her deeper veil extends:
 Infernal darkness seems the light to fill,
 And sudden terrors every bosom chill!
 No shepherd here his flock to pasture drives;
 No village swain with lowing herd arrives:
 No pilgrim dares approach; but struck with dread
 In distant prospect shews the dreary shade.
 Here, with their minions, midnight hags repair,
 Convey'd on flitting clouds thro' yielding air:
 While one a dragon's fiery image bears;
 And one a goat's misshapen likeness wears.
 And here they celebrate, with impious rite,
 The feats profane, and orgies of the night.

* * * *

Here the magician came; the hour he chose,
 When night around her deepest silence throws:

* * * *

And thus aloud with dreadful accents spoke.

Hear you! who once by vengeful light'ning driv'n,
 Fell headlong from the starry plains of heav'n!
 Ye pow'rs who guide the storms and wintry war,
 The wand'ring rulers of the middle air!
 And you, the ministers of endless woe
 To sinful spirits in the shades below!
 Inhabitants of hell! your aid I claim.
 And thine, dire monarch of the realms of flame!
 Attend my will; these woods in charge receive;
 To you consign'd each fatal plant I leave.
 As human bodies human souls contain,
 So you enshrin'd within these trees remain.
 Thus shall the Christians fly, at least forbear
 To fell this forest, and your anger fear.

He

He said :—and added many an impious spell,
 Dreadful to hear, and horrible to tell.
 While thus he murmur'd, from the face of night
 Th' affrighted stars withdrew their glitt'ring light;
 The moon disturb'd, no more her beams reveal'd,
 But, wrapt in clouds, her silver horns conceal'd.

Now, fill'd with wrath, he rais'd his voice again;
 Why are you thus, ye fiends, invok'd in vain?
 Why this delay? or do ye wait to hear
 More potent words, and accents more severe?
 Tho' long diffus'd, my mem'ry still retains
 Each deeper art that ev'ry pow'r constrains:
 These lips can sound that name with terror heard,
 That awful name by ev'ry demon fear'd;
 The name that startles hell's tremendous reign,
 And calls forth PLUTO from his own domain,
 Hear, and attend! — no more th' enchanter said,
 The spell was ended, and the fiends obey'd.



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THE
BELLES-LETTRES.

THE
GRECIAN ORATORS.

[*.* *The Chronological Order is not attended to in the following Sketches of the most celebrated Orators.*]

I. DEMOSTHENES.

If, with a sage and martial soul inspir'd,
Thine arm had conquer'd, as thy counsels fir'd;
Greece then had brav'd the Macedonian sword,
Nor bow'd, submissive to her conqu'ring Lord.

Inscription on his Statue at Athens.

DEMOSTHENES is universally esteemed by the learned of all nations to have been the greatest orator the world ever produced. At Athens he raised eloquence to the summit of perfection; uniting the elevation and majesty of the philosopher to the sterling sense and precision of the historian: and by having added the fire and impetuosity of the celebrated Pericles, he was eminently

nently qualified to instruct, affect, and convince his auditory.

His orations have nothing that may be deemed superfluous; no affected expressions; no false sublime or studied pathetic, yet he abounds in every species of grand composition. Demosthenes flourished about 340 years before the Christian æra, and has left behind him some epistles, as well as his orations, which are held as the most beautiful pieces of eloquence that are now extant in the whole world. From him, says a celebrated modern, critics have formed their rules; and all the masters in his own art have thought it an honour to be his imitators. To enlarge, therefore, upon his character, would be to resume a subject already exhausted by a variety of excellent writers, both ancient and modern. I shall only add, that energy and majesty seem to be his peculiar excellencies. From the gravity of Thucydides, the pomp and dignity of Plato, the ease and elegance, the neatness and simplicity of the Attic writers, he formed a style and manner admirably fitted to his own temper and genius, as well as that of his hearers. His severity determined him to the more forcible methods of astonishing and terrifying, rather than the gentle and insinuating arts of persuasion: nor did the circumstances and dispositions of his countrymen admit of any but violent impressions. As many of those to whom he addressed himself were men of low rank and occupations, his images and expressions are sometimes properly familiar. As others were eminent in speaking, and could readily see through the common artifices of oratory; these he affects to despise and

THE LADY'S ENCYCLOPEDIA. 307

and depreciate: his principal aim is that of being duly comprehended, yet, as it were with design, raises admiration and delight; such delight as flows from the clearness of evidence, and the fullness of conviction. Even the lower class of his hearers, were acquainted with the beauties of poetry, and the force of harmony, he could not, therefore, admit of any thing rude, harsh, or negligent; but with the strictest attention laboured those compositions which appear so very natural and unadorned. They have their respective ornaments; but these are austere and manly, and such as are consistent with freedom and sincerity. A full and regular series of diffusive reasoning would have been intolerable in an Athenian assembly. — He often contents himself with an imperfect hint: a sentence, a word, even silence is sometimes pregnant with meaning. And this quickness and vehemence flattered a people who valued themselves on their acuteness and penetration. The impetuous torrent that in a moment bears down all before it; the repeated flashes of lightning, which spread universal terror, and which the strongest eye dares not encounter, are the images by which the nature of his eloquence have been expressed.

As a statesman and as a citizen, his conduct was no less remarkable. If the fire of his eloquence seems at some times abated, his judgment and accuracy, and political abilities are then conspicuous. The bravery with which he opposed the passions and prejudices of his countrymen, and the *general* integrity of his character, are deserving of the highest honour: and, whatever weakness he betrayed

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betrayed in his military conduct, his death must be allowed to have been truly manly and heroic.

The noble and animated oration on the state of the Chersonesus, is happily translated by Dr. Leland; witness the following extract, where he seems to have caught the very fire and spirit of his great original.

“ We have those among us, who think a speaker fully confuted by asking, ‘ What then is to be done ? ’ To whom I answer, with the utmost truth and propriety, ‘ Not what we are doing. ’ — But I shall be more explicit, if they will be as ready to follow as to ask advice.

“ First then, Athenians, be firmly convinced of these truths : That Philip does commit hostilities against us, and has violated the peace ; that he is the implacable enemy of this whole city, of the ground on which this city stands, of every inhabitant within these walls ; even of those who imagine themselves highest in his favour. If they doubt this, let them think of Euthykrates and Lasthenes, the Olynthians. They who seemed the nearest to his heart, the moment they betrayed their country, were distinguished only by the superior cruelty of their death. But it is against our constitution, that his arms are principally directed ; nor, in all his schemes, in all his actions, hath he any thing so immediately in view, as its *subversion*. And there is in some sort a necessity for this. He knows full well, that his conquests, however great and extensive, can never be secure, while you continue free ; but that, if once he meets

meets with accident, all those whom he hath forced into his service will instantly revolt, and fly to you for protection. For you are not naturally disposed to grasp at empire yourselves, but to frustrate the ambitious attempts of others; to be ever ready to oppose usurpation, and assert the liberty of mankind; this is your peculiar character. And therefore it is not without regret that he sees, in your freedom, a spy upon the incidents of his fortune. Nor is this reasoning weak or trivial.

“ In the first place, therefore, we are to consider him as the enemy of our state, the implacable enemy of our free and happy constitution. Nothing but the deepest sense of this can give you a true, vigorous, and active spirit. In the next place be assured, that every thing he is now labouring, every thing he is concerting, he is concerting against our city; and that whenever any man opposes him, he opposes an attempt against these walls. For none of you can be weak enough to imagine that Philip's desires are centered in those paltry villages of Thrace; (for what name else can you give to Drongilus, Cabyle, and Bastira, and all those places he is now reducing to his obedience?) that he endures the severity of toils and seasons, and braves the utmost dangers for them; and has do design upon the ports, and the arsenals, and the navies, and the silver mines, and all the other revenues of Athens; but that he will leave them for you to enjoy; while for some wretched hoards of grain in the cells of Thrace, he takes winter-quarters in the horrors of a dungeon? Impossible! No; these and all his expeditions

tions are really intended to facilitate the conquest of Athens.

“ Let us then approve ourselves men of wisdom ; and fully persuaded of these truths, let us shake off our extravagant and dangerous supineness. Let us supply the necessary expences ; let call upon our allies ; let us take all possible measures for keeping up a regular army : so that, as he hath his force constantly prepared to injure and enslave the Greeks, yours too may be ever ready to protect and assist them. If you depend upon occasional detachments, you cannot ever expect the least degree of success : you must keep an army constantly on foot, provide for its maintenance, appoint public treasurers, and by all possible means secure your military funds : and while these officers account for all disbursements, let your generals be bound to answer for the conduct of the war. Let these be your measures, these your resolutions, and you will compel Philip to live in the real observance of an equitable peace, and to confine himself solely to his own kingdom, or we shall fight him upon unequal terms.

“ If any man thinks that the measures I propose will require great expence, and be attended with much toil and trouble, he thinks justly. Yet let him consider what consequences must attend the state, if these measures be neglected ; and it will appear that we shall be really gainers by engaging heartily in this cause. Suppose some God should be our surety, (for no mortal ought to be relied on in an affair of such moment) that, if we continue quiet, and give up all our interests,

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he will not at last turn his arms against us; it would yet be shameful; it would (I call all the powers of heaven to witness!) be unworthy of you, unworthy the dignity of your country, and the glory of your ancestors, to abandon the rest of Greece to slavery, for the sake of private ease. I, for my part, would die, rather than propose so mean a conduct: however, if there be any other person who will recommend it, be it so; neglect your defence, give up your interests! but if there be no such counsellor; if, on the contrary, we all foresee, that the further this man is suffered to extend his conquest, the more formidable and powerful enemy we must find in him; why this reluctance? why do we delay? or when, my countrymen, will we perform our duty? Must some necessity compel us? what one may call the necessity of freemen not only presses us now, but hath long since been felt: that of slaves it is to be wished, may never approach us. And how do these differ? To a freeman, the disgrace of past misconduct is the most urgent necessity: to a slave, stripes and bodily pains. Far be this from us! It ought not to be mentioned!

“ I would now gladly lay before you the whole conduct of certain politicians: but I spare them. One thing only I shall observe; the moment that Philip is mentioned, there is still one ready to start up, and cry, ‘ what a happiness to live in peace! how grievous the maintenance of a great army! certain persons have designs upon our treasury.’ Thus they delay your resolutions, and give him full liberty to act as he pleases: hence you gain ease and indulgence for the present;

(which, I fear, may at some time prove too dearly purchased;) and these men recommend themselves to your favours, and are well paid for their service. But in my opinion there is no need to persuade you to peace, who sit down already thoroughly persuaded. Let it be recommended to him who is committing hostilities: if he can be prevailed on, you are ready to concur. Nor should we think those expences grievous which our security requires; but the consequences that must arise, if such expences be denied. Then as to plundering our treasury, this must be prevented, by intrusting it to proper guardians. not by neglecting our affairs. For my own part, Athenians, I am filled with indignation, when I find some persons expressing their impatience, as if our treasures were exposed to plunderers; and yet, utterly unaffected at the progress of Philip, who is successively plundering every state of Greece; and this, that he may at last fall with all his fury upon you.

“What then can be the reason, Athenians, that, notwithstanding all his manifest hostilities, all his acts of violence, all the places he hath taken from us, these men will not acknowledge that he hath acted unjustly, and that he is at war with us; but accuse those of embroiling you in a war, who call upon you to oppose him, and to check his progress? I shall tell you. That popular resentment which may arise from any disagreeable circumstances with which a war may be attended, (and it is necessary, absolutely necessary, that a war should be attended with many such disagreeable circumstances) they would cast upon your faithful counsellors, that you may pass sentence

tence upon them, instead of opposing Philip; and they turn accusers, instead of meeting the punishment due to their present practices. This is the meaning of their clamours, that certain persons would involve you in a war: hence have they raised all these cavils and debates. I know full well, that before any Athenian had ever moved you to declare war against him, Philip had seized many of our dominions; and hath now sent assistance to the Carians. If you are resolved to dissemble your sense of his hostilities, he would be the weakest of mankind, if he attempted to contradict you. But suppose he marches directly against us, what shall we say in that case? He will still assure us that he is not at war: such were his professions to the people of Oreum, when his forces were in the heart of their country; and to those of Pheræ, until the moment that he attacked their walls; and thus he at first amused the Olynthians, until he had marched his army into their territory. And will you still insist, even in such a case, that they who call upon us to defend our country, are embroiling us in a war? Then slavery is inevitable. There is no medium between an obstinate refusal to take arms on your part, and a determined resolution to attack us on the part of our enemy.

“ Nor is the danger which threatens us the same with that of other people. It is not the conquest of Athens which Philip aims at: no; it is our utter extirpation. He knows full well that slavery is a state you would not, or, if you were inclined, you could not submit to; for sovereignty is become habitual to you. Nor is he ignorant,

that, at any unfavourable juncture, you have more power to obstruct his enterprizes, than the whole world besides.

“ Let us then be assured, that we are contending for the very being of our state; let this inspire us with abhorrence of those who have sold themselves to this man; and let them feel the severity of public justice: for it is not, it is not possible to conquer our foreign enemy, until we have punished those traitors who are serving him within our walls. Else, while we strike on these as so many obstacles, our enemies must necessarily prove superior to us. — And whence is it that he dares treat you with insolence, (I cannot give his present conduct any other name) that he utters menaces against you, while on others he confers acts of kindness (to deceive them at least, if for no other purpose)? Thus, by heaping favours on the Thessalians, he hath reduced them to their present slavery. It is not possible to recount the various artifices, by which he abused the wretched Olynthians, from his first insidious gift of Potidæa. But now he seduced the Thebans to his party, by making them masters of Bœotia, and easing them of a great and grievous war. And thus, by being gratified in some favourite point, these people are either involved in calamities known to the whole world, or wait with submission for the moment when such calamities are to fall upon them. I do not recount all that you yourselves have lost, Athenians! but in the very conclusion of the peace, how have you been deceived? how have you been despoiled? Was not Phœcis, was not Thermopylæ, were not our Thracian

Thracian dominions, Doriscum, Serrium, and even our ally Cersobleptes, all wrested from us? Is he not at this time in possession of Cardia? and does he not avow it? Whence is it, I say, that he treats you in so singular a manner? Because ours is the only state where there is allowed full liberty to plead the cause of an enemy; and the man who sells his country may harangue securely, at the very time that you are spoiled of your dominions. It was not safe to speak for Philip at Olynthus, until the people of Olynthus had been gained by the surrender of Potidæa. In Thessaly, it was not safe to speak for Philip, until the Thessalians had been gained by the expulsion of their tyrants, and the recovery of their rank of Amphictyons; nor could it have been safely attempted at Thebes, before he had restored Bœotia, and extirpated the Phocians. But at Athens, altho' he had robbed us of Amphibolis, and the territory of Cardia; tho' he awes us with his fortifications in Eubœa; tho' he be now upon his march to Byzantium; yet his partizans may speak for Philip, without risking the least danger. Hence some of them, from the meanest poverty, have on a sudden risen to affluence; some, from obscurity and disgrace, to eminence and honour; while you, on the contrary, from glory, have sunk into meanness; from riches to poverty: for the riches of a state I take to be its allies, its credit, its connections; in all which you are poor indeed. And by your neglect of these, by your utter insensibility to your wrongs, he is become fortunate and great, the terror of Greeks and barbarians; and you are abandoned and despised; splendid indeed in the abundance of

your markets ; but as to any real provision for your security, ridiculously deficient.

“ There are some orators, I find, who view your interests and their own in a quite different light. They would persuade you to continue quiet, whatever injuries are offered to you : they themselves cannot be quiet, tho’ no one offers them the least injury. When one of these men rises, I am sure to hear, ‘ What ! will you not propose your decree ? Will you not venture ? No ; you are timid, you want true spirit.’ I own, indeed, I am not, nor would I chuse to be a bold, an importunate, an audacious speaker. And yet, if I mistake not, I have more real courage than those who manage your affairs with this rash hardness. For he who, neglecting the public interests, is engaged only in trials, in confiscations, in rewarding, in accusing, doth not act from any principle of courage ; but as he never speaks but to gain your favour, never proposes measures that are attended with the least hazard : in this he has a pledge of his security, and therefore he is daring. But he who, for his country’s good, oftentimes opposes your inclinations ; who gives the most salutary, tho’ not always the most agreeable counsel ; who pursues those measures whose success depends more on fortune than on prudence, and is yet willing to be accountable for the event ; this is the man of courage, the true patriot : not they who, by flattering your passions, have lost the most important interests of the state : men whom I am so far from imitating, or deeming citizens of worth, that should this question be proposed to me, ‘ What services have you done your country ?’ tho’ I might recount the gallies

gallies I have fitted out, and the public entertainments I have exhibited, and the contributions I have paid, and the captives I have ransomed, and many like acts of benevolence, I would yet pass them all by, and only say, that my public conduct hath ever been directly opposite to theirs. I might, like them, have turned accuser, have distributed rewards and punishments: but this is a part I never assumed: my inclinations were averse; nor could wealth or honours prompt me to betray my principles. No; I confine myself to such counsels as have sunk my reputation; but, if pursued, must raise the reputation of my country. Thus much I may be allowed to say, without exposing myself to envy. — I should not have thought myself a good citizen, had I proposed such measures as would have made me the first among my countrymen, but reduced you to the last of states: on the contrary, the faithful minister should raise the glory of his country; and, upon all occasions, advise the most salutary, not the easiest measures. — To these, nature itself inclines; those are not to be promoted, but by the utmost efforts of a wise and faithful counsellor.

“ I have heard it objected, ‘ that indeed I ever speak with reason, yet still this is no more than words: that the state requires something more effectual, some vigorous actions.’ Upon which I shall give my sentiments without the least reserve. The sole business of a speaker is, in my opinion, to propose the course you are to pursue. This were easily to be proved. You know that when the great Timotheus moved you to defend the Euboeans, against the tyranny of Thebes, he ad-

dressed you in the following manner; 'What, my countrymen! when the Thebans are actually in the island, are you deliberating what is to be done? what part to be taken? Will you not cover the seas with your navies? Why are you not at the Piræus? Why are you not embarked?' — Thus Timotheus advised; thus you acted; and success ensued. But had he spoken with the same spirit, and had your indolence prevailed, and his advice been rejected, would the state have had the same success? By no means. And so, in the present case; vigour and execution is your part; from your speakers you are only to expect wisdom and integrity.

"I shall give the summary of my opinion, and then descend. You should raise supplies, you should keep up your present forces, and reform whatever abuses may be found in them. You should send ambassadors into all parts, to reform, to remonstrate, to exert all their efforts in the service of the state. But above all things, let those corrupt ministers feel the severest punishment: let them, at all times, and in all places, be the objects of your abhorrence; that wise and faithful counsellors may appear to have consulted their own interests, as well as that of others. If you will act thus, if you will shake of this indolence, perhaps even yet, perhaps, we may promise ourselves some good fortune. But if you only just exert yourselves in acclamations and applauses, and when any thing is to be done, sink again into your supineness, I do not see how all the wisdom of the world can save you from ruin, when you deny the state your prompt and ready assistance."

II. ÆSCHINES.

II. ÆSCHINES.

ÆSCHINES is handed down to posterity as a great master of reasoning, and a noble speaker. His style was full, diffusive, and sonorous, yet he was a stranger to the glowing expressions and daring figures of his great rival Demosthenes. His writings consist of some epistles, and three orations, which are excellent in their kind, and worthy the perusal of the politest scholar. But, if we would view his abilities to the greatest advantage, we must not compare him with the immortal Demosthenes: then will his figures appear to want neither beauty nor grandeur. Then will his easy and natural manner be seen in its proper point of view; and a just attention will discover no small degree of force and energy in his diction, which at first appears only flowing and harmonious.

Æschines and Demosthenes had ever been distinguished by their weight and influence in the assemblies of their state. They had adopted different systems of politics, and stood at the head of two opposite parties, each so powerful as to prevail by turns, and to defeat the schemes of their antagonist. The leaders had, on several occasions, avowed their mutual opposition and animosity: Demosthenes, in particular, had brought an im-

peachment against his rival, and obliged him to enter into a formal defence of his conduct, during an embassy at the Macedonian court. His resentment was confirmed by his oration against Ctesiphon, who had proposed a decree in the senate, that Demosthenes should be crowned in full theatre, for his distinguished virtue, and eminent services to the republic. He there attempts to prove it illegal in itself, and in all its circumstances. He then takes an occasion of calling in question his conduct in public life, and inveighs against him with the utmost acrimony.

“ Indulge me, says *Æschines*, for a moment, and imagine that you are now not in this tribunal, but in the theatre; imagine that you see the herald approaching, and the proclamation, prescribed in the decree, on the point of being delivered, and then consider whether will the friends of the deceased shed more tears at the tragedies, at the pathetic stories of the great characters to be presented on the stage, or at the insensibility of their country? What inhabitant of Greece, what human creature, who hath imbibed the least share of liberal sentiments, must not feel the deepest sorrow, when he reflects on one transaction which he must have seen in the theatre; when he remembers, if he remembers nothing else, that on festivals like these, when the tragedies were to be presented, in those times when the state was well governed, and directed by faithful ministers; a herald appeared, and introducing those orphans whose fathers had died in battle, now arrived at maturity, and dressed in complete armour, pronounced this noble proclamation, and highest incentive

centive to valour and glorious achievements. —
 ' These orphans whose fathers lost their lives
 ' in defence of their country, the people of Athens
 ' have educated to this age, and having now
 ' armed them, with all good wishes of suc-
 ' cess, invite them to contend for the first honours
 ' of the state.'

" Thus did the herald at that time address the people; but very different this present proclamation. For having presented to them the person who deprived those orphans of their fathers, what can he say? what shall he proclaim? Altho' he pronounce the stated terms of your decree, yet the turpitude arising from truth will not be silent, but will seem to proclaim in direct opposition to the herald's voice, ' The people of Athens crown this ' worst bad man' (if indeed he deserves the name of man) ' for his virtue; this coward, this deser- ' ter of his post in battle, for his courage.'

" Do not, in the name of Jupiter, and all our other Gods, I conjure you, O Athenians, do not erect a trophy over yourselves in the theatre of Bacchus; nor in the presence of all the Grecian states, convict the Athenian people of such exceeding folly. Do not oblige the unhappy Thebans to recollect this incurable, this irreparable misfortune, whom this Demosthenes hath driven out of their native country, and whom you have received into your city; whose temples, houses, and sepulchres, his avarice and the Persian gold have totally destroyed.

“ But since you were not personally present, now with the eye of indignation beheld their affliction: Imagine you see their city taken, their walls in ruins, their houses in flames, their wives and children dragged into slavery, their aged men and women, venerably old, thus late unlearning the happy lesson of liberty, weeping, imploring your compassion, not angry with their oppressors; but with the authors of their calamities; conjuring you never to crown this pest of Greece, but studiously to avoid the genius and ill-fortune inseparably attending upon his person.

“ When the Thessalians resolved to invade the republic, and the young monarch in the first transports of his anger, had invested Thebes, Demosthenes being appointed your ambassador, to intercede for the besieged, betook himself to flight from the middle of mount Citheron, and returned to Athens; proving himself, neither in peace nor war, a valuable, useful citizen.

* * * * *

The conclusion of his Oration is nervous, spirited, and pathetic.

“ When he calls upon his partners and associates of his corruptions to be his advocates, imagine you behold upon this very tribunal where I stand, the persons who have eminently well deserved of the republic, ranged in opposition to their arrogance: Solon, who adorned your democracy with the wisest laws; Solon, equally eminent as a philosopher and a legislator; imagine you behold him
implor-

imploping you with that modest dignity, so besitting his character, never to suffer the eloquence of Demosthenes to have a greater influence over you, than the religion of your oath, and the obligation of your laws. Imagine Aristides, who regulated with so much equity the general contributions of Greece for her common defence; whose daughters the people portioned after his death; imagine him in anguish and sorrow deploring the contumely with which justice is treated, and asking if your ancestors almost put to death the Zelite Arthmius, an inhabitant of Athens, and received by her people with the public rites of hospitality, because he brought gold from Persia into Greece: if they banished him by proclamation, not from Athens only, but from all her dominions, will you not blush to crown Demosthenes with a golden crown, who did not indeed bring gold from Persia, but hath amassed it by every kind of corruption, and who is now in the possession of his ill-gotten treasures. Will not Themistocles, and they who died at Maratta and Plateæ; will not the very sepulchres of your ancestors burst forth into groans, if he, who confesses he conspired against Greece with the barbarians, should be crowned by your decree?

“Hear, therefore, O Earth, and Sun, and Virtue, and Intelligence, and Erudition, by which we distinguish between things beautiful and deformed; be witness I have endeavoured to support your influence, and have pleaded the cause of the republic. If I have spoken with that force and dignity besitting this impeachment, I have spoken to the utmost of my wishes; if not, to the utmost
of

of my abilities. May you, both from the arguments I have inforced, and those I have passed over in silence, pronounce such a sentence, as in itself may be most agreeable to justice, and conducive to the prosperity of the republic."

This extraordinary contest raised so much the curiosity of the Athenians, that they flocked from all parts to hear these famous orators, who had such personal enmity to each other. Need I add, that Demosthenes's superior eloquence prevailed: and notwithstanding Æschines was condemned to pay a small fine, yet he preferred perpetual banishment, rather than live at Athens under the character of an informer. He retired to Rhodes, where he opened a school for eloquence. He began his lectures with his and his adversary's orations. Great applause was given to his; but when that of Demosthenes was read, the acclamations were redoubled. On which Æschines addressed himself to his auditory:

"If you are so delighted with the bare rehearsal of this oration, what would you have been had you heard him deliver it himself, with all his fire and force?"

History relates, that as our unhappy orator was retiring from Athens, Demosthenes followed him, and forced him to accept of a large present of money in his then distressed state of finances.

III. H Y P E R I D E S.

THIS Athenian orator was blessed with all the graces of refinement: he excelled in panegyric, and possessed great natural abilities for affecting the passions. His style was harmonious, elegant, and polite; yet his eloquence had more of the pleasing than the persuasive. He is said to have been not so successful and happy in a popular assembly, and for political debates, as for private causes, and addressing a few select judges:—and even here, when he pleaded the cause of a woman, for whom he had the tenderest passion, he was obliged to call the charms of his mistress to the assistance of his eloquence.

IV. L Y C U R G U S.

THIS great man possessed all the advantages which birth and education could possibly give in forming him for an orator. He was in some measure the disciple of Plato, as well as of Isocrates. He was passionately fond of poetry and the polite arts, nor was he less remarkable for his unwearied

wearied attention and study; yet his influence in the assembly appeared like that of PHOCION, to have arisen rather from a respect to his character, than from his shining abilities as a public speaker.

V. ISOCRATES.

ISOCRATES, altho' not in the first rank of Grecian orators, merits a particular mention, as he was highly instrumental in the advancement of eloquence. Born with a fertile and lively imagination, an amiable temper, and gentle manners, he opened a new tract, suitable to his natural disposition, of the soft and flowery. He was the first who perfected composition, and gave to his periods a tuneful cadence: prose before wandered in harsh and uncouth licence; to him, therefore, it was indebted for a rhythmus and harmonious measures. This excellent writer lived to an extreme old age, and at the head of a famous and flourishing school; from whence he filled all Greece with his disciples, who diffused every where their ease and politeness, with an elegance of manner 'till then unknown among that celebrated people.

VI. DE-

VI. DEMADES.

DEMADES, the Athenian orator, was taken prisoner at the battle of Chæronea, gained by Philip, the father of Alexander; and his eloquence was such as to make him become the favourite of the Macedonian monarch.

His birth and education, however, seemed to destine him to meanness and obscurity; but as the Athenian assembly admitted persons of every rank to speak their sentiments, his natural powers soon recommended him to his countrymen, and raised him from his low condition of a mariner, to the administration of that celebrated republic. His private life was fullied with those vicious excesses, which frequently attend the want of early culture, and an intercourse with the lowest order of the people. He was a strong, bold, and what we call a blunt speaker; whose manner, rude and daring, had oftentimes a greater effect than the more corrected style of other speakers, who confined themselves within the bounds of decorum and good-breeding.

VII. DI-

VII. DINARCHUS.

THIS orator was a disciple of Theophrastus, and composed sixty-four orations, three of which have escaped the ravages of time; that in particular against Demosthenes, is an artful, spirited, and virulent invective, delivered at a time when that great man was in the decline of life, and had incurred the disgrace and the displeasure of his countrymen. Dinarchus, however, fell into the same snare of suffering himself to be bribed by the enemies of the republic, he fled; nor did he return to his native country 'till fifteen years after, which was about the 340th year before the Christian æra.

VIII. LYSIAS.

THIS very celebrated orator was born at Syracuse, and was brought to Athens by Cephales his father, who had taken the greatest care of giving him a most finished education. Here he soon acquired great popularity by his orations; at the same time he taught eloquence with great success, and formed his disciples by his own lessons and Composition.

Lyfias,

Lyfias, fays the Roman rhetorician, is fubtile and elegant, and if it were enough for the province of an orator to *instruct*, nothing could be found more perfect than his writings; for he is always to the purpose, free from every kind of affectation; yet he may compared to the flowing of a streamlet rather than the course of a noble river.

IX. PERICLES.

THIS famous orator received a most finished education, under the care and direction of Zenon and Anaxogaras. His uncommon talents were fuch, that he had the reputation of being a great general, a profound politician, and an excellent orator.

THE
BELLES-LETTRES.

THE
ROMAN ORATORS.

I. Q. HORTENSIVS.

NATURE, says a modern writer, had never formed a man with greater talents for persuasion than Q. Hortensius. With a peculiar dignity of aspect, and harmonious voice, he had the most tenacious memory, and the greatest fluency of language that ever distinguished a public speaker. Yet these were but his inferior qualities: for his perception was quick and clear, his judgement was sagacious and sound, with so shrewd an invention, that *no side of the question* came amiss to this celebrated pleader. Distinction, dilemmas, and unforeseen objections were ever at hand, when a judge was to be hoodwinked, or an adversary confounded. But when the passions were to be played off, when pity was to be moved, or indignation

nation raised, he could assume any shape ; and his periods either softly melted into sorrow, or swelled like a growing torrent : and these powers were wonderfully heightened by his action. It was graceful, yet so animated and striking, that Æsop and Roscius, the most celebrated players in Rome, used to attend his pleadings, to steal a gesture from him for the theatre. With these endowments, Quintius Hortensius reigned almost absolute in the sovereign courts ; he had the lives and fortunes of the greatest characters in his power ; at the same time he acquired immense wealth and influence, and continued unrivalled in his way, 'till Tullius Cicero began to display his wonderful talents in the Roman forum.

II. C I C E R O.

CICERO possessed the greatest accomplishments that the most polite period of the world ever produced. His writings on the subjects of philosophy and eloquence, have been the delight and admiration of every age and nation ; and indeed they will so remain, as long as mankind have any regard to just thinking, exact reasoning, and a manly eloquence. For, says a judicious critic, he equally shews the strength of his reason, and the brightness of his style. Whether he addresses his friend in the most graceful negligence of a familiar epistle, or moves his auditors with laboured periods,

periods, and passionate strains of manly oratory; whether he proves the majesty of the Deity, and the immortality of the soul in a most sublime, pompous eloquence; or lays down rules of prudence and virtue in a more calm and even way of writing, he always expresses good sense in pure, elegant, and proper language. His letters, in particular, contain some of the best memoirs of that busy æra which produced such surprising revolutions in the Roman commonwealth: at the same time they give us a clearer insight into their secret springs and causes, and the characters of persons and parties, than any other monuments that have been handed down to posterity.

The life of this great and illustrious Consul had been one continued series of good actions for the public weal. He saved Rome, the senate, and the commonwealth, twice from massacre and destruction; and the sweetness of his temper in private life, the innocence and elegance of his manners, as well as the éclat of his eloquence, and extent of his erudition, had made him the admiration of all who knew him. His worth was so approved, and a sincere love of his country so conspicuous in all his conduct, that the lowest and most abject of the Roman writers, even after they were inured to tyranny, have still detested the execrable deed of his assassination.

Cicero flourished at a period when his humanity, learning, and eloquence first raised him to the highest stations, and then enabled him to fill them with real lustre and dignity. The manners of the Romans, however, were then greatly depraved, and
many

many citizens had lost their pristine innocence: many crimes were committed by men in power, which produced many capital causes, and afforded him many an opportunity of displaying his virtues and talents. The multiplicity of affairs of this nature, conspiring with his natural delicacy, early drew him from the rougher exercises of a martial Roman: but in every other respect, his genius and capacity, his application and taste admit of no common epithets. They are above being called great, or eminent, by being consecrated as the objects of the world's admiration in those works that will only perish with its final dissolution: for Cicero, when alive, was the refuge of the unhappy, the terror of traitors, the prince of the senate, the preserver of Rome; and now, when dead, his works are still the delight of the learned, the instructors of the wise, the patterns of elegance, whose various merit would require such an eloquence as his own to do it ample justice.

The following extract from CICERO's Oration in favour of Marcus Claudius Marcellus, is thus elegantly translated by Capt. RUTHERFORD.

“ The long silence, Conscrip̄t Fathers, I have been constrained to observe, occasioned partly by grief, and partly by a conscious regard for the situation of my country, but in no wise influenced by fear, terminates this day. In this, the day of my re-initiation, you will perceive that I return to you with the same independence of mind, the same freedom of utterance that I departed. How, indeed, could I contemplate such extraordinary, such

such unparelled clemency, exercised with a discrimination and judgment surpassing human intellect, and still remain silent? in the restoration of Marcus Marcellus to the senate and constitution of Rome, in the introduction of his eloquence and authority, I feel my own revived and perpetuated.

“ Inexpressible were my sorrow and concern, that a man with whom I had been united in interest, should be so severed in fortune. My reason could scarcely yield, nor my ideas of justice agree to the resumption of my accustomed pursuits, while torn from my friend and associate, from the agreeable, the emulous rival of my studies. But you, Caius Cæsar, have removed the veil which obscured, which excluded the delightful intercourse of my former days. And at the same time, you have established before the senate, an unerring token of every future good to the republic.

“ Many circumstances, particularly those which occurred in my own case, induced me to believe, that your regard for the honour of the senate, and the dignity of the republic, had superceded and dispersed every private suspicion or resentment. But now, by your restoring Marcus Marcellus to the senate and his country, after having noted his offences, I am confirmed in that belief. Thus, by the interposition of the senate, and your powerful and noble concurrence, Marcus Marcellus this day receives an ample recompence for all the former services of his life. Hence, even Cæsar may learn the godlike result of conferring a benefit; since the acceptance alone is in some instances glorious. Happy indeed the man whose advancement

ment is not less grateful to mankind, than to himself! and whose claim to that description is preferable to Marcellus? whose descent more illustrious? where is the man more distinguished for integrity, more devoted to science, of purer morals, more justly celebrated for virtue and every species of merit, than Marcellus? Though the transcendent superiority of your genius stands confessed; tho' your powers of elocution and diction, in respect both of force and copiousness, no man ever yet attained; I mean not to recite your panegyric, but to relate the facts; still I must say, and I presume upon your pardon in asserting, that the glory you have acquired this day, no other event of your life can excel.

“ How often have I contemplated, and with what transport have I declared, that the actions of our former commanders, of foreign and even the most populous nations, of the most renowned princes, bore no comparison with your acquisitions: whether considered in the greatness of the contended object, the number of battles, the extent and rapidity of conquest, or in the disadvantages under which you conquered? you have subdued countries of such extent and remoteness, with such expedition, such velocity, that a traveller could scarce have passed with equal rapidity. I should, indeed, be considered as a man bereft of reason, not to confess, that these are acts which even judgment and reflexion can with difficulty credit; nevertheless, acts of still greater moment performed by you, remain untold.

“ And here let me observe, that military achievements are often extenuated in the relation. Lest too great a portion of glory should devolve upon the leader, his troops are introduced to the participation of every successful event. Nor can we deny that in war, the bravery of the troops, advantageous situation, co-operating allies, convoys by sea and land; all conduce extremely to the success of an enterprise. Besides, in every similar event, fortune also assumes an agency; and when the day proves eminently successful, ascribes to her influence the greatest share of the glory. — The honour of restoring Marcellus to Rome, however, is yours alone. Whatever glory results from that act, and no act can be more truly glorious, centers in your sole exaltation. Here, no general, no subordinate officer, no regiment, no troop, no particular body of troops, can insinuate the smallest pretence to participate with you. Even fortune, that so arrogantly domineers in almost every other concern of mankind, in this waves every claim. Fortune here, to you yields every honour; confesses the glory to be yours; and due only to your magnanimity. How, indeed, should rashness mingle with wisdom; or chance co-operate with judgment?

“ We confess, that nations barbarous beyond example, innumerably populous, of infinite extent, abounding in every preparation of war, you have conquered and subdued. That obstacles of nature and situation, apparently insurmountable, have yielded to your victorious arms. Still, there exists no force so great, no army so numerous, that may not be conquered by the power of the sword,
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and superior bravery. But, to repress anger, and subdue the various passions of the mind ; to render justice to virtue, valour, and nobility, in the very moment, in the career of victory ; to raise, and even aggrandize the prostrate foe ; are acts of such exaltation and glory, that I should debase the victor by a comparison with the greatest of men : He appears a God ! Yes, such, O Cæsar, are thy virtues, and the renown of thy arms, that the orator's theme, and the historian's record, not only of this and every other nation, but of this and every succeeding age, shall glory in celebrating and diffusing the praises due to thy name.

“ These glorious qualities, however, from what cause I am ignorant, yet these, whether transcribed or recited, come always accompanied with the clangour of trumpets, and the shouts of the military. But when an act of peculiar wisdom, clemency, gentleness, justness, and moderation, issues at the moment that the mind must necessarily be under a general influence of vindictiveness, the immediate enemy of reflexion ; and in a course of victory which naturally renders a man insolent and disdainful ; when, I say, we read or hear of such an act, whether fabulous or true, performed under these circumstances, how exquisitely are we affected by the bare relation, and what a passion do we entertain for those whom, perhaps, we never beheld ? But you, with whose presence we are blest ; whose mind, whose countenance, whose feelings we perceive ; you who have so gloriously preserved to your country the sole relief of the hard fortune of war,—what terms are adequate to the

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celebration of your praises? with what affection must we behold, with what tenderness esteem your person?

“ By heaven! to me the walls of this court seem conscious; to me, they seem to hail you with signs of *gratulation*; to indicate a speedy restoration of the ancient dignity, the plenary authority of this august assembly. Alas! when I beheld the pious, the virtuous, the excellent Caius Marcellus in tears at your feet, my heart was struck with the remembrance of all the great men descended from that noble house. But you, Caius Cæsar, by one single act, the restoration of Marcus Marcellus, have restored dignity and honour to the memory of all the deceased Marcelli; and at the same time snatched from extinction and oblivion, the illustrious race of that name. The glory, therefore, of this day, ought in your estimation, to rise superior to all the great, the numerous, and the admired actions of your life; for this act was your own, peculiar to yourself, the glory undivided. Other incidents of your life, however high they may have exalted your fame, were performed in concert with legions of brave troops. But in this glorious deed, you were both the leader and the host; all was atchieved by yourself. The trophies raised to your glory by this one action, time can never efface. Monumental remembrances of human fabrication, shall consume with age, or disappear through time; but the monument now raised as a tribute to your clemency and justice, shall flourish in eternal preservation. As other monuments, erected in commemoration of your
great

great and glorious acts, waste and decay, this, I say, shall proportionately flourish and increase.

“ We cannot but acknowledge, that amidst all the horrors of a civil war, you have uniformly surpassed all other conquerors in the general exercise of clemency; but in this great and conspicuous act of mercy and forgiveness, you rise superior to yourself. My conceptions upon this occasion are so enobled and sublime, that I am doubtful whether an adequate sense is conveyed to your apprehensions. However, Cæsar, in my mind, your triumph upon this occasion over victory itself; for you resign to the vanquished the acquisitions of your conquests. By the law of arms, and the rights of victory, we all perished; but by your distinguished clemency, we are all preserved. We therefore no longer wonder, that you should be invincible, who have disarmed even victory itself of its baneful attributes.

* * * *

“ How supremely happy, Cæsar, must you feel, in being the object of such a divine delegation. A delegation so congenial with your principles and disposition, you cannot fail to exercise with glory and success. A wise and judicious man cannot, indeed, feel a situation of greater joy and exultation. And when Cæsar shall revolve in his mind, the great achievements of his life, he will find much to be due, and solely to his own bravery conduct; yet still more to his peculiar good fortune. But, in those moments when his thoughts

are turned upon us, whom he has thought proper to preserve, in order to participate with himself the restoration of the republic; he will see his conduct reflected in a series of the greatest benefits, of the most extensive liberality, conferred also with unparalleled judgement and discretion. In a series of acts, which I will venture to say, must constitute not only the highest, but the sole happiness of his life. For such is the splendor of true praise, of magnanimity of soul, such indeed the dignity of wisdom; that these seem the genuine effusion of virtue, and all other acquisitions the mere fictions of fortune.

“ Relax not, therefore, but persevere in those principles of clemency. Continue to watch over the lives of your fellow citizens, of those especially, who actuated by no motive of ambition, no principle of depravity, but by a false idea of their duty, or a defect in judgment, embarked in opposition to your party. The slightest suspicions entertained of your clemency, we now see were unjustly imbibed. And your glory is even augmented, by this opportunity of convincing mankind, that their fears were really groundless.



“ Posterity, I am convinced, will contemplate your achievements with amazement. Your extensive commands, your conquests, the Rhine, the Ocean, and the Nile; innumerable battles, incredible victories, your trophies, largesses, triumphs, and imperial attributes, will all, no doubt, astonish the

the world. Nevertheless, except by your counsels and institutions, you establish the security and happiness of Rome upon a lasting basis; your fame, tho' it may wander through every part of the universe, will never flourish upon the solid and true principles of glory. Future ages, like ourselves, will no doubt, maintain various opinions. Some perhaps, dazzled with the splendor of your actions, will deify your memory: while others will think, that unless you had rectified the errors, and repaired the injuries occasioned by the civil war, you owe more to fate and good-fortune, than to your own judgment.

* * * *

" That I may conclude with the same object I commenced; permit me to say, that the returns of gratitude and thankfulness, which we now offer, are great and sincere; tho' still greater remain. . . . But as the sentiments of the whole cannot be individually declared in words, to me is imparted the duty of expressing the general thanks upon this great occasion: the restoration of Marcus Marcellus to his seat in your assembly, to the people of Rome, and to the protection of his country. And in the execution of this agreeable duty, I have the pleasure to perceive, that the great and universal joy now prevailing, springs not so much from the preservation of an individual, as from a sense of the general good arising to the republic.

“ In respect to myself; my affection, and the sincerity of my esteem for Marcus Marcellus, were circumstances never ambiguous nor equivocal. They were scarcely excelled in the love of his excellent and affectionate brother, Caius Marcellus; not yielding to that, they will certainly yield to no other. And as every attention, every solicitude, and my utmost efforts were exerted, while the preservation of my friend was doubtful; now that I am delivered from the grief, the anxiety, and the innumerable apprehensions entertained upon his account; the sincerity with which I offer my thanks for his safety, can neither appear problematical nor doubtful. For these reasons; permit me, O Cæsar, now to render you the tribute of my own most sincere and grateful thanks, for the restoration of Marcus Marcellus. You have conferred such obligations upon me, in the preservation of my own life, and the re-enjoyment of my former privileges, that I thought my gratitude incapable of augmentation. But in this last act of generosity, you have increased, **EVEN CICERO'S OBLIGATIONS TO CÆSAR.**”

II. ASINIUS POLLIO.

Ultima Cumaei venit jam carminis aetas.
Magnus ab integro sæculorum nascitur ordo.
Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.
Teque adeo, decus hoc ævi, TE CONSULE inibit
POLLIO! — et incipient magni procedere menses.*

THIS extraordinary character conducted himself in such a manner during the three civil wars, as to be ranked by Cicero with Marcus Cato for his love of liberty and virtue. He was a man who dared to act up to the consular dignity; for he restrained violence, administered justice, and afterwards marched with his legions to govern and conquer, as if he had been still under the commonwealth. With these superior talents, Pollio was a great proficient in the fine arts and literature, and esteemed an excellent judge and master in poetry and eloquence. We accordingly find him an early favourite with the greatest geniusses of the age, and in his turn, the protector of Horace and Virgil.

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* The end of the IRON-AGE, prophesied by the Cumean Sybil, is now come; the mighty period begins to spring from on high.—Now unspotted justice revisits the earth, and Saturnian days begin to shine on the sons of men.—While YOU ARE CONSUL, POLLIO! shall the honoured period commence,—from YOUR CONSULSHIP she shall date the series of its blissful progression.

Quintilian, speaking of him as an orator, says, that he was remarkable for his great invention, and a scrupulous exactitude, bordering upon the extreme; that his designs were well conceived and delivered in a spirited manner; but that his style was so distant in sweetness and purity from Tully's, as to tempt one to conclude his having lived in a former century.

III. MESSALA CORVINUS.

THIS orator, says Quintilian, comparing him to Pollio, is on the contrary, neat, polite, and natural; and his noble manner, in a great measure, declared the nobility of his extraction, but he seemed to want the nerves of a forcible composition. Tully, in his letter to M. Brutus, thus characterises him: — “Don't imagine, that for probity, constancy, application to business, and zeal for the public, there is any one like him in this city: so that his ELOQUENCE, in which he *wonderfully excels*, scarce deserves a place among his greater qualities. Yet in cultivating that very talent, his wisdom chiefly shines; with so true a judgment and exquisite art, has he formed himself in the most genuine and manly manner; at the same time his application is so great, and his study so intense, that it is a question whether he owed more to it, or to the superiority of his genius.”

IV. CATO.

IV. CATO.

What tongue, JUST CATO, can thy praise forbear?

VIRG.

THE all-accomplished Cato, called the Censor, is said to have excelled his contemporaries in three capacities. He was the best general, the greatest politician, and the ablest PLEADER of his age; to which may be added, the best historian, the best economist, the best farmer, and the best physician.

V. CÆSAR.

Now moves great Cæsar (all his foes o'ercome,) With three proud triumphs thro' imperial Rome; And pays immortal honours to the skies, Behold at once three hundred temples rise!

CÆSAR's memoirs are written with great purity and elegance, and with the greatest art imaginable: for in his account of the civil war, he disguises his rebellion against his country, and labours to make it appear by deduction, that he was compelled by necessity to take up arms; a plea which has been adopted and enforced by most writers of his own party.

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He was naturally brave, ELOQUENT, and profuse; patient in toils, keen in his pursuits, graceful in person, indefatigable in business, thoughtful, restless, and daringly tyrannic. Although his family had been remarkably attached to the better party, yet from the first minute he became his own master, he constantly sided with the low, licentious populace, and aimed at the destruction of the laws, and the humbling of their friends and defenders, the nobility and senate. This disposition, it is said, had not escaped Sylla's piercing eye; who with great reluctance spared his life. The enterprising Cæsar put afterwards upwards of 100,000 Roman citizens to the sword, in the bloody fields of Ilerda, Segro, and Dyrrachium, and the still more sanguinary ones of Pharsalia, Thapsus, and Munda; he destroyed the Roman liberty, trampled upon the laws of his country, slew the Prætors, pursued the senators from city to city, and almost extirpated the Domitii, the Metelli, the Emilii, the Pompeys, the Scipios, the Catos, those senatorial names, the pride of Rome, and princes of the world. He then assumed the Dictatorship for life; a few months after he was stabbed as a tyrant in full senate by Marcus Junius Brutus.

As an orator, Quintilian says, that had he made the bar his principal pursuit, no one would have been better qualified to dispute the prize of eloquence with the immortal Tully. The force and energy of his diction, his ready wit and vehemence, demonstrated that he spoke with as much spirit as he fought. To this may be added, that a wonderful elegance and purity of language adorned the shining talents he so eminently possessed.

VI. M. J. BRUTUS.

MOST writers esteem this celebrated orator to have been one of the best and most accomplished men that any age or nation ever produced. Even those who condemned him for killing Cæsar, allowed him to be in every other respect a perfect model of private and public virtue: and had Cassius conquered at Philippi as Brutus did, that action would most probably have been reckoned the glory of his life, and celebrated as such by all succeeding writers. But the high courage and skill of the former, the untainted virtue of the latter, were of no avail against the hardened veterans bred by J. Cæsar, and flushed with blood, spoil, and carnage. Their superior strength and address, gained by a long habit of illegal warfare, made tyranny triumph, and gave lawless villainy the ascendant over virtue and justice. Brutus and Cassius fell in the noble struggle for liberty; and the world was left a prey to the brutal Antony and the inhuman Cæsar.

VII. MARC ANTONY.

THIS celebrated character was descended from a very ancient and illustrious family; but owed all his fortunes to his kinsman Julius Cæsar, who

who at the fatal battle of Pharsalia appointed him to command the left wing of the Cæsarean army. He was of a large stature, a bold manly aspect, loved licentious pleasures, and addicted himself to the lowest buffoonery. The common soldiers, with whom he drank and joked, admired him, and his other talents no less recommended him to Cæsar. He put an end to his own existence in the 55th year of his age; being esteemed the greatest general of his time, 'till he suffered his courage to be enervated by the pleasures of an Egyptian court. His good qualities were many and great; but his vices were still greater. He was naturally open, humane, and liberal; but these principles of virtue not being supported by a sound, firm, and enlightened reason, were often overpowered by the violence of his passions, so far as to make him give way to the most odious cruelty, and sometimes degenerated even into a most shameful and unmanly weakness.

VIII. M. C. MARCELLUS.

THIS nobleman was descended from an illustrious family, that had for a succession of ages made the first figure in the Roman senate. Marcus Marcellus was adorned with all the virtues which could qualify him to sustain that dignity, which he derived from his noble ancestors. He had early form'd himself for the bar, where he acquired that distinguished reputation to have been considered the next to Cicero in the character of an

an accomplished orator: His manner of speaking was elegant, strong, and copious; with a sweetness of voice, and propriety of action, as gave a grace and lustre to every thing he said. At the battle of Pharsalia he had joined Pompey; he immediately after retired to Mitylene, the usual resort of men of genius and learning; there he passed his days in a studious retreat, remote from arms, and the factions which had destroyed the flower of the Roman nobility. The senate, encouraged by the clemency which the Conqueror had already shewn to many who had embraced the party of his adversary, solicited Cæsar for his pardon, whose generosity acquiesced in their request, altho' he still suspected him to be among the number of his secret enemies.

IX. CÆCILIVS PLINIUS.

Go, wanton muse, but go with care,
Nor meet, ill-tim'd, my Pliny's ear;
He, by sage Minerva taught,
Gives the day to studious thought;
And plans that eloquence divine,
Which shall to future ages shine,
And rival, wond'rous Tully! thine.

MARTIAL.

PLINY Jun. was the disciple of Quintilian, and by his uncommon merit, talents and virtues, raised himself to the highest dignities under the Emperor Trajan.

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The elegance of Pliny's MANNER, says Melmoth, adds force to the most interesting, at the same time that it enlivens the most common subjects. But the polite and spirited turn of his letters, is by no means their principal recommendation: they receive a much higher value, as they exhibit one of the most amiable and animated characters in all antiquity. Pliny's whole life seems to have been employed in the exercise of every generous and social affection. To forward modest merit, to encourage ingenious talents, to vindicate oppressed innocence, are some of the glorious purposes to which he devoted his power, his fortune, and his ELOQUENCE. But how does he rise in our esteem and admiration, when we see him exercising, with a grace that discovers his humanity as well as his politeness, the noblest acts both of public and private munificence, not so much from the abundance of his wealth, as the wisdom of his economy.

Pliny was born in the sixty-second year of the Christian æra; but as to the time of his death, antiquity has given us no information; it is, however conjectured, that he died a little before, or soon after that excellent prince, his admired Trajan; that is, about the year of Christ 116.

THE END.

A P P E N D I X

TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

LEGISLATORS.

M O S E S.

THIS great and celebrated legislator is the most ancient of writers. His sacred history, which begins with the creation of the world, and contains the code of laws for the government of the Hebrews, is written in five books, known by the name of the Pentateuch. The book of Job is also attributed to this inspired writer, as well as several Psalms, or pieces of sacred poetry. We may safely infer, that, exclusive of the divine authority contained in his compositions, that they are valuable on many accounts, as they are indubitably the most remote remains of antiquity; and carry with them all the marks of probability and truth, and are perhaps the only authentic records which the world has ever seen relative to the origin of the world, and the state of the primæval ages of mankind.

VOL. I.

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ZOROASTER.

The Persian Zoroaster was said by some historians to have been the king of the Bactrians. He acquired an immortal name among the Persians, who were indebted to him for their religion and laws. Some affirm, that he was more ancient than Abraham, while others maintain that he lived in the time of Darius, who succeeded to the throne after Cambyfes. Notwithstanding this diversity of opinion, it is generally credited that Persia had a famous philosopher called Zoroaster, for a long period before Plato; and that he became the head of the Magi, or philosophers, who joined to religion, physics, metaphysics, and natural history. In his retreat he composed a work entitled *Revelations*. This book is said to be still preserved both in Persia and India. The sect of Zoroaster is to be found in Asia, and they retain the most profound veneration for his philosophy, considering him as a great prophet sent from God to communicate his holy laws. They are persecuted in every country, particularly by the Persians and other Mahometans, who treat them with the same contempt as the Jews experience among Christians.

LYCURGUS.

Lycurgus was born for the glory and happiness of the Spartans; and about the year 808 before Christ, he mounted his brother's throne. The widow was then pregnant, and having conceived a passion for Lycurgus,

Lycurgus, she tendered him her hand, and promised him that she would cause an abortion to take place. He received this proposition with a degree of horror, yet he thought it prudent to dissemble till the queen was delivered, when he took all imaginable care of the new-born prince, and governed him in quality of guardian. This generous procedure did not however protect him from suspicion. In consequence of which he left the kingdom, and travelled into Crete, Ionia, and perhaps as far as Egypt, to study the laws, manners, and customs of different nations. The disorders which took place after his departure, made his absence greatly regretted, and the king and people pressed his immediate return. He complied with their wishes, and seeing the impossibility of reforming so bad a constitution, or the licentiousness which then prevailed, he sat about a radical cure, by a total change of government. His plan was adopted by the principal citizens; and those who were advocates for this reform, appeared under arms to enforce obedience.

Lycurgus, upon this, abolished royalty, and established in its place a mixt government, consisting of three distinct branches of the legislature. The kings were reduced to the sole command of their armies, and the respect attached to a throne. The senate were to examine and propose all matters of state, and the people were to approve or reject their propositions. The former were elected for life.

S O L O N.

Solon re-established the tribunal of the Areopage, and restored it to its ancient splendour, by investing it with the additional power of superintending public affairs, and the education of youth; an object, however important, is shamefully neglected in the present age. Nevertheless, the capricious Athenians were eternally proposing to Solon some alterations in their laws. He was so disgusted with their fickleness, that he obtained leave to quit his country for ten years. Having acquired by his travels an increase of knowledge, he returned to Athens, and the evil was then become incurable: For Pisistratus, his relation, possessing great riches, popularity, and address, secretly aspired after supreme power. Solon, afflicted at his relation's tyranny, left Athens, and died in an advanced age, adored for his learning, his talents, and his virtues.

THE

THE GREAT PROPHETS.

I. I S A I A H.

THIS sublime and divinely inspired writer was the first of the four great prophets. His father Amos is said to have been the son or grandson of Joash, king of Judah, and of course sprung from the royal house of David. From this circumstance we may safely infer, that he was intimately acquainted with the most important circumstances of God's chosen people. Isaiah is indubitably the most eloquent of all the prophets. The first critics in the world allow that his language is pure and elegant, and in many instances wonderfully animating and sublime. His descriptions abound with an amazing variety of lofty and striking images; and he nobly displays in his writings the beauty, force, and majesty of oriental composition; accompanied with those rapturous flights and excursions into futurity, which demonstrate a divine origin. He prophesied from the year 735 to the 681st year before the coming of the Messiah.

2. J E R E M I A H.

Jeremiah began his mission about the 629th year before the birth of Christ. He predicted the fall of Jerusalem, which was taken in the year of the world 3398. The king of Babylon gave him the choice of passing the rest of his days in peace in his capital, or

that of his returning to the land of Judah. He chose the latter. He continued to prophesy against the Jews and the Egyptians. The sacred volumes make no mention of his death, which is supposed to have been a violent one, that of being stoned by his enraged countrymen. His writings have been characterised for their simplicity of expression, sublimity of thought, and obvious meaning.

3. E Z E C H I E L.

Ezekiel entered upon the functions of his ministry in the year of the world 3409; and after twenty-two years discharge of his high function, he was put to death by a Jewish prince, whom he had reprobated for his idolatry.

4. D A N I E L.

Daniel, at the age of sixteen years, began to prophesy at Babylon in the 605th year before Christ; and in the year 534 he predicted the Persian empire under Alexander the Great and his successors. This great prophet died at the age of 110 years.

PHILO-

PHILOSOPHERS AND PHI-
LOSOPHY.

I. T H A L E S.

THALES, the first among the seven wise men of Greece, was born in Phœnicia, the first year of the 35th olympiad, or 640 years before the Christian æra. While he resided at Miletus, he taught the Greeks the first elements of philosophy; and which he is said to have perfected, by the observations he made in Egypt. From the great discoveries he made in geometry, astronomy, and the doctrine of the universe, he acquired the magnificent title of wise. His principle was, that water is the chief material of which natural bodies are composed, and into which they are resolved. He imagined the earth a great mass, floating on a vast abyss or ocean of water; and from hence he deduced the cause of earthquakes, and the irruption of springs. He conceived God to be the author of all natural motion, and the soul that animated the universe. The magnet and jet he imagined to have souls, because of their attracting virtue. To him is ascribed the natural reason of eclipses, which before were looked upon as ominous, and presages of some calamity. He foretold that which terminated the five years war between the Lydians and the Medes, when those poor people, frightened at the strange darkness, and believing the sun hid himself to avoid see-

ing the slaughter, laid down their arms, and adjusted their quarrels. He taught the Egyptians to measure their pyramids, and was the first who demonstrated, that the angle at the circumference of a circle, subtended by the diameter, is always a right angle.

Amasis, who then reigned over the Egyptians, hearing the great merit of Thales, invited him to his court. He proved but an indifferent courtier; and on his disgrace returned into Greece, where he founded a sect of philosophers termed IONIC. He died at the great age of 92, recommending to his disciples to live in union with each other, and not to hate one another from the diversity of their opinions.

The succession of the Ionic philosophy, 'till the immortal Socrates, was single, but soon after it was divided into various sects and schools, some of which were of less note, and lasted but for a short period; others were more considerable, and of longer continuance: of the former were the Cyrenaic, Megaric, Eleac, and Eretriac sects; of the latter, were the Academic and the Cynic, which gave birth to the Peripatetic and Stoic.

2. P Y T H A G O R A S.

This prince of philosophers, is generally believed to have been a native of Samos, and the founder of the ITALIC sect. He continued many years in Egypt in order to be well-informed of the Egyptian mysteries. If we credit certain writers, he was made prisoner by Cambyfes, who sent him to Babylon, where he became familiar with the Magi
and

and Chaldeans, and was acquainted with the prophet Ezechiel. Among all the ancient philosophers, none produced such a number of disciples. Pythagoras enjoined an exact submission to all he advanced, and imposed a rigorous silence on his students for two years. Temperance was the virtue he most earnestly recommended, as absolutely necessary to bring the body to an entire subjection. He held the pre-existence of the soul, and the metempsychosis, or migration of souls from one body to another. Of this sect were Empedocles, Archytus, Philolaus, *and to them, it must be owned, we are indebted for the true system of the universe,* which places the sun in the centre, and the earth in the planetary chorus.

Pythagoras, says a celebrated French critic, laboured usefully to reform and instruct the world. His eloquence must have been very powerful, since his exhortations influenced the inhabitants of a large city, notorious for its corruption of manners, to banish luxury, and live agreeably to the rules prescribed by virtue. He prevailed even with the ladies to part with all their fine cloaths and ornaments, and to present them as an offering to the principal deity of the place. It was his principal care to correct the abuses committed in the marriage state; without which, he thought, neither public peace, liberty, a good form of government, or any other things of the like nature, for which he assiduously laboured, could make the people happy. His affection for the public good, made him offer his instructions for the great at their own palaces. He had the good fortune and glory of having formed disciples, who proved excellent legislators; such as Zaleucus, Charondas, and others. He had two methods of teaching;

teaching; the one for strangers, which was obscure and ænigmatical; the other for his own disciples, which was plain and instructive. It is not certainly known whether he left any of his works in writing; the golden verses of Pythagoras was composed by one of his scholars, either Lysis or Empedocles. As he made great use of arithmetic, in expressing his thoughts, he said, that virtue, health, friendship, every thing that is good, and even God himself, were nothing but harmony.

The sects which sprung from the *Italic*, may be reduced to four, the Heraclitian, the Eleatic, the Sceptic; or Pyrrhonian, and the Epicurean.

3. S O C R A T E S.

The divine Socrates has been in all ages considered one of the greatest men that ever appeared in the world. He was born at Athens, in the second year of the 77th olympiad, or 471 years before the birth of Christ. He was the author of the second sect: his principal study was virtue, morality, and the regularity of our lives and actions. He did not confine his lectures to a particular place; but, wherever he was, his conversation was always agreeable and instructive. The camp, the forum, the public streets, the houses of his friends, the prison, where he endured the greatest hardships, became so many schools of knowledge and virtue. For his great wisdom, his manly and noble thoughts, the ease and sweetness of his expression, he was admired by all men, and esteemed the wisest of men. He had a true idea of the divine nature, and vigorously opposed polytheism; for which his enemies reproached him.

him as an infidel, and an enemy to the Gods, and condemned him to death. He drank the poison with such majesty of soul, such serenity of mind, as shewed the absolute empire of his reason over his passions, and the impotency of his accusers, who could not disturb the tranquillity of his mind, or make him die any other than Socrates. He breathed his last in the year 400 before Christ.

4. D I O G E N E S.

Diogenes, the famous philosopher and disciple of Antisthenes, was the founder of the cynic school. What Mr. Bayle has said of this singular mortal, may be applied to all the disciples of this sect, that they were of the number of those extraordinary persons, who run every thing into extremes, without excepting even reason itself; and who verify the maxim, that there is no great genius without a mixture of folly. They had learned from Socrates, that morality was the most useful of all the sciences, and what deserved our greatest care and cultivation. From this true principle, they absurdly concluded, that logic, natural philosophy, geometry, music, the liberal arts and sciences; in a word, every thing that did not immediately relate to morality, was to be despised and neglected. The fundamental maxim of their doctrine was, to live in conformity to the laws of virtue; which is sufficient to make men happy. But the consequences they drew from thence, were, in some things, too rigid, and in others too remiss. The Gods, said they, have need of nothing; this is their proper and natural condition; those, therefore, which need only a few things,
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the most resemble them. In order to procure this happy independence, and to shew with what an utter indifference they looked upon riches, pleasures, honours, and the approbation of men, they pretended we ought entirely to renounce all the conveniencies of life, and voluntarily reduce ourselves to a most extreme poverty; and they accordingly pursued this maxim in their manner of living: a long beard, a cloak, a staff, and a wallet, made up the whole of their dress, goods, and chattels. Diogenes, for his part, would have no other habitation than a tub; his wooden cup likewise, when he found he could drink out of the hollow of his *hand*, was thrown away. They laughed at all human establishments, believing themselves bound by no other law than that of nature, of which they had very false and imperfect notions. Alexander the Great once visited this Cynic, and offered to give him whatever he required. "Stand then from betwixt me and the sun," said Diogenes, "lest thou takest from me what thou canst not give." Upon which that prince was heard to say, that if he were not Alexander, he would be Diogenes.

5. C R A T E S.

This Theban philosopher converted his estate into personal property, deposited it into the hands of a banker upon trust, to pay the same to the poor citizens if his children should become philosophers, alledging, that such had no use for money. Others affirm, that he threw it into the sea; believing that no one could be virtuous who was burdened with riches. Crates was contemporary with Euclid, and flourished.

flourished about the 113th olympiad, or 328 years before Christ.

6. P L A T O.

Plato, chief of the Academic sect, and the most learned and eloquent of all the Greeks, possessed a plentiful fortune; and after being for some time a scholar of Socrates, he travelled into different countries to hear the greatest masters of his time. In Italy he studied the doctrine of Pythagoras, and seems to have taken many things from the writings of Moses, and other Hebrew prophets, which he probably met with during his travels in Asia. Some consider him as the inventor of dialogue; and the Analytic method of reasoning is ascribed to the same author. Instances of this method are to be found in the writings of Euclid, Apollonius, Pappus, and other geometrical writers. Plato held mathematical learning of the greatest use in all parts of human knowledge, requiring that all his scholars should be previously instructed in the elements of geometry. The philosophy of this great man was held in great veneration during the first ages of Christianity; which perhaps proceeded from his teaching, that God had one only begotten son, whose power extended over all creatures. In a word, the notions of this philosopher agree, in many points, with the tenets of the Christian religion. For he taught, that the soul was immaterial and immortal; that it was free and independent, but subjected to necessity or fate. He diligently cultivated the science of morality, which he has admirably diffused through all his works. His principles may be reduced to the following heads:

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The end and aim of all human actions is some good; and there is a sovereign good, a good by way of excellence, which every soul pants after. This sovereign good must needs be perfect, solely sufficient by itself, and such as whoever knows it, ardently seeks the possession of that alone, without the least concern for any other things, but such as are made perfect by those which have some relation or analogy. But this can be only found in that infinite Being, who is the father and original cause of all other beings; who not only gives to things known whatever they contain of truth, and to intelligent beings the faculty of knowing them; but is also the author of their existence and essence, being himself above all essence, both in respect to time and power. Without the knowledge and possession of this good, all other things are useless. And though all men desire it, and have some idea of it, yet they do not well know what it is: nor can they comprehend it, either by their own meditation, or by any certain and invariable information from others. For which reason, there are but very few men who arrive at happiness in this world, and none who can obtain it in perfection. All the happiness we can possibly arrive at here below, amounts to no more than the enjoyment of a good, which is only the production and emanation of that sovereign good, or something that resembles it. This good, which may be compared to the light and eye-sight, is like the image of the sun, but not the sun itself; this good, is knowledge and truth, which produce sanctity and justice, by which we are, as far as possible, united and made like to God: and also the love of that superlatively excellent Being, from whence results a pleasure that is pure, virtuous, and without remorse.

If

If the soul retires pure, unsullied by any contagion of the body, as not having willingly had any commerce with it, but, on the contrary, having, as it were, always shunned it, and been always recollected within itself by continual meditation; that is, by truly philosophizing, and effectually learning to die (for philosophy is the preparation for death :) if the soul retires in this disposition, it goes to a Being like itself; to a Being divine, immortal, and replete with wisdom; where it lives in the enjoyment of wonderful felicity, delivered from all errors, ignorance, and fears; from all those passions and affections, which once tyrannized over it; and from all the other evils attending human nature, and leads a truly celestial life with the Gods to all eternity. So that besides the most glorious and most certain rewards, that good men receive in this world, both from God and man; and the good things which probity naturally procures for those who constantly practise it; they receive, after their deaths, rewards both immense and innumerable. Whereas the wicked are punished, in another life, proportionably to the crimes they have committed in this.

Such were the genuine principles of Plato with regard to morality, which he has adorned with all the ornaments of a majestic eloquence, but intermixed with them abundance of abstruse and mysterious notions; but what is still more to be regretted, he often interspersed descriptions not truly chaste, or which have a tendency to turn the subject into ridicule, even when he is treating of the great truths of religion and morality.

7. A R I S T O T L E.

Aristotle was of Stagira, and became chief of the Peripatetics, and was the first of the ancient philosophers who gave a complete methodical system of morality, at least, of those whose writings have stood the wreck of time. He made great improvements in logic, as well as other parts of philosophy; inverted categories, formed the syllogism, and determined several modes and figures; detected the arts of sophistry, wrote a great number of books on metaphysics, physics, natural history, &c. The fate of the writings of this philosopher is peculiarly singular; and it is surprizing to find men judge so differently of the same thing in the same age. Men have been excommunicated and treated as heretics for reading them to their disciples; at other times they have been introduced into the schools and universities, and no other philosophy suffered to be taught. They have, in one age, been looked upon as the standard of truth: he has been styled the genius of nature, and his performances the highest pitch of human wit. At other times, his philosophy has been treated as trifling, verbose, empty, and litigious. The discoveries of the moderns have demonstrated, that his opinions, with regard to the phenomena of nature, were extremely erroneous.

This celebrated philosopher, this prince of the Peripatetics, was born about 384 years before the Christian æra. He was appointed by king Philip to be tutor to his son Alexander the Great; he afterwards went to Athens, where he established a new school;

school; the magistrates gave him the Lyceum, in which he taught his disciples, as they walked; whence his sect were called Peripatetics.

8. EPICURUS.

This philosopher gave name to a sect, who placed the sovereign good in virtuous pleasure. The wrong interpretation of his opinions, and the abuse his disciples made of them, has brought his philosophy into disrepute, and caused it to be decried as the source of vice and immorality. He held atoms and a vacuum to be the principles of things, and asserted, contrary to Aristotle, and others, that the world was not eternal: he pretended, that he had *discovered* sensible marks of its newness; urging, among other things, the rise of the arts and sciences, as undeniable proofs of its short continuance. Lucretius, in his elegant and classic poem, has given us his system of the universe, providence, and the doctrine of things. Those who read this work, should also peruse Anti-Lucretius by the famous cardinal Polignac, which is considered a *chef-œuvre* of modern composition. Gassendus hath collected every thing curious concerning the life, doctrine, and writings of Epicurus, and formed it into a system. His birth-day was kept in Pliny's time, the month he was born in was a continual festival, and his portrait was to be seen in the houses of men who had a taste for learning. He died in the year 270 before Christ, at the age of 72.

9. DEMETRIUS PHALEREUS,

Flourished as a Paripatetic philosopher in the time of Alexander the Great, and was the disciple of Theophrastus. The Athenians delegated to this celebrated character an almost unlimited power; a great number of statues were erected to his honour for having augmented the revenues and improved the city of Athens; but envy at length conspiring against him, his statues were demolished, and with difficulty escaped death, by throwing himself under the protection of Ptolemy Lagus, king of Egypt. Demetrius's writings consisted of poetry, history, politics, rhetoric, &c. None of his works, however, have escaped the wreck of time. His disgrace at Athens happened about 300 years before Christ. He is supposed to be the Demetrius who had collected together two hundred thousand manuscripts for the library of Ptolemy Philadelphus.

10. DEMOCRITUS

Is accounted one of the greatest philosophers of antiquity; he was born at Abdera, a town of Thrace, about the 80th olympiad, or 460 years before Christ. His father, upon the testimony of Valerius Maximus, entertained the army of Xerxes. His passion for knowledge induced him to travel into almost all the then known parts of the world. He visited the Egyptian priests, and from them learned geometry; he consulted the Chaldean and Persian philosophers, and even penetrated into India and Ethiopia: on his
return

return to his native country, he was raised to the first honours; but being naturally inclined to contemplation, he resigned his employment, and withdrew himself into solitude and retirement. Unfortunately, none of his writings are come down to us. This is no inconsiderable loss to literature, when we consider he was a great author, and celebrated for his consummate knowledge in almost every branch of learning.

II. E U C L I D.

This celebrated character was a great mathematician and astronomer. To him we are indebted for the fundamental principles of *pure mathematics*, which have been handed down to our times by Thales, Pythagoras, and Eudoxus. Euclid is therefore the first writer who reduced arithmetic and geometry into the form of a science. His country, place, or time of birth, are extremely doubtful; but agreeably to Proteus's Comment upon his *Elements*, he flourished under the reign of Ptolemy Lagus, king of Egypt, about 320 years before the Christian æra, and taught the mathematics at Alexandria. Some biographers fix his death about 300 years before Christ, at the age of 74.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

